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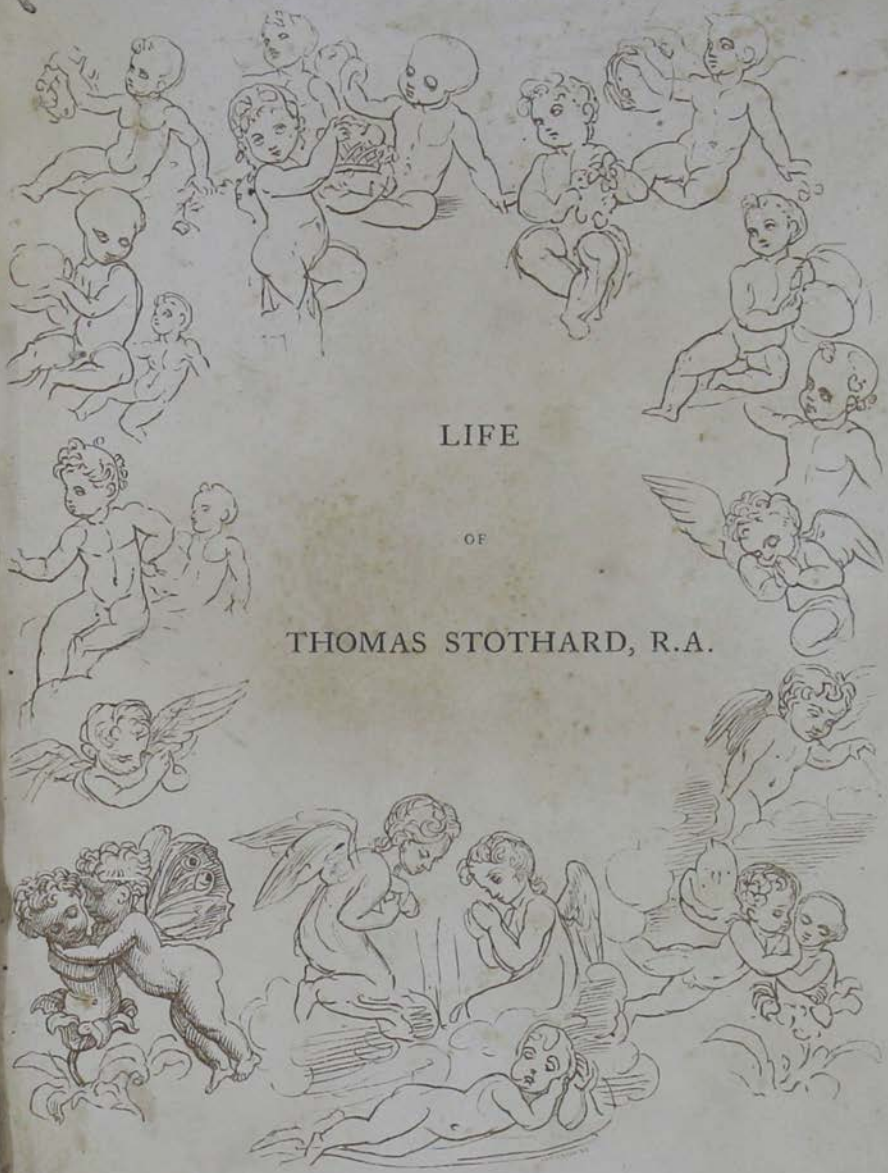


LIFE

OF

THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A.

Facsimile of various Pen and Ink Sketches by Stothard for Rogers's Poems, in the possession of Miss Denman.

HARLOW PINX.

H. J. LANE, LITH.

Yours affectly

LIFE

OF

THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A.

24013.

WITH PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

By MRS. BRAY,

Author of "The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy," "Memoirs of Charles A. Stothard, F.S.A.," "Trelawny," "Trials of the Heart," &c., &c.

YY d 11

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS FROM HIS WORKS.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1851.

BRADBURY AND EVANS,
PRINTERS EXTRAORDINARY TO THE QUEEN,
WHITEFRIARS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the year 1836, two articles of mine, entitled "Reminiſcences of Stothard," were publiſhed in the May and June numbers of Blackwood's Magazine. In 1845, Mr. Alfred Stothard, ſon of the late hiſtorical painter, and himſelf a medalliſt of great ability, paſſed ſome little time with us at Taviſtock. During his viſit, he expreſſed his regret that he had not been made acquainted with my intention to write the articles on his father, as he could have furniſhed me with ſome additional information. Theſe, therefore, I reviſed, corrected, and re-modelled; and embodied in them not only the particulars I received from ſo authentic a ſource, but added alſo many from my own recollections; till at length, the work grew ſo much upon me, that I determined to throw it into a more biographical form.

After I had thus enlarged and completed my taſk, it was ſuggeſted to me by Mr. Murray, that it would be deſirable, if poſſible, to obtain ſome original letters of Stothard. In the hope of being enabled to do this, I applied to Mr. Alfred Stothard,

who kindly lent all the papers he had of his late father. Theſe principally conſiſted of letters to and from his wife; with ſome rude drafts of others to various perſons on matters of buſineſs connected with his profeſſion; and two very briefly written diaries of journeys to Edinburgh and Derbyſhire, whilſt engaged in his purſuits. All theſe documents I moſt carefully examined.

I found the letters addreſſed to Mrs. Stothard evinced kind and good feelings as a huſband and a father; but, for the greater part, ſo much were they of a private nature, as to contain little information for the public. From theſe, therefore, I ſelected only a few extracts, to ſhow how ſtrong were his domeſtic affections.

Reſpecting letters and papers of a more general or profeſſional character, I grieve to ſay, I could find but few that were in a ſtate for publication, or would have poſſeſſed any intereſt with the reader. Moſt of them were fragments, unfiniſhed drafts, or rude memoranda, and uſually without dates; ſome with ſo many obliterations, and in ſo imperfect a ſtate, that they could not be clearly underſtood, and thus were uſeleſs. I have, therefore, been compelled to give but very few.

In juſtice to myſelf I have ſtated this; as it will, in ſome meaſure, account for a want of exact regularity as to the order in which they are placed. Indeed, I have frequently felt the difficulty, in ſome inſtances the impoſſibility, of following the principal events

of Stothard's life in ſtrict chronological order. Thoſe who were moſt intimately acquainted with the early part of his career are no longer living; and, from natural modeſty and reſerve, he ſeldom, if ever, talked about himſelf.

The plan of giving illuſtrations from the works of a great painter, with ſome account of his life, originated with Mr. Leſlie, R.A., in his Memoirs of Conſtable; Mr. Murray has, in ſome meaſure, adopted it as the precedent and example in the ſtyle of illuſtrating the preſent volume. To that eminent artiſt I am indebted for two or three characteriſtic anecdotes of his brother Academician, and for the extract from a lecture which he recently delivered at the Royal Academy reſpecting the productions of Stothard's pencil.

To Mr. Carpenter, of the Britiſh Muſeum, my thanks are due for his great kindneſs and attention in enabling me to profit by the engravings from the works of Stothard, under his care, in the print-room of that National Inſtitution. To Miſs Denman, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Windus, I am alſo indebted for having moſt obligingly allowed ſome of his deſigns, in their poſſeſſion, to be copied for theſe pages.

ANNA ELIZA BRAY.

THE VICARAGE, TAVISTOCK,
November, 1851.

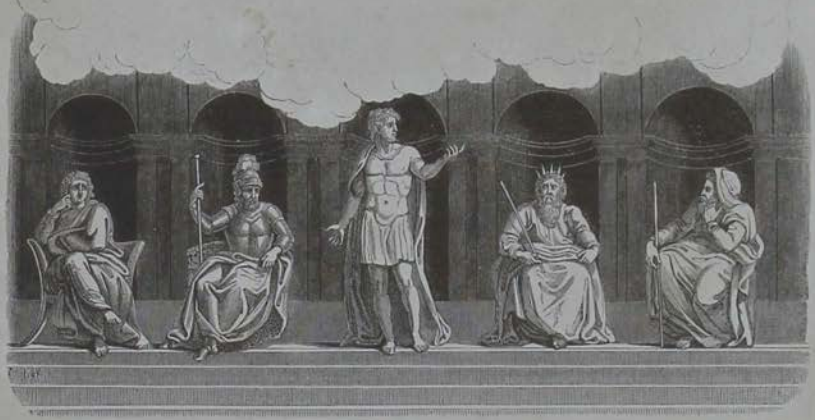
REMINISCENCES

OF

THOMAS STOTHARD,

R.A.

LIST OF CONTENTS.



From the Illustrations to Milton.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Parentage and Birth of Stothard—Sent to nurſe at Acomb—The old ſtore-room and its attraction—Brought to London; placed at School—His father dies—Apprenticed to a pattern draftſman—Deſigns from Homer and Spenſer—His maſter dies—He continues with the widow—Takes ſketches for her—Two gentlemen call on her—Reſults of the meeting—His early friends—Apprenticeſhip expires—Employed on the Novelift's Magazine—Exhibits his firſt picture—Becomes a ſtudent in Maiden Lane—His love of literature—Rambles in North Wales—Sketches from nature—Boating excurſion—Falls in love—Marries—Alderman Boydell—Goes to a Manſion Houſe Ball—Elected an Aſſociate of the Royal Academy—His progreſs and works 1

CHAPTER II.

Stothard removes to Newman Street—Robbery of his plate—Elected an Academician—Illuſtrates the Pilgrim's Progreſs—The Sylph and the Butterfly—His fondneſs for Nature—Deſigns for plate—Studies in the ſchool of Rubens—The Marquis of Exeter employs him to paint the great ſtaircaſe at Burleigh—Engaged by Heath on Shakeſpeare—His ſon Charles ſketches the effigies in the churches near Burleigh—Stothard's letter to the Marquis on the terms of his painting—Extracts from letters to his wife—His mother dies 29

PAGE

CHAPTER III.

Stothard's Death of Nelſon—His Robinſon Cruſoe making his Long Boat—Viſits the Engliſh Lakes and Scotland—His Jubilee Transparency—Deſigns from Froiſſart—Viſits Hafod—Col. Johnes—Death of Miſs Johnes—Stothard's deſign for her monument—His letters from Hafod 49

CHAPTER IV.

Archdeacon Markham and Stothard's friends and patrons—Extracts from his letters—His modeſt eſtimate of himſelf—Recommends the ſtudy of Raphael and Albert Durer—The cartoon of St. Paul preaching to the Athenians—The Transfiguration—Stothard's opinion of the ſame—His letter on his journey to Paris 59

CHAPTER V.

Stothard's advice to ſtudents on drawing the figure—Belſhazzar's Feaſt—Importance of outline—Gothic ſculpture—Extracts from Stothard's notes on painting—His ſketches from dancers—His admiration of Rubens; and of Sir Joſhua Reynolds—Callcott—Turner—Barker and Harlowe—His opinions of high finiſh and perſpective—His Fête Champêtre—Purchaſed by Lady Swinburn 77

CHAPTER VI.

Stothard's mind contemplative—His opinions of Beauty—Remarks on expreſſion—Mrs. Fitzherbert and Mrs. Siddons—His drawing of the latter—Flaxman's caſt of her face—Stothard's want of popularity—whence it aroſe—Sir Joſhua's remark on the genius of Stothard—His ſtudy of Raphael—Similarity and imitation—His pictures in the ſchool of Watteau—His Sans Souci 93

PAGE

CHAPTER VII.

Stothard illuſtrates Bell's Shakeſpeare and Poets—His ſeries of paintings from the former—His comic humour—Characters from Shakespeare, the Spectator, and Don Quixote—His ſtudy of ancient coſtume—His works found in remote parts of the world—He depicts his dream—His Una—Children in the Wood—Phillis and Brunette—Raving and Melancholy Madneſs—Boadicea, &c. . . 105

CHAPTER VIII.

The Canterbury Pilgrims—The ſubject ſuggeſted by Cromek—The characters introduced—Remarks on the ſame—Hoppner and Stubbs—Schiavonetti commences the engraving of the Pilgrims—Dies—The plate finiſhed by Heath—Stothard's letter on his picture—His Flitch of Bacon—Deſign for Young's Night Thoughts 129

CHAPTER IX.

Jubilee of 1814—Temple of Concord—The Wellington Shield—His deſigns and models for it—Etches the ſubjects from his own drawings—Duke and Ducheſs of Wellington come to ſee the work—The Shield preſented—Stothard's letter to the Duke—Reſult of an interview with his Grace—Deſigns for plate, for George the Fourth's Salver, and for the Wellington Vaſe—Elected Librarian of the Royal Academy, 1817 147

CHAPTER X.

Stothard engaged to paint the ceiling of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh—His letter on the ſubject—Goes to Dovedale to make drawings in illuſtration of Walton's Angler—Extracts from his Journal—Deſigns for the frieze of the New Palace, and for the Throne-room—George the Fourth's remark on Stothard's unchanged powers—Deſigns for ſculpture—The Children in Lichfield Cathedral 165

PAGE

CHAPTER XI.

Stothard's ſtudies of animals—Remarks of the would-be critics on his works—Anecdote of an amateur—Vaſt number of his compoſitions—His comic power—Compared with Hogarth—Diverſity of his genius—General remarks on the character of his drawings and his oil paintings—His pictures of Beckett, and the Sleeping Diana—The Italian and Engliſh ſchools contraſted 185

CHAPTER XII.

Stothard's family—His eldeſt ſon, Thomas—His melancholy fate—His ſecond ſon, Charles—His talents—Worth—And death—His children, Henry, Alfred, Robert, and Emma—The kindneſs of Stothard to young ſtudents and friends—Reſpect paid to him by his brother Academicians—Death of his friend Flaxman—And his wife—His ſorrow for her loſs—His health fails—Laſt attempt to handle the pencil—His death and burial—His character as a man, and genius as a painter—Sale of his works after his death 198

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Initial Letter for the Amicable Inſurance Company	1
The Schoolmiſtreſs	5
Youwarka Towing the Boat	10
Mrs. Jordan, as Priſcilla Tomboy	12
Royal Academy Exhibition Room	13
Cupid Chained	17
Robinſon Cruſoe and his man Friday	19
Stothard and his Friends when Priſoners	20
The King's Ball at St. James's	23
Scene from the Pilgrim's Progreſs (the Alarm)	24
Confirmation	27
Head-dreſses	28
Rape of the Lock	35
Boaz and Ruth	41
Queen Charlotte and the Royal Family	49
Scene from the Pilgrim's Progreſs (the Reception)	51
Scene from the Pilgrim's Progreſs (the Reflection)	53
The Wits' Aſſembly	57
The Seaſons	60
Cupid and Campaſpe	63
Adam and Eve in Paradiſe	65
The Angels appearing to the Shepherds	69
St. John Preaching in the Wilderneſs	75

PAGE

Deſigns for Clariſsa Harlowe 80
Bacchanalian Group 85
The Sunflower and the Ivy 95
Vignette 102
Sans Souci 103
Scene from Triſtram Shandy 106
Scene from Richard III. 112
Scene from the Spectator 114
Jacob's Dream 117
Cupid Bound 119
Robinſon Cruſoe on his Raft 121
The Rival Beauties 123
Madneſs 125
Boadicea 127
Canterbury Pilgrims 139
Intemperance 146
Decanter Labels 161, 163
A Nymph 164
Scene from the Pilgrim's Progreſs (the Diffidence) 169
Scene from the Midſummer Night's Dream 171
Marriage of Henry VII. 179
Apollo and the Muſes 181
The Sleeping Children 183, 184
A Sketch 189
Narciſsus 190
Widow Wadman 193
Scene from the Pilgrim's Progreſs (Christian and Hopeful) 203
Scene from the Pilgrim's Progreſs (the Consolation) 225
Adam and Eve 227
Vignettes 233

INTRODUCTION.

THE writer's early and long connection with Stothard—By what circumſtance firſt known to him—A club of oddities of the old ſchool—Introduction to the great painter—His willingneſs to aſſiſt the young ſtudent in Art—Stothard as a critic—His painting-room—Collection of butterflies—His remarks on the harmony of colour ſeen in them—Fondneſs for flowers—Practice of ſketching them—Stothard's countenance expreſſive; its general character—Anecdote of his impartiality as a judge of Art.

THE circumſtance of having been not only intimately acquainted, and for many years, with the great and good man whoſe name ſtands at the head of theſe pages, but alſo, in early life, having been the wife and widow of his lamented ſon Charles, firſt induced me to throw together a few reminiſcences reſpecting him. Theſe, I truſt, will be found of ſome intereſt, not only to thoſe who perſonally knew him, but to many who were his admirers as an artiſt, and who feel deſirous to learn what they can of the private as well as public life of ſuch eminent perſons as have done honour to their country by the exertion of their genius, their influence, and their moral worth.

In all theſe reſpects the name of Stothard deſerves veneration; ſince he was excellent, not leſs as a man than as a painter: and as

my acquaintance with him commenced by a circumſtance that evinced a kind and amiable trait in his character, I truſt I may be pardoned in relating it here; the more ſo, as it will occupy but a brief ſpace in my narrative, and will not, I hope, be found tedious to my readers. It may alſo be of ſome uſe to the young ſtudent in art, when he ſees with how much good-nature and conſideration the really eminent encourage the efforts of induſtry, and will condeſcend to adviſe and direct thoſe who are anxious to follow a well-regulated courſe in their ſtudies and purſuits.

In early youth I had a great fondneſs for drawing, which had never been cultivated by any inſtruction; and I attempted to paint a picture (in miniature) without knowing a ſingle rule of Art. It is almoſt needleſs to ſay it was a very wretched performance; but it ſhowed a love of the Art, and my dear father (who had ſome taſte and ſkill in the Arts himſelf, though not in heads and figures, to which I inclined) fancied that he ſaw in my "Madonna and Child" —for ſuch was the ambitious ſubject—more than any one elſe could have diſcovered, namely, a promiſe of talent beyond the ordinary run in young perſons who have a wiſh to excel in painting. No critic would be very ſevere upon a parent for ſuch an error as this.

My dear father viewed my attempt with great ſatisfaction; and it ſo happened that, on the very day I had preſented it finiſhed before him, he was going to dine in the neighbourhood of St. James's, at a houſe where he uſed to meet ſome acquaintances

of the old ſchool, who had formed themſelves into a club. This little ſociety contained ſo many oddities, that, had Addiſon been living in theſe latter times, he might have found in it many a hint for the richneſs of his humour in his own picture of a club recorded in the Spectator.

One of the members was a gentleman in the army; a Captain Watkins (for my father's club, like his juſt named, had a Captain in it), who had the honour of being brother-in-law to Thomas Stothard, the great hiſtorical painter; and the ſubject of the following reminiſcences. This gentleman was of the party on the day to which I have already referred, when my father, who uſually filled the preſident's chair, being ſeated therein, and inveſted with all due honour, after giving the King and the Church, drew from his pocket, with a much higher eulogium than it deſerved, my very poor and juvenile performance of the "Madonna and Child." How complacent are men and critics when ſeated round a bottle of wine! None of the company knew much about the Arts; my father was by far the beſt judge of the party; but he looked at the painting through the ſpectacles of parental affection, and thoſe are never formed of diminiſhing glaſſes. The picture was handed round, and by all preſent pronounced, *nem. con.* (the youth of the artiſt conſidered), to be indicative of a taſte deſerving encouragement and cultivation; and Captain Watkins concluded his remarks upon it, by ſaying—"Let me be of uſe: let me introduce picture and artiſt to my brother-in-law, Mr. Stothard, the Academician, and hear what he

has to ſay about it; he is ever ready to do all he can to benefit a ſtudent or lover of the Arts."

My father was pleaſed with the propoſal, and aſked the Captain to dinner. He came as invited; the appointment was ſpeedily made to wait on Mr. Stothard; and thus, reader, to my father's club was I indebted for my introduction to our great hiſtorical painter, at his own houſe in Newman Street; where, for the firſt time, I ſaw our Engliſh Raphael ſeated in his painting-room, and buſied over his fine picture of "Hector and Andromache."

> "HAMLET.—Methinks I ſee him now!
> "HORATIO.—O! where, my Lord?
> "HAMLET.—In my mind's eye, Horatio."

So may I ſay of Stothard, for well do I remember him at that firſt meeting. I remember the morning I prepared to go to him; how I looked at my poor picture, this way, that way, in the glaſs, out of the glaſs; how I tried to look it into ſomething much better than it was, before it appeared at the bar of judgment. I carried it in my hand all the way we were rumbling along; it was ſhut up in a ſmall box, with a ſliding lid, that had been my grandmother's. The box was a piece of family pride, for it had originally belonged to Queen Anne, and was traditionally ſaid to have been given by her Majeſty to my great-aunt; with a little old-faſhioned mirror, covered at the back with chaſed ſilver monkies. I never ſhall forget the feeling of trepidation with which I drew out that lid of my grandmother's box, to ſhow the picture to Mr. Stothard; for

I can truly ſay, that I did not think my performance to be the wonder it had been pronounced to be by the company at my father's club. But Stothard was not the man to diſcourage or diſhearten any one. In him, I ſoon found, as in all truly great men, that there was a good-nature about him towards the ſtudent which ſoon diſpelled all fear, and made the young aſpirant feel perfectly at eaſe in his preſence.

He did not expect to meet with great things from little means; he did not criticise on a beginner as he would on a maſter. He conſidered the attempts of an uneducated artiſt as attempts only, and eſtimated them not for what they were, but for what they indicated the hand that had achieved them might become under a judicious ſchooling in art. Stothard, in this reſpect, reſembled ſome great men I could name in literature, who are ever more ready to commend and to encourage than the little critics, thoſe I mean who deem themſelves critics, and who often poſſeſs not one eſſential requiſite for true criticism; the firſt qualification for ſuch an office being (as Stothard himſelf has not unfrequently remarked) a thorough acquaintance with the ſubject on which the critic is to ſit in judgment. To throw a ſtone is an eaſy thing, but to hit the mark requires a practiſed eye, as well as a true hand.

The generoſity, the kindneſs, and the manly judgment (never flattering nor needleſſly ſevere) of Stothard as a critic are well known to all who ſought his opinion or his advice, with a view to their own benefit. In his diſpoſition there was not even the

ſhadow of envy. He loved the art in which he excelled; he admired it for its own excellence, and by whom it was produced was to him indifferent. His own ſons never received a flattering commendation from him becauſe of their affinity; nor did any perſonal oppoſition ever draw from him a diſparaging remark on the works of another, if they deſerved praiſe for their intrinſic merit.* It was to ſuch a critic and ſuch a man that I was introduced by Captain Watkins.

The great artiſt was in his painting-room when we arrived. That room in which, as a more than ordinary favour, we were permitted to take a peep. The painting-room was tolerably large, it poſſeſſed the very neceſſary advantage of an excellent light, and was ſo filled with pictures, drawings, portfolios, books, prints, and all the et cetera of a ſtudio, that there was not, literally, a vacant chair for a viſitor, who was favoured by being admitted into the

* An inſtance of this was related to me by Mr. Alfred Stothard himſelf. In 1823 he was a competitor for the premiums awarded by the Royal Academy in two ſeveral departments of art. He was ſucceſſful in gaining both. Theſe premiums were awarded by the votes of the Academicians. In the Bas-relief competition, ten ſpecimens were laid before the members. The celebrated ſculptor, Mr. Flaxman, inquired of Mr. Stothard for whom he propoſed voting, and added, "of courſe for your ſon." Mr. Stothard ſaid, in anſwer, "In a matter of this nature, my ſon is not my ſon; it muſt not be a thing of courſe. His bas-relief does not ſeem to me to be of ſo bold a character as any one of the other nine. I ſhall not vote for him." "Before you ſay ſo," replied Mr. Flaxman, "come with me and cloſely examine it, and you will ſee it is executed more in the ſtyle for which the competition has been propoſed (a bas-relief in low relief) than any other, and deſerves the premium." Mr. Flaxman then led Mr. Stothard to the model, and they examined it together. The premium was awarded to the ſon of the latter; and much the ſame thing happened in reſpect to the other prize he gained in another branch, that of medal engraving.

ſanctum ſanctorum. In ſome drawers in the ſame apartment there was, beautifully preſerved, a moſt gorgeous collection of butterflies, collected by Stothard himſelf, in the fields near Norwood and Highgate. Theſe, he ſaid, were not only beautiful objects in themselves, but that they afforded fine ſtudies for the arrangement and harmony of colour; for nothing could exceed thoſe to be found on the wings of theſe inſects. Stothard was a great obſerver of the harmony of colour in the order of nature. Flowers were, likewiſe, favourite objects with him, for the ſame reaſon; and he generally had his china jars filled with ſome moſt beautiful nosegays, that he was in the habit of chooſing himſelf, and purchaſing in Covent Garden market, early in the ſpring and ſummer mornings. He ſhowed us ſome maſterly ſketches in oil, that he had painted haſtily, as any choice flower in theſe noſegays had happened to ſtrike his fancy. He told me that ſketching flowers in this way, from nature, was a good method to acquire facility of pencilling; and, by ſuch advice, I afterwards practiſed it in oil.

On firſt ſeeing Stothard on that memorable day, I was much ſtruck with the marked and impreſſive character of his head. The brows, that deeply overſhadowed the eyes, were replete with thought. He looked like a man you would expect to find abſtracted and often abſent in his manner; but there was a gentle and benevolent, as well as intellectual, expreſſion in his countenance, that was exceedingly pleaſing. As a whole, his was, ſtrictly ſpeaking, a philosophical head: for it poſſeſſed that union of

thoughtfulneſs and repoſe, which ſhows how much the paſſions and feelings of the man are in conſtant subjection to his reason. His eye was very fine, and the mouth indicated great ſweetneſs of temper—his was a countenance that invited truſt, it was ſo thoroughly expreſſive of a guileleſs ſimplicity of heart,—and ſuch a heart he poſſeſſed! for no man ever more deſerved the praiſe conveyed in that celebrated line—

"In wit a man, ſimplicity a child!"

Alfred in the Danish Camp: from the original in the poſſeſſion of Thomas Windus, Esq.

CHAPTER I.

Parentage and Birth of Stothard—Sent to nurſe at Acomb—The old ſtore-room and its attraction—Brought to London; placed at ſchool—His father dies—Apprenticed to a pattern draftſman—Deſigns from Homer and Spenſer—His maſter dies—He continues with the widow—Makes ſketches for her—Two gentlemen call on her—Reſults of the meeting—His early friends—Apprenticeſhip expires—Employed on the Noveliſt's Magazine — Exhibits his firſt picture—Becomes a ſtudent in Maiden Lane—His love of literature—Rambles in North Wales—Sketches from nature—Boating excurſion—Falls in love—Marries—Alderman Boydell—Goes to a Manſion Houſe Ball—Elected an Aſſociate of the Royal Academy—His progreſs and works.

Initial letter (These presents) for the Policies of the Amicable Insurance Company, 1709.

THE father of Thomas Stothard was a native of Stutton, near Tadcaſter, in Yorkſhire; and though of an old and good family, ſo much reduced in circumſtances, that (like the father of Sir Thomas Lawrence) he followed no higher calling than keeper of an inn. His wife, whoſe maiden name, I believe, was Reynolds, was a native of Shrewſbury; highly reſpectable both in her family and connexions. In 1750, they removed to London; where, during the few years that the elder Stothard lived, he carried on his buſineſs in Long Acre, with conſiderable ſucceſs;

ſo that at his death he was enabled to leave ſome proviſion for his family.

His only child, Thomas, was born in London on the 17th of Auguſt, 1755.* In a biographical ſketch where, like the preſent, the ſubject of it is more endowed by nature than diſtinguiſhed by birth, it is often attempted (though not always very ſatisfactorily) to raiſe him by a reference to the dignity of his anceſtors. In this inſtance, however, there is no need to have recourſe either to fancy or tradition, in order to bring our artiſt within the pale of gentle blood and honourable lineage, as the following facts will atteſt.

On a failure of heirs male, in a not very diſtant branch, Thomas Stothard ſtood as the heir-at-law to an old family manſion and a large landed property, I believe, in Glouceſterſhire. Many years ago that failure took place, and he was adviſed to aſſert his claims, and take the uſual legal meaſures in ſuch a caſe. But he not only felt a great repugnance to diſturb the tranquillity of his own mind,

* A doubt exiſted reſpecting the birth-place of Stothard; as ſome of his family believed it was Acomb, near York: the queſtion has been ſet at reſt by Mr. Peter Cunningham, who took the trouble to ſearch the regiſters of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, the pariſh in which the greater part of Long Acre lies. There he found the entry of Stothard's birth and baptiſm. With a copy of this, he had the kindneſs to ſend me ſome few intereſting memoranda concerning the childhood of Stothard, which his father, the late Mr. Allan Cunningham, made on the 6th of July 1830, being the day he received ſuch information from Stothard himſelf.

In the Britiſh Muſeum two documents are preſerved reſpecting him; one of them is nothing more than a ſlip of paper, on which he wrote a few particulars of his early life, at the requeſt of the late Mr. Balmanno, in 1829, and in which, from failure of memory at ſo advanced an age, (being then in his ſeventy-ſixth year) he made ſome ſlight errors and omiſſions. The other document is a ſhort account of him that appeared in ſome magazine ſeveral years ago, to a copy of which Stothard annexed corrections and additions on the margin; in the latter were a few particulars not ſtated by him to Mr. Allan Cunningham; and also a few discrepancies, but not of ſo material a nature as to require ſpecial notice.

and the delightful indulgence of his imagination at the eaſel, with the turmoil and hazard and vexatious delays of a lawsuit, but a generous motive alſo prevailed with him; as, at the time he was ſo much urged to proceed in the affair, he remarked, with the accuſtomed ſimplicity of his character, "that he ſhould not like to diſturb with law the three maiden ladies who had the property in poſſeſſion." Burke would not have ſaid that a ſpirit of chivalry was dead in England, could he have heard this anecdote of Stothard. To return from this digreſſion.

Thomas being a delicate child, his father, anxious about his health, ſent him, when five years old, to his uncle at York, who placed him "under the care of an old lady, a good woman and a ſtaunch preſbyterian." She lived in the little village of Acomb, near that city. "There," ſaid Stothard, "I grew ſtronger. She had two ſons in the Temple, London, who ſent her a preſent of ſome of the heads of Houbraken, framed and glazed; likewiſe an engraving of the blind Beliſarius, by Strange; and ſome religious pictures from the unrivalled graver of the ſame artiſt. I looked often and earneſtly at thoſe productions; for the old lady admitted me freely into her room, and ſeemed pleaſed with my admiration of them. I gazed till a love of Art grew within me, and a deſire to imitate what was on her walls. I got bits of paper and pencils, and made many attempts. I could ſee that my hand was improving, and I had ſketched ſome things not amiſs, when, at eight years old, I was removed to Stutton, the birth-place of my father. Before this, I ſhould have mentioned that my father, pleaſed with my attempts, had ſent me boxes of colours, which I knew ſo little how to uſe, that I applied to a houſe-painter for ſome mixed paint, which he gave me in an oyſter-ſhell, and the firſt man I painted was in black.

I had no examples; you know how neceſſary they are; Literature may be taught by words, Art muſt come through ſigns." Such was the account given by this eminent man concerning his childhood, to Mr. Allan Cunningham, in 1830. The following circumſtances reſpecting an old picture which alſo made a ſtrong impreſſion on Stothard's infant mind, whilſt at Acomb, were communicated to me by his ſon Alfred, who aſſured me that he received them from his father's own lips. They probably occurred at an earlier period than that of the preſent of the engravings to the old lady, which he attempted to "imitate," or copy.

It appears that Stothard's nurſe at Acomb was a widow, named Stainburn,* who lived in an antiquated farm-houſe, and kept a day-ſchool to aid her ſmall means.

From the earlieſt period of his childhood, Thomas was of ſo quiet and docile a ſpirit, that the good widow at Acomb delighted in ſhowing him any little kindneſs in her power, which, however, was but limited. It principally conſiſted in granting one of two very oppoſite indulgences; that of affording him, occaſionally, the company of a little boy of his own age, who, like himſelf, was meek and gentle in diſpoſition, and to whom he was much attached; or, an admiſſion to an old ſtore-room in the houſe, with a certain portion of the contents of which his mind aſſociated its earlieſt impreſſions; and this, it is not improbable, led to the firſt dawn or manifeſtation of his extraordinary genius. When his good-natured nurſe gave little Tommy the choice of one of the

* Her name is ſtated by Stothard in his marginal notes in the old magazine. May not his recollections of the good widow of Acomb, and her day-ſchool of little ruſtics, have been depicted in one of his very early and beautiful deſigns (which was engraved) from Shenſtone's Schoolmiſtreſs?

above-named enjoyments, he would generally give the preference to the ſtore-room.

And what was the attraction it poſſeſſed for one of his tender years? Simply this; there hung in it an old picture, oppoſite to

The Schoolmistress; an illustration of Shenstone's poem.

which ſtood a ſmall low ſtool; ſeated on this, the child would remain for hours together in ſolitude, contemplating ſomething which laid hold of the ſpirit within him: as his inſatiable eye paſſed from one point to another of the old painting with unwearied

delight; and there would he ſit until the door opened, and his nurſe called him to ſupper and to bed.

In after life it is ſomewhat ſingular, that though Stothard dwelt much on this incident of his early days, he had no recollection of the maſter, nor even of the ſubject of the picture, which had conſtituted the charm of his childhood. But the impreſſion it made on his young mind proved indelible; and its character, in point of art, was never forgotten.

When eight years old, Thomas being ſtill delicate in conſtitution, was again removed to the care of two kind aunts, who were very fond of him, at Stutton; and was daily ſent to ſchool at Tadcaſter. When he was in his thirteenth year, his father viſited his native place; and on his return to London, took his ſon with him, and placed him at a genteel boarding ſchool, at Ilford in Eſſex, where they profeſſed to teach all the languages and accompliſhments; there he was half-ſtarved; and there, he uſed to ſay, he learned to dance of the father of that wonder of pantomimic action—Grimaldi. Thomas had not been more than a year at Ilford, before his father died. The latter for ſome time had been in a precarious ſtate of health, but, being fond of angling, he went, rather imprudently perhaps, on a fiſhing excurſion to Colnbrook. He caught cold whilſt engaged at that ſport; and returning to the village, was ſeized with ſo ſudden and violent an illneſs, that in two or three days he was a corpſe. He was buried in the neighbouring church-yard of Langley in 1770, as the ſtone on his grave ſtill atteſts. He left ſome proviſion for his widow, and twelve hundred pounds in the funds for his ſon. On the loſs of his father, the boy was taken from ſchool, and lived at home with his mother, who, in order to be near an aged aunt, took up her reſidence at Stepney Green.

Thomas having diſplayed, before the death of his father, ſuch a decided fondneſs for drawing, his mother thought it would be beſt to place him in ſome way of life where it would be required. In this determination, ſhe evinced ſo much ſenſe and obſervation, that I doubt not ſhe was a woman of more than ordinary good underſtanding. She conſulted with her friends, and as brocaded dreſſes were then much in faſhion, at fifteen years of age Thomas was apprenticed to a draftſman of patterns for ſuch ſilks. His maſter's reſidence was in Spital-square, the term of the apprentice-ſhip ſeven years.

It was not till about two years before the expiration of his indentures, that flowered ſilks loſt their vogue, when the buſineſs of drawing for them became ſlack and unprofitable, and Thomas, conſequently, had leſs to do; yet, from the firſt, every leiſure moment he could find, he devoted to the improvement of his mind and his fancy in his own way. His maſter, obſerving that the lad ſpent his hours of an evening in ſtudy, not in drawing from the patterns, but in making deſigns, principally from Homer's Iliad and Spenſer's Faery Queen, indulged him by allowing him to paint in oil from theſe compoſitions. In his ſketches he delighted in battle-pieces, ſlightly waſhing them in with Indian ink, in order to give them ſome degree of effect; theſe were moſtly made on the leaves of an old account-book. Some of theſe early deſigns are ſtill in the poſſeſſion of his ſon Alfred, who tells me that they indicate a taſte and ſtyle formed in the ſchool of Mortimer, a painter of much imagination, who was conſidered the Salvator of his day.

The maſter, who, to the honour of his memory be it ſpoken, thus ſaw and encouraged theſe dawning efforts of genius, died

before Stothard was out of his time. 'Early difficulties ſeemed to open upon him, for the widow decided on carrying on the buſineſs at a period when there was a very uncertain proſpect of ſucceſs. Her youthful apprentice did his beſt to ſerve her, and was as remarkable for the ſteadineſs of his conduct and the ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition, as when he won the heart of the nurſe of his infancy to open to him the treaſures of the ſtore-room. After the work of the day was done, it was ſtill his cuſtom to read for awhile Homer, or Spenſer, or any good book that he could procure, and then to indulge in ſketching deſigns that were the offspring of his own imagination, and frequently illuſtrative of what he had juſt read. By an overruling Providence, theſe youthful flights of fancy were made the firſt ſtep to his remarkable career, and his future eminence.

He ever ſpoke of his miſtreſs in terms of grateful eſteem, and his good conduct had ſecured for him her moſt ſincere regard. Whilſt he was thus engaged in ſketching of an evening, ſhe would often watch his hand, and aſked him to give her one or two of his drawings, that ſhe might place them for an ornament over her mantel-piece, in the beſt parlour. Her wish was granted, and the ſketches were hung up.

Not long after, two gentlemen called at her houſe: one of them to give her a commiſſion in the way of buſineſs; and, whilſt he was talking to her, the other gentleman amuſed himſelf with examining the ſketches over the mantel-piece. His attention being completely abſorbed by them, his friend came up and looked alſo. On hearing the aſtoniſhment expreſſed by the former at their ſtyle and execution, the miſtreſs of the houſe felt ſuch a pride in her youthful apprentice, that ſhe exclaimed, "Sir, you are admiring

my lad's work. That is the way in which he occupies himſelf every evening." "Does he ſo?" replied the ſtranger; "pray let me ſee him."

Thomas was then introduced, and the perſon who had ſo admired his deſigns over the chimney-piece drew from his pocket a book. This he placed in the hands of the youth, (who ſtood before him not a little abaſhed by hearing his own commendations) and begged him to read it carefully; and when he met with a ſubject which ſtruck his fancy, to make a deſign for it in Indian ink. He then took his leave, ſaying that he would call again at the end of a week. The book (a novel) was read, and inſtead of one, *three* deſigns were executed and ready for the gentleman; who, true to his time and word, called again. The drawings were examined and approved; half-a-guinea was put into his hand; and Stothard's future lot was decided.

The ſtranger was no other than the well-known Mr. Harriſon, the editor (and I believe proprietor) of the Noveliſt's Magazine; publiſhed many years ago, and long before that ſeries, edited by Mrs. Barbauld, with a critique by herſelf appended to each work.

When Stothard was about twenty years old, he formed an intimacy with Samuel Shelly, who, ſome years after, became celebrated as a miniature painter. Alſo with an artiſt of the ſame claſs, Mr. Darcey.* Another of his friends was a Mr. Scarlett, who drew very beautifully, and ſubſequently became a clerk in the Bank of England. Theſe young men were of great aſſiſtance to

* Mr. Darcey was the father of the late General Darcey, of the Royal Engineers, who, many years ago, accompanied the embaſſy to Perſia, and brought home with him a moſt beautiful ſeries of his own drawings, illuſtrative of the Court and the people of that remote country.

each other in the ſeveral branches of art they purſued. Whatever was taken in hand, or if any new attempt was made to facilitate a progreſs in ſtudy, by any one of their number; it was imparted to the others and became a ſubject of emulation and diſcuſſion among them. For a time, at leaſt, their ſtudies might almoſt be ſaid to be in common.

At the expiration of his apprenticeſhip, Stothard's mother had apartments at Bethnal Green, where he reſided with her; to uſe his own words, "ſtudious of the art of painting, and adding a little to my narrow income, by now and then painting ſome ſmall family portraits amongſt my acquaintances." Whilſt he lived with his mother, they viſited Shrewſbury together, the place of her birth; and thence made an excurſion into North Wales for ten days.

Peter Wilkins Youwarka towing the Boat. From the Novelist's Magazine, published 1783.

Stothard now bade adieu to all thoughts of making drawings for brocaded ſilks. In 1778 he paid a viſit to his friend Darcey, then living at Portſmouth; and beginning his career, as an artiſt, ſucceſſfully in that place. It is not improbable that this viſit might

have confirmed him in a previouſly half-formed reſolution to do as Darcey did, and adopt art as a profeſſion. At all events, on his return to town, he no longer continued to reſide with his mother, but, in company with his friend Shelly, took lodgings in the Strand. It ſeems that at this period he managed to ſubſiſt on the intereſt of his twelve hundred pounds, veſted for him by his father in the funds, with, as he ſtated, ſuch additions as he could now and then gain by painting portraits.

Although there can be no queſtion that the ſpark of encouragement firſt ſtruck out by Harriſon kindled the flame of emulation in the breaſt of young Stothard, which gave expanſion to a boundleſs power of imagination, and led the way to his eventually becoming the greateſt hiſtorical painter this country ever produced, yet it does not appear that he was regularly employed on the Noveliſt's Magazine till July, 1780; but, from that period to 1783, he was much engaged in the illuſtration of books. Another important conſequence attendant on his connexion with Harriſon, was that of introducing beautiful illuſtrations as an accompaniment to the popular literature of England; and in this reſpect he was deſtined to become the father of the Britiſh ſchool. The deſigns made by this eminent man for theſe publications, the early volumes of which have become exceedingly ſcarce, are ſtill the admiration, not only of the learned in Art, but of every one having a heart alive to Nature, and capable, even in a remote degree, of eſtimating the higheſt order of poetic compoſition. It will ſurpriſe modern collectors, who now give almoſt any price that may be demanded for theſe early drawings, to learn how little he received for them. Stothard ſtates, in ſome old memoranda of accounts found in his own handwriting, that he made one

hundred and forty-eight deſigns for the Noveliſt's Magazine, at one guinea each; * that for twenty-ſix deſigns for the Poetical Magazine he had the ſame rate of payment; that for twenty theatrical frontiſpieces (and theſe were always portraits of the chief actors and actreſſes of the day) he received ſeven ſhillings each; and that for every ſeparate border or vignette his remuneration was ſix ſhillings!

Mrs. Jordan in the character of Priscilla Tomboy.

It is uncertain whether it was before or after he lived with Shelly, that he exhibited his firſt picture (A Holy Family) at the Society of Artiſts; but I have ſeen it ſtated by himſelf, that ſoon after he did ſo, he was admitted as a ſtudent at Maiden Lane; where (before the eſtabliſhment of the Royal Academy at Somerſet Houſe) the artiſts held their meetings, and the young men drew from the living model and from the antique. Moſer (the father of the beautiful flower-painter, afterwards Mrs. Lloyd) and Wilſon, the landſcape-painter, were then the librarians of this riſing inſtitution.

Mr. Leſlie the Royal Academician, who was on terms of intimate acquaintance with Stothard, and highly eſtimated both his genius and his moral worth, ſays, concerning this period of our artiſt's career, that in early life he was frequently at the houſe of the Preſident, Sir Joſhua Reynolds, as indeed were any of the ſtudents of the Academy

* Theſe exquiſite productions are now in the collection of Mr. Windus, of Tottenham Green.

who were deſirous of benefitting by his advice and converſation, for Sir Joſhua kindly allowed young artiſts to call on him early in the morning before he had himſelf commenced painting. He criticised their works; and, as Mr. Oliver, who was at that time a ſtudent, told Mr. Leſlie, Sir Joſhua's manner was, as Goldſmith deſcribed

The Exhibition-room of the Royal Academy in 1780.

it, "gentle, complying, and bland." Stothard participated in theſe great advantages, and likewiſe, when a ſtudent, had the benefit of occaſionally receiving advice from Wilſon.

Stothard's method of ſtudy was peculiarly his own; he adopted

not the practice ſo general with the ſtudents, to ſit down and draw from a ſingle figure for ſix or eight weeks. He would place himself oppoſite to it, and in a ſmall ſketch-book would make a careful outline in pen and ink, about five inches in height. He ſaid that he had recourſe to this method, becauſe it obliged him well to conſider the lines and the proportions before they were drawn, and that thus they became ſtrongly impreſſed upon the memory. He diſapproved the practice of rubbing out, and maintained that an eye and a hand well trained in making pen and ink outlines would be characteriſed by truth, carefulneſs, and a good flow of line; in ſhort, would be maſterly.

Having in leſs than an hour's time thus taken one view of the figure before him, he would change his poſition ſo as to command a different view of it; and then, being eſpecially careful to mark the change of contour in his ſubject, he would begin another ſketch, and thus continue to work till he produced ſeven or eight drawings of the ſame figure. He frequently remarked, that any one who adopted this method of ſtudy would, after a little practice, be ſurpriſed by the knowledge he had attained. At the ſame time, he would by no means have the ſtudent neglect light and ſhade, and rounding well the figure: but truth of outline, in its varied forms, was moſt eſſential; and, after having acquired it, he might paſs with ſafety to the living model, as the imperfections of nature would be immediately diſcovered and corrected by the knowledge previouſly gained.

Stothard was ever a cloſe obſerver of nature; but it was nature in action that he moſt ſtudied and admired; and thought that, however good might be the deſign or the conception of a picture, (frequently diſplayed with freedom in the original ſketch,) it was

often ſpoilt by preſenting, in the figures which compoſed it, all the ſtiffneſs of the lay figure, and all the rigidity and fixed attitude of the living model, from which the artiſt worked. He would remark, that action was momentary,—it could not be fixed; to be well expreſſed, it muſt be caught at once by the mind. It is generally known that he never painted from a model. Even at Burleigh Houſe, where his figures, on the grand ſtaircaſe, are nearly eight feet in height, not one in any of the groups was painted from a model; and theſe rank amongſt the fineſt and nobleſt productions of his pencil.*

It muſt alſo be ſtated, that, at an early period, he ſtudied much Albert Durer, in whoſe works he delighted; more eſpecially in his draperies.

From a very early age, Stothard was an aſſiduous ſtudent. As we have ſeen, he had received little or no inſtruction in the ordinary branches of knowledge; for his ſhort ſchooling at Ilford, where, under a hard maſter, the boys were flogged to make them hold their tongues, leſt they ſhould prate to their friends at home of the ſtarvation they ſuffered at ſchool, could not be conſidered as any education at all. But his want of regular and proper teaching does but raiſe him the more in our eſtimation, when we conſider through what impediments he broke, and made his own way to

* An eminent artiſt now living, when painting a large hiſtorical picture, requeſted Mr. Alfred Stothard to beg his father to come and give his opinion of its merits. He expreſſed a wiſh that he ſhould come whilſt the living model was ſtanding; obſerving, that he knew artiſts preferred this method when they were about to make remarks on a work in hand. The gentleman who made this requeſt, on being informed that the painter whoſe criticiſm he was deſirous to obtain, never uſed a model, and diſapproved the practice, expreſſed his aſtoniſhment; exclaiming, "Then he ſtands alone; I can now underſtand how it is all Stothard's works are ſo graceful."

honourable diſtinction. Perhaps after all it is not ſo much to be regretted, that a mind ſuch as his was left to educate itſelf; and he never loſt any opportunity of improvement in that courſe which was of his own chooſing. He read all the ſtandard authors, in poetry or proſe, that he could procure, in his own language; and though his mind was more intent on the ſubject than the words, and he had not perhaps a quick eye or ear for them, (for he ſometimes ſpelt careleſſly; and correct orthography, in his day, was not thought to be ſo neceſſary as in our own,) yet was he fond of writing.* From an early period, almoſt to the cloſe of his life, he copied into little books,—poems, anecdotes from hiſtory, letters from friends, or anything that ſtruck him; and wherever he went, generally kept a brief journal of his excurſion or his tour. I have ſeen one little book entirely filled by the copies he made of letters from his ſon Charles; another with a whole ſeries written by ſome young man to his father, a friend of his, during a journey abroad. Another ſmall MS. volume was filled by references to Greek, Roman, and Engliſh hiſtory; and a vaſt collection of facts and dates, that he had gleaned from various biographical dictionaries and other ſources, ſtill in the poſſeſſion of his ſon, was formed into a manuſcript book, as a foundation for a dictionary which he once propoſed himſelf to write of the Lives of the Painters. It was evident in all this how much he delighted in ſtudy; indeed nothing ſeemed to eſcape him that offered a ſubject worthy of inveſtigation to his moſt enquiring mind; and all was treaſured that became intereſting to him from the love of knowledge or from motives of affection.

* Even Pope frequently ſpelt incorrectly; ſpelling the ſame word two or three different ways in his letters.

He was, I have been assured, so economical at the outset of life that he contrived to live very respectably on what he termed his "narrow means," and yet he not unfrequently assisted a friend, even when his own purse was at a very low ebb; and was never in debt. Though so delicate in childhood, his parents (who were sensible as well as most respectable people) wisely kept him in the fine bracing air of Yorkshire during his infant years, a precaution which proved eventually of the utmost advantage to him; it

Ritson's Songs "Cupid Chained" Published 1783.

gave health and strength to an originally weak constitution; and his naturally placid, patient, and equal temper, with the blessing of having a constant pursuit, was altogether friendly not only to his mental vigour, but to the longevity he enjoyed.

He was, from a boy, fond of exercise; and, on the whole, took a good deal. But this very "medicine" (for so he called it)

he turned to account in his purſuits. Intent on the ſtudy of nature, he could not even take a walk, but living and ſurrounding objects would arreſt his eye, engage his mind, and ſupply food for memory and reflection. Whilſt yet but a very young man, as ſoon as the Academy cloſed, he would make his way into Worceſterſhire; and there purchaſing a ſure-footed Welſh pony, would ſet off on a tour in North Wales. The pony was retained until he came back to the Borders, where it was ſold ere he once more returned to London.

In theſe excurſions Stothard delighted to roam through the wildeſt and grandeſt ſcenery that mountain and valley, ſtream and cataract, could preſent. He drew, all the way he went, everything which moſt ſtruck his fancy, making his ſketches with great care; and pauſing amid rocks, woods, and ravines, ſuch as a Salvator would have delighted to pourtray. Carmarthen and Conway Caſtles, Bangor, and other celebrated places, were all viſited and pictured with that fine feeling for nature, and truth of repreſentation, for which he was ſo remarkable in all he did throughout life. On the ſketches thus made, and recollections thus acquired, at a more mature age, he founded thoſe moſt beautiful backgrounds, introduced in his illuſtrations of Robinſon Cruſoe, his Fête Champêtre, the Decameron, and other ſubjects of that claſs.

Theſe early ſketches were retained by him for many years with great intereſt; they were kept apart from others in a portfolio, in his painting-room. And though it will be digreſſing, I cannot reſiſt here pauſing a moment to tell the reader their fate. One winter's morning (when Stothard lived in Newman Street) he came rather unexpectedly into his room, when he found an Iriſh houſemaid engaged in lighting his fire with the contents of

his portfolio of North Wales! His vexation and ſurpriſe may well be conceived; he could not help expreſſing them, but the

Robinson Crusoe and Friday making a boat. Engraved by Medland in 1790.

damſel very civily excuſed herſelf by telling him, ſhe thought they were waſte papers. "Woman!" exclaimed Stothard, "you are

the greateſt incendiary I ever knew in all my life; you have burnt Conway and Carmarthen Caſtles, and the whole town of Bangor, in this one morning's work." From that time forth the painting-room door was kept locked—and the key in its maſter's pocket; and never was a ſervant allowed to enter its precincts for the purpoſe of ſweeping, &c., without being watched, and at very diſtant periods; and truly on this account, the apartment often wore a very dim and duſty aſpect. To return to the ſubject.

In the early times of which I am now ſpeaking, Stothard would occaſionally ſpend a few days with his friends in ſailing up the Medway, landing and ſketching as they pleaſed. In one of theſe excurſions he was accompanied by his old friend Mr. Ogleby,

Stothard and friends prisoners during a boating excursion at Upnor Castle on the Medway, from an etching by himself.

and Blake, that amiable, eccentric, and greatly gifted artiſt, who produced ſo many works indicative of a high order of genius, and ſometimes no leſs of an unſound mind. Whilſt the

trio were one day engaged with the pencil on ſhore, they were ſuddenly ſurpriſed by the appearance of ſome ſoldiers, who very unceremoniouſly made them priſoners, under the ſuſpicion of their being ſpies for the French government; as this country was then at war with France. In vain did they plead that they were only there ſketching for their own amuſement; it was inſiſted upon that they could be doing nothing leſs than ſurveying for purpoſes inimical to the ſafety of Old England. Their proviſions were brought on ſhore, and a tent was formed for them of their ſails, ſuſpended over the boat-hook and oars, placed as uprights in the ground. There were they detained, with a ſentinel placed over them, until intelligence could be received from certain members of the Royal Academy, to whom they appealed, to certify they were really peaceable ſubjects of his Majeſty King George, and not ſpies for France.

Stothard made a very ſpirited pen and ink drawing of this ſcene, whilſt under detention. On their liberation, they ſpent a merry hour with the commanding officer, to whom the artiſt remarked, that an opportunity had been given him for making a ſketch he had not anticipated; whilſt Ogleby declared that once being taken priſoner was quite enough for him; he would go out no more on ſuch perilous expeditions.*

It was not poſſible that a young man of Stothard's poetic order of mind could long be inſenſible to the faſcinations of youth and beauty. He fell in love with a Miſs Watkins, a lady who was

* In the Britiſh Muſeum, amongſt the folios containing Stothard's works in the Print Room, an etching from this drawing may be ſeen, called A Boating Excurſion. The etching is there ſtated to be by Blake; but Alfred Stothard ſays it was by his father. The drawing was ſold at Chriſtie's ſale, and is now in the poſſeſſion of Mr. William Sharpe, of Highbury.

handſome and agreeable; and like her brother, the Captain, poſſeſſed a good deal of ſhrewd obſervation, natural humour, and vivacity. She was an Anabaptiſt. Her father, a man of good fortune, was ſo infatuated by a fondneſs for all ſorts of diſſenting miniſters, that he opened his houſe rather too liberally, and ſpent his money rather too freely, on gentlemen of that deſcription; ſome of whom were not the ſincereſt or beſt of their kind. He had not the happineſs to be acquainted with men ſo excellent as Weſley and Robert Hall.

Stothard, it ſeems, did not immediately win the object of his choice. But the affections of ſuch a heart as his were incapable of change. For ſome time he patiently preferred his ſuit, and at length gained the hand of the fair Rebecca. But, though his love was true and deep, it was always more or leſs accompanied with that ſerenity which formed a marked feature in his character. After he had led his beloved to the altar, not to loſe an hour from his ſtudies, even on his wedding-day, he conducted home his bride, and then very quietly walked down to the Academy, to draw from the antique till three o'clock, the hour at which it then cloſed. There he ſat, by the ſide of a fellow-ſtudent named Scott, with whom he was intimate, and, after drawing the uſual time, at length said to his friend, "I am now going home to meet a family party. Do come and dine with me, for I have this day taken to myſelf a wife."

His marriage was productive of many joys and many ſorrows. Eleven children were the fruit of it; only ſix of them lived beyond infancy; and of the truly melancholy fate of two of thoſe who ſurvived to riper years, I ſhall have to ſpeak in due time and place. Here it will ſuffice to ſay, that ſo increaſing a family obliged him conſtantly to labour, and often to accept commiſſions

that were too trifling, and of too minute an order, for a painter of his maſter mind and hand: for inſtance, ſuch commiſſions as deſigning for pocket-books, ladies' faſhions, ſketches of court balls, and amuſements, royal huntings, and for ordinary magazines and play-books. But, ſo great was Stothard's love of art and the

A View of the King's Ball at St James's, on the King's Birthday, June 4, 1782.

ſimplicity of his character, that he made his deſigns for theſe with the ſame care, and threw into them the ſame exquiſite grace, which he beſtowed on the higheſt order of his works. He felt the truth of that admirable remark, I believe by Johnſon, "that what is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." Yet, if we conſider how much below his merit were ſome of the taſks in which, at this period, he engaged, it is ever to be lamented that good King George the Third (who ſo munificently patroniſed Weſt, fancying he was encouraging the greateſt living artiſt) had not beſtowed his royal countenance and bounty on Stothard; as, by giving him

commiſſions, he would have given him independence, and enabled him to employ, on a ſcale and on ſubjects worthy of his genius, thoſe aſtoniſhing powers with which he was endowed.

A circumſtance alſo which might have contributed to injure him in the early part of his career, was that an amateur landſcape painter, Sir George Beaumont, whoſe rank and fortune gave more authority to his opinions, than, from his own talents, they were entitled to claim, never could underſtand nor acknowledge the genius of Stothard. And

Pilgrim's Progress: The Alarm. Engraved 1788. Christian, alarmed at having read that the city in which he lived was threatened with destruction, expresses his great anxiety to his Wife and Children.

as Sir George's opinions very much ſet the faſhion of his day in art, as to who was, or was not, to be admired, in all probability Stothard ſuffered by ſoaring above his comprehenſion, and therefore being deprived of his praiſe.

I know not when he firſt became acquainted with Alderman Boydell; by whom he was employed for thoſe beautiful illuſtrations of Shakeſpeare, of which more will be ſaid hereafter; but he uſed to relate a circumſtance reſpecting the attention he received from him, that was not a little amuſing, and, as it is connected with his purſuits, it ſhall here find a place.

At the time Boydell became Lord Mayor of London, our artiſt was reſiding in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. He was one day greatly ſurpriſed, by ſeeing the private carriage of his lordſhip drive up to the door empty. A note was delivered informing him that my Lord Mayor was about to give that evening (April 12th, 1791) a ball and entertainment at the Manſion Houſe; and ſo earneſtly deſired to have the pleaſure of his friends Mr. and Mrs. Stothard's company, that he had ſent his own carriage for them. Accordingly they went, and were moſt kindly and graciouſly received. Everything was grand and ſplendid. But although Stothard had in former days learnt to dance of Grimaldi's father, he retained no taſte for the amuſement in his own perſon. Notwithſtanding all the ſplendour of a civic ball and banquet, the evening would have been a very dull one to a grave and ſedate man like himſelf, had he not brought with him, what he averred no artiſt ſhould ever be without—his ſketch-book; and he ſoon found employment for his pencil.

Brooke Watſon was preſent, the lion of the evening; and as people came to ſee and to wonder at him, very probably he determined that they ſhould have ſomething to wonder at; for he danced away with his wooden leg all the evening, to the admiration and amazement of the company; unconſcious that this ſingular diſplay of one-legged agility afforded a ſubject for

Stothard's ſketch-book; and to the ſtudies of that night, may in all probability be traced thoſe worthy citizens of "Cheape," who are ſo characteriſtically introduced in his celebrated picture of the Canterbury Pilgrims.*

In 1792, he was elected an Aſſociate of the Royal Academy; and that year he exhibited his beautiful picture of Confirmation.†

He had now wholly emancipated himſelf from the ſchool of Mortimer; and the very ſpirit of Raphael (whoſe compoſitions he had ſo deeply ſtudied) ſeemed to live and breathe again in the works of Stothard. To name only a few of them will be ſufficient to ſhow what were his labours at this period, how rapid had been his progreſs, and how great the productions of his imagination and his pencil.

His deſigns for Milton's Paradiſe Loſt (than which nothing was ever more purely conceived or beautifully executed) were engraved by Bartolozzi. His Ruth firſt beheld by Boaz whilſt Gleaning; St. John Preaching in the Wilderneſs; Jacob's Dream; and The Angels appearing to the Shepherds, were all of the ſame date: the two laſt named will bear a compariſon with the compoſitions of the great maſter of the ſacred ſchool, Raphael.

Soon after, Comus was also illuſtrated, and ſeveral ſtriking events

* Brooke Watſon loſt his leg by being purſued by a ſhark whilſt bathing: the monſter ſnapped it off, at the very moment when ſome of his friends, who came to his reſcue, were helping him into the boat. I do not know in what place the accident happened.

† I cannot reſiſt here mentioning a little circumſtance connected with this painting, which occurred at Chriſtie's ſale of Stothard's works after his death. I was ſpeaking to Sir Edwin Landſeer, with great admiration, of one of Stothard's works, before which we were both ſtanding, when he ſaid, "But come here, and look at this." Sir Edwin then led me to the picture of Confirmation, and exclaimed, "Nothing in beauty or grace can go beyond that." This precious painting is now in the poſſeſſion of the Rev. W. Ruſſel, of Shepperton.

in Engliſh hiſtory, ſuch as the Marriage of Henry V. with Catherine of France; Richard I.'s Return from Paleſtine; that

Confirmation. Painted in 1792.

chivalrous King's meeting with Iſaac Prince of Cyprus; ſix deſigns from Telemachus; the Dryads finding Narciſſus, and various other works. The laſt ten cited were exhibited at the Royal Academy;

and great muſt have been the gratification of Sir Joſhua Reynolds, when he ſaw works not unworthy the ſchools of Raphael and Parmegiano produced by one whom, but a few years before, he had ſingled out as the moſt promiſing of all the ſtudents in that Academy of which he was the head.

Six fashionable Head dresses for 1797.

CHAPTER II.

Stothard removes to Newman Street—Robbery of his plate—Elected an Academician—Illuſtrates the Pilgrim's Progreſs—The Sylph and the Butterfly—His fondneſs for Nature—Deſigns for plate—Studies in the ſchool of Rubens—The Marquis of Exeter employs him to paint the great ſtaircaſe at Burleigh—Engaged by Heath on Shakeſpeare—His ſon Charles ſketches the effigies in the churches near Burleigh—Stothard's letter to the Marquis on the terms of his painting—Extracts from letters to his wife—His mother dies.

WHILE Stothard was thus buſily engaged in works of ſo important a nature, his family was faſt increaſing. He had now three children, and, wanting more room for them, decided on removing to a larger and more convenient houſe. It happened that one (a freehold property, No. 28, in Newman Street,) was to be ſold, with a conſiderable quantity of handſome furniture, eſpecially that of the drawing-room, for the very moderate ſum of one thouſand pounds: the proprietor was about to live abroad, and felt anxious to get the houſe off his hands. Stothard at once decided on the purchaſe; and, in order to effect it, ſold out of the funds nearly all the capital left him by his father. And now did he experience the benefit of early economy and prudence, in never having touched the money till the moment when it could be turned to ſuch good account. On his removal, his widowed mother, upon whom years and decay were faſt ſtealing, and to whom he had ever been a moſt dutiful ſon, formed one of his domeſtic circle, and continued to reſide with him till her death.

Thus was he fairly eſtabliſhed in *Artiſts' Street*; for, in a few

years, ſo was Newman Street deſignated by the neighbourhood in familiar diſcourſe; and well might it be ſo. Weſt (the preſident of the Royal Academy) had lived there ſeventeen, and Bacon (the ſculptor) eighteen years, before Stothard bought his houſe; and, in a comparatively ſhort period, Ruſſell, Ward, Howard, Jackſon (all Academicians), Dawe, and a hoſt of other artiſts, to the number of about forty, all became reſidents in the ſame ſtreet.

Before I proceed with his profeſſional career, I cannot refrain from pauſing a moment, in order to give a ſtriking inſtance of that calm and happy ſerenity of temper which, in this remarkable man, was ſeldom, if ever, diſturbed, except by ſome trial that might truly be called great. The circumſtance I am about to narrate occurred after his removal to Newman Street.

Stothard, though never rich, was the poſſeſſor of a quantity of valuable old family plate: I know not if it came to him on his father's ſide, or his mother's, or from both; but, be this as it may, it was of family inheritance, and therefore doubly valuable. On ſome occaſion (and he was at all times moſt hoſpitable) he gave a dinner to ſeveral of his friends and ſome of the Academicians; and the plate was uſed. The next morning the whole of it was gone. The doors and windows ſeemed untouched; the robbery, therefore, appeared unaccountable, as the ſervants in the houſe were believed to be moſt ſteady and reſpectable. The conſternation of Mrs. Stothard, on diſcovering ſuch a loſs, as it well might be, was great. She communicated it to her huſband with all a woman's fears and regrets for the diſaſter. But he bore the intelligence with the moſt perfect ſerenity; and, as he then expreſſed himſelf, from that period was content to take his meals without ſilver.

Many years after this tranſaction, a criminal in Newgate, whoſe ſentence of death, for an extenſive robbery, was changed into tranſportation for life, confeſſed to a clergyman, who attended him whilſt he expected execution, that he had been concerned in the robbery of Stothard's plate. He acknowledged that he had been connected with the cook, who agreed to leave the drawing-room window unbarred on the night of the party, ſo that the fellow might get in and open the ſtreet-door to his aſſociates. The plate was in a lower part of the houſe; it was carried off in a ſack, and conſigned to the melting-pot before the following morning.

The next memorable event in Stothard's life was, that, in 1794, he was elected a Royal Academician, when he gave to the Academy a picture of Charity; it being the cuſtom with each artiſt who becomes a member of that honourable body, to preſent them with a painting for their council-room, there to remain as a memorial of the talent and attainments of the individual at the time of his election.

It was, I believe, ſoon after his becoming an Academician, that he deſigned thoſe illuſtrations for the Pilgrim's Progreſs, which, as a ſeries, have never been ſurpaſſed by his pencil. There is about them a grandeur, a devotional ſimplicity, combined with his accuſtomed purity and grace, admirably ſuited to the religious character of the book. As an inſtance of the ſublime in art, Chriſtian's conflict with Apollyon may be cited.

About this period he painted a picture which gave riſe to a new and delightful combination in his ſtudies of colour for his works; the circumſtance which led to it, deſerves not to be forgotten.* He

* Whilſt alluding to Stothard's colouring, it may be uſeful to others here to ſtate, that the peculiarly rich brown ſo often admired in his works, was a colour of his own invention, and was thus made by himſelf:—He procured the ſhank-bones

was beginning to paint the figure of a reclining ſylph, when a difficulty aroſe in his own mind, how beſt to repreſent ſuch a being of fancy. A friend, who was preſent, ſaid, "Give the ſylph a butterfly's wing, and there you have it." "That I will," exclaimed Stothard; "and to be correct, I will paint the wing from the butterfly itſelf." He immediately ſallied forth, extended his walk to the fields ſome miles diſtant, and caught one of thoſe beautiful inſects: it was of the claſs called the peacock. Our artiſt brought it carefully home, and commenced ſketching it, but not in the painting-room; and leaving it on the table, a ſervant (I know not if it were the Iriſh damſel) ſwept the pretty little creature away, before its portrait was finiſhed.* On learning his loſs, away went Stothard once more to the fields to ſeek another butterfly. But at this time one of the tortoiſe-ſhell tribe croſſed his path, and was ſecured. He was aſtoniſhed at the combination of colour that preſented itſelf to him in this ſmall but exquiſite work of the Creator; and, from that moment, determined to enter on a new and delightful field—the ſtudy of the inſect department of natural hiſtory. He became a hunter of butterflies; the more he caught, the greater beauty did he trace in their infinite variety: and he would often ſay, that no one knew what he owed to theſe inſects; they had taught him the fineſt combinations in that difficult branch of Art, colouring.

Not, however, in butterflies only, but in everything, Stothard was an indefatigable ſtudent of nature. He went nowhere without

of the ſheep, baked them well in an oven, and then ground them down to a fine powder, and used it as he would any other colour.

* This ſketch of the butterfly, with one wing only finiſhed, was ſold amongſt Stothard's drawings, after his death, at the ſale at Chriſtie's in 1834.

a ſketch-book, and nothing ſtruck his eye or his fancy but it was transferred to it. He recommended this practice to others, with the injunction, never to alter anything when abſent from the object drawn: he ſaid that, unleſs this rule was obſerved, all the ſpirit of the ſketch would be loſt. In his walks to Iver (about eighteen miles from London), whither he often went, accompanied by his ſon Alfred, to viſit his aged aunt, Mrs. Hales, after they had paſſed Acton, he would ſay, "Now let us leave the high road, and away to the fields and the hedges; we ſhall find there ſome beautiful plants, well worth ſeeking." No ſooner had they done ſo, than the ſketch-book and colour-box were brought forth from his pocket; and many a wild plant, with its delicate formation of leaf and flower, was carefully copied on the ſpot. This was done with a fine pen filled with the tints required; the ſpringing of the tendrils from the ſtem, and every elegant bend and turn of the leaves, or the drooping of a bell, was obſerved and depicted with the utmoſt beauty.

When reminded by his ſon of the long way they had yet to go, and that they muſt abſolutely proceed, or run the chance of being benighted, he would nevertheleſs linger to the laſt moment, and then cloſe the book with regret. And when the walk was reſumed, he ſometimes ſtopped and exclaimed:—"Look, Alfred, obſerve that plant; what a ſtudy for an architect! Few architects can build churches and towers, or add pinnacles and ornaments with taſte and ſkill: but let them come here—that plant with its little companion, and that with the large broad leaves in the background, would teach them a valuable leſſon." And often was the ſketch-book again brought forth to ſecure ſome recollection, however ſlight, of what had ſo ſtruck him. He remarked, that of all ſtudies, nature

formed the moſt inexhauſtible and delightful, and that every artiſt ſhould, in ſome way, make his art his recreation; for, let him ſketch what he might, ſome time or other he would find it uſeful. Stothard was himſelf an example of the truth of this obſervation.

Commiſſioned by the houſe of Meſſrs. Rundell and Bridge, he made many magnificent deſigns for chaſed plate for the ſovereign and chief nobility. In theſe his ſtudy of plants was apparent. The delicate bud, the tender leaf of the ſtems and cluſters, were all employed as he had gleaned them in the field of nature. The ſpreading ſilver branches holding forth their lights to the aſſembled gueſts round the table of a royal banquet, the ſuperb ſword and ſcabbard, with its chaſed and jewelled hilt, preſented to ſome Britiſh hero by the hand of the ſovereign prince, were all in their appropriate character,—their beauty and their grace, emanations from the genius of Stothard, inexhauſtible in its reſources, and in all its imaginings ſtill pure and elegant. Grace, indeed, was inherent in his mind; it pervaded not only all he did, but all he thought or imagined.

The beauty of Stothard's modern female dreſſes, in ſuch ſubjects as Belinda in the Rape of the Lock, Phillis and Brunette, &c., merits great admiration; and here we find that even this comparatively minor excellence was the reſult of obſervation and ſtudy; for he took pleaſure in walking down ſome of the ſtreets, where the principal ſhops diſplayed in their windows rich ſilks, in order that he might obſerve their various tints. In a lady's dreſs there was nothing he ſo much admired as thoſe which are called *ſhot ſilks;* where, as the figure moves in the light, a variety of tint and colour is ſeen in every fold; and this taſte in Stothard may be traced to nature, as we find it in the peacock, and in the breaſt of the pheaſant and the turtle-dove.

About the year 1796, Stothard began to ſtudy attentively the works of Rubens: this was apparent in the picture he that year exhibited of Victory: it had much merit, and poſſeſſed that depth of tone

Rape of the Lock.

and richneſs of colour, in which the great Flemiſh maſter was unrivalled.* In the three or four following years he executed ſo

* Victory was a favourite with Stothard; he would never part with the picture. After his death it was bought by Mr. Rogers at Chriſtie's ſale.

many works, that, merely for a liſt of the principal, the reader muſt be referred to the appendix, as here to enumerate them would be tedious.

His reputation had now ſo much ſpread amongſt the really taſteful and judicious in art, that the Marquiſs of Exeter, wiſhing to adorn with paintings the grand ſtaircaſe of his princely manſion of Burleigh, near Stamford, in Northamptonſhire, applied to Stothard to execute the work. For this he made three deſigns—War, Intemperance, and the deſcent of Orpheus into Hell. In treating the ſecond ſubject named, he introduced Cleopatra with Mark Antony, at the moment ſhe is caſting the pearl into the cup to diſſolve the precious jewel: ſhe is ſurrounded by the Loves and Graces, and ſurmounted by allegorical perſonages and emblems. Theſe paintings were executed on ſo large a ſcale, that the figures are nearly eight feet in height, and poſſeſs the utmoſt power and brilliancy of colour. Mr. Alfred Stothard, who ſaw them a few years ago ſays, they are as freſh as if juſt executed, and as a whole, he conſiders them the fineſt which this country poſſeſſes of his father's works. They occupied four ſucceſſive ſummers, commencing in 1799.

Indefatigable as Stothard was whilſt employed on theſe magnificent ſubjects, he nevertheleſs found time, at the intervals in which he retired to his own apartment, to execute ſeveral deſigns and pictures of great merit. Amongſt them may be named his beautiful compoſitions for the Hiſtoric Gallery, publiſhed by Boyer; Cadell and Davies's edition of Geſsner; and Kearſley and Heath's Shakeſpeare.

Some circumſtances connected with this laſt undertaking are too characteriſtic of Stothard's meek and patient temper to be paſſed in ſilence. Heath, fearing that others might engage his pencil for a ſimilar work, cauſed a bond to be drawn up between them, not

quite ſo fearful in its nature as old Shylock's, but nevertheleſs ſufficiently ſtringent, as the painter was to forfeit no leſs a ſum than five hundred pounds, if he did not complete the work; and Heath bound himſelf to forfeit the ſame ſum, if he employed any other artiſt to make the deſigns for it. Several were executed that were truly beautiful; but to Stothard's extreme ſurpriſe, he ſoon found the names of Hamilton, Wheatly and others, (artiſts now almoſt forgotten by the inferiority of their productions), appended to various deſigns made for the Shakeſpeare. The cauſe of this breach of contract was never ſtated, but it was ſhrewdly ſuſpected, that theſe very ſecond rate artiſts worked cheaply, which Stothard did not. His friends were indignant, but although he felt he was not well uſed, he did nothing to enforce the penalty, and never even alluded to it in any hoſtile manner. The work however ſuffered, for ſo inferior were their deſigns, and ſo greatly was the hand of Stothard miſſed, that after he had ceaſed to labour for it, the ſale declined, and the undertaking no longer proſpered.

Not only did Stothard execute the paintings already mentioned at Burleigh, but, to oblige the Marquis, he altered and touched the ceilings, ſeveral of which were by Verrio; the ſubjects were Heaven and Hell.*

Whilſt he was there, many noble and honourable gueſts were frequently viſiting, and ſome ſtaying in the houſe, for the Marquis

* Concerning theſe ceilings, Stothard uſed to tell rather an amuſing ſtory, which was a tradition of the houſehold when he was at Burleigh. Verrio was long there, and whilſt engaged on his taſk was very particular about his dinner, to which the cook did not always give the attention he required. On one occaſion he ſo enraged the painter by his neglect, that Verrio next morning introduced the offender in his Hell; where, to this day, the luckleſs maſter of the ſpit remains, as Falſtaff ſays of Bardolph's noſe, "Burning, burning!"

was exceedingly hoſpitable. Amongſt others was a certain dignitary of the church, who often joined Stothard in his ſummer evening rambles. On one occaſion, he prepared to go out with his nippers and his net to catch butterflies and inſects, when his clerical friend thought it became him to read him very gravely a lecture, on the cruel and unchriſtian-like practice to which he was addicted. This reproof was received with meekneſs; when going on a little further they came to a piece of water. The fiſh were making bubbles and rings in it by darting up to the ſurface to catch the flies—"Bleſs me," exclaimed the divine, "how plenty the fiſh are here; I wiſh I had my rod with me. Are you an angler, Mr. Stothard?" "No," replied Stothard, "I have ſome doubts about angling, whether it may not be a cruel and unchriſtian-like practice, when we think of the worm, the hook, and the fiſh."

Whilſt at Burleigh Mr. Stothard's wife, and his ſon Charles, then a youth, were for awhile gueſts. Charles drew very well for his age: but wanting employment with his pencil, to fill up his time, his father told him to go and make drawings of ſome ancient effigies in the neighbouring churches. He did ſo; and there can be no doubt this circumſtance occaſioned his firſt turning his attention to Gothic ſculpture; and gave riſe to a fondneſs for the ſtudy of antiquity, which, at a more mature age, rendered him eminent as an antiquary, and led the way to his original and beautiful work on The Monumental Effigies of Great Britain.

Amongſt a multiplicity of rude drafts of letters in the hand-writing of Stothard (too imperfect to be given) I found one addreſsed to the Marquis of Exeter, on the completion of the paintings. It is written in a very confuſed manner: yet ſhows great delicacy on the part of the painter; and the very confuſion

which pervades the whole, ſeems the reſult of what I ever thought to be a marked feature in his character—namely, the pain he experienced when obliged to revert to pecuniary demands; or, as he ſaid, in another letter (to a different perſon who did not pay him as he had often promiſed) "to do what he hated, *aſk for money*."

In this letter to the Marquis, he ſtates that the paintings on the great ſtaircaſe were to be completed for one thouſand guineas, and to be finiſhed in three years. In the time he was at work he had received nine hundred and ninety-three pounds for the years—

1799	£63
1800	315
1801	315
1802	300

By this ſtatement, he ſaid, 57*l.* were deficient of the thouſand guineas. But the year 1803, he conſidered "an indulgence added to the preceding years, on the ſame terms." On that year (1803) he had, at the time of writing, received only 50*l.*, leaving due to him 265*l.*, to which might he be allowed to add the 57*l.*, it would make the amount due to be 322*l.* But continues he—"If the mention of the 57*l.* ſhould appear in the leaſt unreaſonable" (and he ſays in the letter, he entertained doubts about the propriety of mentioning it at all,) and "if your Lordſhip thought the indulgence of another year added to the former, ample compenſation to ſmooth any difference in that account, in ſuch caſe," he concludes, "your ſentiments on this matter will be received with cheerful compliance by your Lordſhip's moſt obedient ſervant, Thos. Stothard."

At the end of this rough draft appears, written *in pencil*, (but not in Stothard's hand) theſe words:—

"Lord Exeter has directed me to pay Mr. Stothard 300*l.*"

The hand-writing of this is buſineſs-like; and may, probably, have been that of the houſe-ſteward of the Marquis, the late Mr. Chriſtian, with whom our artiſt was on terms of familiar intercourſe; and to whom, it is not improbable, he might have ſubmitted the above draft of an intended letter; when finding, as intimated by the note in pencil, that his Lordſhip had directed the payment of a ſum, ſo very nearly that which he had calculated on receiving, the letter was not ſent at all. In my own mind, I have no doubt ſuch was the fact, as it is not for a moment to be ſuppoſed that a nobleman of ſuch liberality as the Marquis of Exeter, and who always treated Stothard (as he invariably ſaid) in ſo handſome and friendly a manner, would have cut off the twenty two pounds from his account.

I muſt not omit ſtating that, previous to his engagement at Burleigh, Stothard, amongſt many other works, produced his Boaz firſt ſeeing Ruth Gleaning, than which nothing can be more ſtriking. It reminds us of the old maſters, to the fineſt of whoſe ſcriptural works it is, in every way, equal as a compoſition. The beauty, the grace, the unaffected and natural attitude of Ruth, who, having juſt raiſed herſelf from the ground, looks up, ſurpriſed by the notice of Boaz; the dignity of his perſon, as he addreſſes her with intereſt; the ſervant placed over the reapers, who ſtands near him; and the figures buſied among the corn, altogether preſent a ſcene perfect in its patriarchal truth and ſimplicity. The buildings and terraces, ſeen in the background, as the finiſh of the picture, have in them an appropriate character of Eaſtern taſte and opulence.

Whilſt at Burleigh, Stothard frequently wrote to his wife; moſt of the letters have been preſerved; but although they abound

Boaz and Ruth. Designed by Stothard for Macklin's Bible, 1791.

in the expreſſions of an affectionate care for her and his children,

they do not give any information about his work, more than caſually mentioning how cloſely he applied to it, and that his performance greatly pleaſed his noble employer. The following extracts, however, ſelected from many paſſages of a ſimilar nature, will, I truſt, be found of ſome little intereſt to the reader, as they ſhow the heart of the man in its moſt amiable character.

To Mrs. Stothard.

"Dear Rebecca,

"Since I laſt wrote, I have been very buſy ſketching a deſign for the ſtaircaſe; and, at the ſame time, ſeeing that the walls are properly prepared, and colours ground, &c. I have been ſo intent on this purſuit, as to let three days eſcape me out of ſix; for, believe me, I miſtook laſt Saturday for laſt Wedneſday; and this was the cauſe of your diſappointment in not hearing from me. I told you in my laſt, Lord Exeter had been here, and went from hence the day before my arrival, which has prevented my ſeeing him. I think it is better that it ſo happened, as I had nothing to ſhow his Lordſhip. If he returns about the time my buſineſs concludes, as I conjecture he will, I may ſettle the future with more confidence. * * * I am glad to hear Charles is well, and hope he does not run away from his dinner-hour; as he is growing, I am more anxious about this, for he has been too apt to go out and not return in proper time. Let your next letter be a little longer, and tell me more of yourſelf, and how your time has paſſed away. Has any one been to ſee you, or Miſs Nayler paid you the viſit ſhe promiſed you? It will give me pleaſure to hear you have ſo agreeable a companion; in ſhort, give me a few particulars, it will break through the continued anxiety I feel in my

preſent undertaking, which now entirely depends on my own efforts. One day is ſo like another, on account of the extreme regularity—it was in ſome degree the cauſe of my forgetting time as I did laſt week." * * *

The next extract is ſtill from Burleigh, and in the autumn of the ſame year, 1799.

"I ſhall not come home till Thurſday. If the fatigue of travelling all night is not too much for me, I promiſe myſelf the happieſt hours I have experienced a good while in your company and the children's; ſo let me ſee them in their beſt bib and tucker, and we will make a holiday of it. I ſhould have been with you on Sunday, but Lord Exeter is going from hence, and will not return till Monday; meanwhile I am to draw up an agreement and ſtate the terms of our future proceedings, which, I am happy to tell you, promiſe to be much to my mind, and will give *you* pleaſure, which is my chief happineſs.

"Believe me yours ever affectionately,

"THOMAS STOTHARD."

The next is from Burleigh in 1800.

"DEAR REBECCA,

"Don't interpret my delay in writing to negligence or indifference, nor think I have forgot my firſt intention of paying you all a viſit; nothing but my being very buſy here, makes my abſence tolerable. Burleigh and the ſcenes about it are no palliative, ſo you muſt expect to ſee me ſoon. I believe I can ſtart in a

fortnight, and return to finiſh that end of the ſtaircaſe I am now painting by the time my Lord returns with his new bride, which will be ſome time in Auguſt. * * * You have ſome doubts if I were courting, whether I ſhould not more readily ſteal an hour to write to you; perhaps ſo—but this I am ſure of, I do not love you leſs; and am more eaſy, having confidence in your ſincerity and virtue. My love to the children, and receive the ſame from your affectionate huſband,

"THOMAS STOTHARD."

From the letters addreſſed to Mrs. Stothard in 1801, I make the following extracts.

"MY DEAR REBECCA,

"It was with pleaſure I received your two laſt letters; indeed they came at a time my anxiety was almoſt intolerable. I am now happy ſo far. * * * The delay you have complained of reſpecting my writing, you muſt afford ſome indulgence to, as I have much to do here, and till I have broken the neck of the work in hand, can find very little reſpite, and independent of the attention I muſt beſtow, I am in the continual exerciſe of aſcending and deſcending ſteps, and ſhifting them from place to place. I find myſelf perfectly jaded before night, and ſometimes could diſpenſe with my ſupper for bed. With this combination of mental and bodily exerciſe, I ſhould not write were it not to yourſelf."

"Burleigh, Sept. 6, 1801.

"DEAR REBECCA,

* * * "I am endeavouring to conclude my buſineſs

here before the end of this month; the day I cannot aſcertain in the preſent ſtate of the work. The Marquis and Marchioneſs ſeem well pleaſed and pay me flattering attentions; I therefore ſhould not like to leave Burleigh with my work ſlovenly done, and thereby forfeit their good opinion for the future, as well as the public's. On this you may depend, that I am not backward in my exertions to make a good finiſh for the preſent ſummer. I write this, my dear Rebecca, that you may know my preſent ſituation, and thereby make yours as agreeable as you can, which I hope is pleaſant."

"Sept. 13, 1801.

"DEAR REBECCA,

"Write to me by return of poſt, if it be but two lines, informing me how you are, and how Hammerſmith agrees with you, for I am unhappy till I hear from you. Don't perplex yourſelf with the idea of filling a ſheet, you need tell me of nothing but your health, and I ſhall be ſatisfied; for myſelf, I am determined to be with you before the twenty-ſixth if poſſible. * * * If you are at Hammerſmith, tell me how you ſpend your time, &c. If you uſe much exerciſe; if you avail yourſelf of country milk at breakfaſt inſtead of tea; whether you ſtudy diet more than phyſic? However, I long to be with you, and conſult you concerning your health; and, truſt me, nothing ſhall be ſpared in my power to recover you. Do ſcratch a line, my dear Rebecca, immediately. Again I repeat it, and you will afford conſolation to your ever affectionate huſband,

"THOMAS STOTHARD."

"Burleigh, Monday, October 5, 1801.

"MY DEAR REBECCA,

"The day after I wrote to you I received yours. I felt great pleaſure to find you had ſpent your fortnight ſo agreeably at my aunt's. It ſpread an air of cheerfulneſs over your letter which convinced me your health was benefitted by it. You will not doubt, my dear, my wiſh to ſee you and the children after my long abſence. I had determined on leaving Burleigh on the eighth inſt. at fartheſt; and had ſignified to my Lord my intentions without ſpecifying the time. Since I wrote to you laſt, he has requeſted I would make it convenient to ſtay till the twelfth, which is Monday next, five days longer than myſelf had propoſed. On the whole, I am better pleaſed that he has fixed the time than myſelf. We have, this month paſt, been all buſtle and life; much company going and coming, too numerous for me to remember their names, ſo I ſhall not attempt to ſend them to you; and for more intereſting particulars, I intend to bring them with me. I have the pleaſure to tell you I am much better in my health of late than in times paſt; and I believe if I were here longer, I ſhould fill up and become quite another thing—but I muſt firſt forget home, which is impoſſible; ſo expect me next Tueſday.

"I am, dear Rebecca, yours moſt affectionately,

"THOMAS STOTHARD."

"MY DEAR REBECCA,

"It was my intention to have been with you at the time you will receive this letter; but now I muſt tell you for the laſt time, I ſhall not be with you till Friday noon. As I have ſettled

everything with my Lord, I ſhall have nothing now to oppoſe the earneſt deſire I feel of ſeeing you after my three or four months' abſence. As I have received very kind attentions from Lord and Lady Exeter, I wiſh to return it by a cheerful compliance with their wiſhes that I ſhould ſtay at Burleigh till Thurſday, when they themſelves will take leave of this place for a fortnight or more. As for myſelf, at all events, I ſhall take a place in the coach for town, and dine with you on Friday; of this be aſſured. You have in your former letters enquired after our friends here. They are all well; they often mention you, with reſpectful enquiries after your welfare. Lady Exeter, in particular, pleaſed me by her kind manner of enquiring after you."

The next letter is alſo from Burleigh.

"Sunday, Sept. 3, 1802.

"MY DEAR REBECCA,

"I find a fortnight is too long a time not to hear from you; indeed if you knew how much I ſuffer from apprehenſion for your health, I am certain you would not delay writing. I hope nothing has happened to prevent the fulfilment of your promiſed coming here. Every accommodation is prepared for your reception. The country yet retains its former dreſs, and with the weather is altogether delightful. I have ſelected one of the pleaſanteſt apartments for your uſe. Let me entreat you, my dear, not to delay any longer or loſe the preſent opportunity. I think you may contrive to ſtay here a fortnight at leaſt, and for your health's ſake longer; but you muſt not loſe any time, but come, and don't let trifles prevent you. In your next letter tell me the day I

may expect you, and the coach you come by, that I may meet you at Stamford. When I wrote to you laſt, the Marquis's health was in that ſtate to render it very uncertain how long he would ſtay from hence; at preſent he has recovered, and entertains the hopes of a longer abſence from Burleigh. As for myſelf, I find my health governed very much by your letters, or your ſilence; ſo pray write to me by the return of poſt. Give my love to the children, and accept the ſame from your affectionate huſband,

"T. STOTHARD.

"P. S. Bring with you the vols. of the Spectator, and Bewick's Hiſtory of Quadrupeds."

During the time his great work was in progreſs at Burleigh, Stothard loſt his mother, who lived to attain the age of 87 years. She died in his houſe in Newman-ſtreet, where for ſo long a period ſhe had experienced, both from himſelf and his wife, the moſt kind and affectionate care.*

* I have but one circumſtance more to mention in connexion with Burleigh; and although it may be here ſomewhat out of place, it ought not to be omitted, as it ſerves to ſhow the reſpect in which the memory of Stothard was held not only at that noble manſion, but in the neighbourhood. Some years ago, his ſon Alfred viſited Burleigh, in order to ſee his father's greateſt work. The Marquis was abſent, but he was moſt kindly received by the houſehold. Some of the principal tradespeople of the town of Stamford, hearing he was there, called a meeting and propoſed to give a public dinner to the ſon of Stothard, as a token of gratitude for the benefit his father had conferred on their town by the number of ſtrangers who reſorted to it, in order to ſee the magnificent paintings on the ſtaircaſe of Burleigh Houſe. The dinner was arranged, and actually given, although, from ſome error in the ſending or the delivery of the letter of invitation, Mr. Alfred Stothard had gone away before it arrived!

CHAPTER III.

Stothard's Death of Nelſon—His Robinſon Cruſoe making his Long Boat—Viſits the Engliſh Lakes and Scotland—His Jubilee Transparency—Deſigns from Froiſſart—Viſits Hafod—Col. Johnes—Death of Miſs Johnes—Stothard's deſign for her monument—His letters from Hafod.

In the year 1804, Stothard was ſo occupied by commiſſions, that he ſent nothing to Somerſet Houſe; but in the following year he

Queen Charlotte surrounded by The Royal Family. From a pocket-book.

contributed what was not at all calculated for an exhibition picture; his ſketchy deſign for a portion of the ſtaircaſe at Burleigh, which by many who looked at it, could not be underſtood. In 1806, he was applied to by the widow of John Macklin, the publiſher, to go

down to Chatham, and there take ſteps preparatory for a picture of the Death of Nelſon; a print from which ſhe propoſed to publiſh by ſubſcription. He made ſome bold pen and ink drawings from the heads of ſeveral ſailors of the Victory: he was to receive two hundred pounds for the picture, and commenced it; but Mrs. Macklin not being able to meet with ſubſcribers ſufficient to carry out her plan, the picture remained, unfiniſhed, on his hands, and in that ſtate was ſold after his death at Chriſtie's.*

In 1808, Stothard exhibited, amongſt many other works, his exquiſite deſign of Robinſon Cruſoe making his Long Boat.

The next occurrence in the life of our Academician was his viſit to the Lakes of Cumberland and Weſtmoreland in 1809; whence he proceeded in the ſame year to Edinburgh, and afterwards to various parts of Scotland, for the purpoſe of illuſtrating, for Mr. Conſtable, an edition which he was about to publiſh of the Poems of Burns. The great merit of the drawings and deſigns he made for the works of that exquiſite poet of nature, raiſed his name ſo highly in Scotland, that, ſome years after, he was choſen (as will be noticed in due place) to adorn with his pencil one of the national inſtitutions of the capital.

On his return to town, as nothing came amiſs to him, he executed for Meſſrs. Rundle and Bridge a large tranſparency, which was diſplayed in front of their houſe at Ludgate Hill, and greatly admired on the Jubilee day, held in honour of good King George

* I am fortunate enough to poſſeſs a very good collection of Stothard's original drawings, beſides a few of his oil paintings. Amongſt the former are ſome of the ſketches that he made of the ſailors who were on board Nelſon's ſhip at the time of the action in which the naval hero loſt his life. Theſe ſketches are very ſtriking, and remind one of ſome of the old drawings by artiſts of the Venetian School.

the Third having reigned fifty years. In this picture King George appeared ſeated on a throne, ſurrounded by the Cardinal Virtues. To the right and left of the Sovereign were ſeen ſpiral columns, to one of which Hiſtory was engaged in attaching the

Pilgrim's Progress, engraved 1789. The Reception. Christian's conduct amidst the difficulties he had passed through, meeting with the approbation of Discretion, Prudence, Piety, and Charity, he is received joyfully into the Palace Beautiful.

names of the naval and military victories of his reign: Mars and Neptune were reclining at his feet.

It was, I believe, both before and after this period, that he was employed by the late Col. Johnes to decorate the ſplendid and beautifully ſituated manſion he had erected at Hafod, near the Devil's Bridge, in North Wales. Col. Johnes had then recently tranſlated the Chronicles of Froiſſart and Monſtrelet; and Stothard was requeſted by him to ſelect from them ſubjects for pictorial

decorations. In another way he was alſo of infinite ſervice to Hafod. So varied was the genius, and ſo great the knowledge, of this eminent painter, in every branch of the fine arts, that his taſte in architecture only wanted opportunity for its development. Col. Johnes conſulted him about the internal finiſh of his houſe; and I have found fragments of his plans and advice, and directions concerning this matter, which (though in too rude and ſcattered a form to render it poſſible to give them here) ſhow how readily and how zealouſly he entered upon a ſubject foreign to his general purſuits.

I have ſeen ſeveral of his original ſketches and deſigns for his paintings at Hafod; and theſe chivalrous ſcenes,—moſtly, I believe, in illuſtration of Froiſſart, poſſeſſed all the accuſtomed merits of his works, in compoſition and execution.

To a mind like Stothard's, Hafod muſt have been a delightful place of retreat, could he have prevailed with himſelf to be a little leſs laborious than he was whilſt in ſuch a ſpot, and in ſuch ſociety as he there found. Col. Johnes, though neither gifted with the genius nor the high intellectual powers which diſtinguiſhed Mr. Beckford (another wealthy patron of Stothard), was nevertheleſs a man of uſeful and praiſeworthy literary purſuits, and of a moſt cultivated taſte in the fine arts. He had been the friend and patron of Banks the ſculptor, whoſe claſſic merit he appreciated when it was ſadly neglected by the world at large. He had aided nature by his ſkill in the decoration of his own grounds, amidſt ſome of the wildeſt and moſt ſtriking ſcenery of North Wales; for both cataract and mountain were within his domain. He twice raiſed a princely manſion in this favoured ſpot, and each time enriched it with the choiceſt works of art; and, what was not leſs deſerving record, at

a time of much public diſtreſs, by making roads around him, and other conſiderable works, he gave, by labour, bread to hundreds of the poor in his vicinity. Such was Col. Johnes.

His wife was a woman entitled to reſpect as well for her underſtanding as her character; and his daughter, an only child, admired, beloved by all who approached her, was almoſt idoliſed by

Pilgrim's Progress, engraved 1789. The Reflection. Mercy perſuaded by Chriſtiana to accompany her and her children upon their Pilgrimage, reflects on the dangerous ſtate of her relations, and weeps at leaving them behind.

her father. In perſon Miſs Johnes had the misfortune to be somewhat deformed; but ſhe had a moſt beautiful face and a ſtill more beautiful mind. Her manners were captivating; ſhe was an admirable muſician, and ſang with uncommon feeling: indeed, her acquirements were extenſive; and Stothard, who ſincerely eſteemed her, aided and directed her ſtudies in drawing, and felt an intereſt in

her progreſs, which muſt have ariſen from his conviction that ſhe poſſeſſed no inconſiderable talents for the art. Such were the inmates of Hafod in 1810, when Stothard was there in the threefold relation of gueſt, artiſt, and friend. Alas! in how ſhort a time did that happy and ſocial circle completely paſs away! In the ſummer of 1811 the amiable and gifted Miſs Johnes died ſuddenly, in the very prime of youth, and in the midſt of all its faireſt hopes and promiſes. Her father ſurvived her a very few years; the laſt work in the fine arts in which he took any intereſt was the monument he erected to his beloved daughter. Stothard deſigned it; Chantrey ſculptured it.* Mrs. Johnes, widowed, childleſs, and heart-broken, did not long outlive her huſband; and Hafod itſelf (at leaſt the original manſion), even before its founder's death, was, together with many noble works of Art which it contained, deſtroyed by fire.†

The following letters in connection with Hafod will, I hope, poſſeſs ſome little intereſt here:—

To Mrs. Stothard.

"Hafod, 1810.

"My dear Rebecca,

"Since your firſt letter I have been very unhappy in

* It repreſented the ſorrowing parent ſtanding by the couch of his dying child. In consequence of the death of Col. Johnes, this beautiful monument remained for some years after its completion, till, I believe, the Colonel's affairs were settled, in the poſſeſſion of the sculptor.

† Stothard's paintings at Hafod were for the houſe which was built after the great fire. They were for the library (it was of an octagonal form), and painted in imitation of sculpture. They filled the panels, eight in number, on the upper part of the room. After the death of Col. Johnes, Hafod was bought by the Duke of Newcaſtle: great alterations were made in the house, and Stothard's paintings were ſent to London, and ſold by Chriſtie.

reading your account of yourſelf. I had no reſource from the unpleaſant thoughts you had made me entertain, but to apply ſtill more cloſely (if poſſible) to my engagements here, and to return as ſoon as poſſible home. You have not an idea how my time is filled up, though I think I wrote you ſome account of it in my laſt. I have no exerciſe but what the pencil affords me, and ſometimes running from one part of the houſe to the other. Sometimes I get an hour out of doors, to get a little air. The ſmall room I paint in affords me none; filled, as it is, with eight canvaſſes, with my colours, oils and turpentines, &c. All the family here, without exception, are very ſolicitous to adminiſter to my convenience; and I have ſome difficulty to reſiſt the repeated requeſts of Mr. Johnes that I would go out more for my health's ſake. I mention this to convince you that I might be happy enough with my ſituation here, if yours and the children's welfare did not ſolely poſſeſs me. If I wiſh to ſucceed well with the ſubjects I am painting, to gain credit and future engagements, it is for your ſake; and the care of my health, for the ſame reaſon, that I may undertake what better may inſure it. This, my dear, believe is from my heart, with which compliment has nothing to do."

To Col. Johnes.*

"Dear Sir,

"I have delayed writing ſo long that it has become a taſk to make anything like a decent apology. The truth indeed is this, I fully expected to have ſent the whole of your commiſſions, not to obtrude a correſpondence relative merely to myſelf. I have

* This letter has no date; but as Miſs Johnes is mentioned in it, and ſhe died in the ſummer of 1811, it was probably written in the year 1810.

procured the plaſter caſts to aſſiſt Miſs Johnes in her ſtudies. It was my intention, when I came to town, to have got caſts from originals; but, on conſidering the expenſe and hazard of carriage, and moreover the imperfect ſpecimens of the caſts—the caſts to be procured are ſo blunt from bad moulds, that I would not recommend them—I have ſince had recourſe to a few good copies, yet as far ſuperior to the others; and they will anſwer every purpoſe of ſtudy, are more profitable, and will better command a good light, and are ornamental. To have the extremities well defined, I procured them from an ingenious young man, a ſtudent in our Academy: I am confident he will do his beſt to pleaſe me. The ſubjects are the Apollo Belvedere, Venus de Medicis, the Antinous, and Hercules Farneſe: he aſſures me they ſhall be carefully packed, and, as he underſtands theſe things, and has had experience, I have every reaſon to think they will reach you ſafely.

"The Gothic ſcreen—concerning this, I have applied to Meſſrs. Underwood and Doyle, in Holborn, whoſe buſineſs is ſolely in this way. I explained to them, by means of my ſketch, the kind of ornaments and the dimenſions, and requeſted to know what they thought the expenſe might amount to — the glaſs excepted. Their anſwer was, the ſum of one hundred and twenty pounds, or thereabouts. They informed me at the ſame time, that the drawing I had made was too ſlight, and required ſtrengthening with the aid of woodwork. I have in conſequence made another drawing and coloured the wood red, that you might diſtinguiſh it from the reſt, in the ſpace between column and column. I have given three diſtinct deſigns for your choice—amend or reject. I have not neglected your idea of taking the whole to pieces at pleaſure. With reſpect to the arms, I ſpoke to Mr. Hand; he tells me his terms are from five

guineas to twenty—that the difference is with or without ſupporters, and the colours, which require different degrees of heat in firing.

The Wits' Aſſembly: a frontiſpiece to the Wits' Magazine. 1784.

"I have encloſed Mr. Daniel's Eaſt India views, as they are divided into claſſes, and their price.

"A little pamphlet is all I could procure from the perſon I applied to concerning the new invented lights. I don't find the town lighter this winter; none have followed his example.* Theſe things I

* Written before the gas lights became general.

got packed together in one box, and a few etceteras for Miſs Johnes, and am only waiting for information from you to what place you think it will beſt ſuit you to have them ſent. From our friend Mr. Malkin, I have had the pleaſure to hear of the welfare of your family; and permit me, ſir, to add my earneſt wiſh for its continuance; and that I may be remembered to Mrs. Johnes, my opponent in the field of cheſs, and to my pupil, who, I hope, perſeveres in the few, though eſſential hints, I gave her at Hafod."

CHAPTER IV.

Archdeacon Markham and Stothard's friends and patrons—Extracts from his letters—His modeſt eſtimate of himself—Recommends the ſtudy of Raphael and Albert Durer—The cartoon of St. Paul preaching to the Athenians—The Tranſfiguration—Stothard's opinion of the ſame—His letter on his journey to Paris.

I DO not know at what period Stothard firſt became acquainted with the Rev. Robert Markham, Archdeacon of York, and Rector of Bolton Percy, Yorkſhire. But in this gentleman he found a patron who was an enthuſiaſtic admirer of his genius, and a friend. Stothard was more than once his gueſt; and when the Archdeacon was carrying on extenſive improvements in his houſe, under the late Mr. Alexander, the architect, our artiſt's taſte was called in to give aſſiſtance, and all he ſuggeſted was approved. Miſs Georgiana Markham, like Miſs Johnes, became his pupil, and he ever ſpoke of the whole family in terms of the warmeſt eſteem and regard.

The late Mr. Benſon, of Doncaſter, was likewiſe his intimate friend; and he painted for him ſeveral very beatiful pictures, among them a copy of the Canterbury Pilgrims. The following scraps of advice on art, were found among the rude drafts of his letters, the firſt was addreſſed to Mr. Benſon. Stothard ſays:—"I am glad to hear of your application to painting; and that I have had a ſhare in contributing anything towards it. I flatter myſelf you have improved, and will no doubt continue to do ſo, by having a proper

confidence, and proceeding with care. You have a very pleaſant field before you to ſelect from. And, now I am on the ſubject, I will recommend (if I did not before mention it) to leave ſometimes ſtill life and attempt living ſubjects. It will make a variety in your ſtudies, and give you an opportunity to introduce the plants and flowers as growing where the animals haunt. This will require an exertion of taſte, and ſo much the better. You have nothing to do but conſult nature, and your own good ſenſe in

The Seasons. A vignette published in 1793.
"There is who deems all climes, all seasons fair;
Contentment; thankful for the gift of life."—J. Scott's Poems.

the ſelection. One thing I have to recommend; do not introduce any landſcape, either as a diſtant or a middle ground, for ſuch things do no good; they diſtract the attention—in ſhort, deſtroy each other. One thing I adviſe, which comprehends everything, let your objects be few and well diſcriminated."

In a fragment of a letter to the Rev. Mr. Markham, he ſays of Miſs Markham. "I obſerved conſiderable improvement in the

little time I was with her; eſpecially the laſt two days. I hope ſhe will remember what I ſo earneſtly repeated regarding the *delicate ſoftneſs*, as well as *breadth* of the ſhadows ſo neceſsary to produce roundneſs and relief; at the ſame time to remember a piece of advice I gave, not to ſit too long without riſing; to retire and compare the effect of the drawing with the original."

In another letter Stothard writes concerning this lady—"I am very well pleaſed to hear that my pupil makes no abatement in her ſtudies; and provided ſhe devotes ſome time daily to draw with care and attention from good originals, I ſhall be more indulgent as to what may engage her attention at another time. Flaxman's deſigns are good as to outline, but on that very account, do not go far enough, wanting light and ſhade, which I very much wiſh Georgiana to obtain."

The kind intereſt he took in cultivating the talents of this young friend, is further ſeen in the following:—"I have ſince my return, indulged my fancy in ſuppoſing I ſee the Miſs M——'s, the one agreeably engaged in drawing the other. I hope this will be realiſed. * * What think you if Georgiana were to call up ſufficient reſolution to attempt one or more of the beſt approved heads in the Paul Veroneſe's picture I ſaw in the Chapter Houſe? I cannot help thinking it would afford a good opportunity for ſtudy of light and ſhade, as well as keeping her hand in practice till her return to Phidias."

Highly as Stothard regarded Archdeacon Markham and his domeſtic circle; they were not the only family of influence and ſtation who, at this period, at once patroniſed the talents, and cultivated the friendſhip of our Academician. Col. Johnes, and Mr. Benſon, Mr. Thomas Hope, Mr. Boddington, Mr. Beckford,

Mr. Champernown, of Dartington, Devon, Mr. Rogers the poet, and Mr. Flaxman the ſculptor, were numbered amongſt his patrons and friends; the two laſt named were peculiarly dear to him. I regret I cannot more particularly mention, not only theſe, but many other gentlemen of rank and eminence with whom he was acquainted, and from whom he received acts of kindneſs and attention, in the early part of his career. But, as I have before intimated, Stothard was ſo retiring and reſerved in all which related to himſelf and his own honour, it was only by a caſual circumſtance or remark, or by ſomething told by others, who knew him well, that any information could be gained on many points reſpecting him.

Indeed he was at all times remarkable for a modeſty ſo perfect, that in all his great works (and throughout a whole life devoted to his pencil), I am perſuaded he never once thought about himſelf as being the artiſt who produced them. He thought about the things he did, and delighted in them becauſe he delighted in the employment of his imagination in producing them; with him all was pure abſtracted love of the art, unconnected with ſelf. He painted as Shakeſpeare wrote, throwing himſelf into the characters and ſcenes that he called up, and embodied in his own mind.

The mechanical part of any art once maſtered, the higheſt efforts of genius are always made with comparative eaſe in their great outline or conception, ſo was it with Stothard; and hence was it that he, like every other man of tranſcendent merit, was always modeſt. The images called forth by the powers of his own imagination ruſhed upon him like viſions of inſpiration, he was conſcious of no effort—of nothing like *cleverneſs* (which implies ingenuity, or a ſkilful exertion of endeavour), the thing ſeeming to come of itſelf; how then could he feel vain about it? yet ſuch

modeſty is not at all inconſiſtent with that ſtrong internal conviction, which every man of real merit poſſeſſes, reſpecting his own order of capacity. He feels that nature has given him a ſtand on higher

Cupid and Campaspe. Engraved 1790.

ground than moſt of his contemporaries; but he does not look down on them, but above himſelf. What he does is great, but he ſtill feels that greatneſs has a ſpirit which is ever mounting—that

reſts on no ſummit within mortal view, but ſoars again and again in ſearch of an ideal height, on which to pauſe and fold its wings. It is alſo another invariable mark of true genius that it thinks more of the few, or of the one, to whom it has been accuſtomed to look up to in early life as a maſter, than of any effort of its own. This conviction of a ſuperior, and the habitual reſpect paid to ſuch, will often remain and cling to the modeſt man of genius through life, even when he is become the equal of that one ſuperior being in his own line of art.

Such modeſty was a marked feature in the character of Stothard. He always talked of Raphael and Rubens, with the reverence of a young ſtudent of their works; and he recommended to young ſtudents, who consulted him, that they ſhould throroughly imbue themſelves with a knowledge of and a feeling for Raphael, as the mighty maſter of hiſtorical compoſition in its ſimpleſt, nobleſt, ſweeteſt claſs. He adviſed daily copying from him in outline; and for this purpoſe he recommended a work called Raphael's Bible. I never ſaw but one copy of it, by Lanfranco, and that was badly drawn and engraved. It conſiſted of a very large collection of deſigns (taken from the Vatican), by Raphael, illuſtrative of the Scriptures. The bad drawing and engraving Stothard conſidered of no conſequence; becauſe, if the ſtudent attended to his own drawing as he ought to do, by copying from the antique, he could eaſily correct the drawing, making the limbs &c., in juſt proportion in his own ſketches, as he copied from theſe ſubjects, and the ſtudy of them would open his eyes, in a wonderful manner, to diſcern what was really excellent in the great art of hiſtorical compoſition. He would ſee how ſimply Raphael told the ſtory of his piece; yet what admirable judgment was diſplayed in bringing into order and harmony, into ſoberneſs, and, as it were,

into perfect nature, even the ſupernatural conceptions of his own great mind. How much he ſhowed the dependence of one figure upon another, in the incident, or, as it might be called, the argument of his picture. The graceful union that pervades the whole, whilſt every part is varied according to the character, intereſt, or circumſtance that marks each individual ſcene.

In Raphael's Bible may be found examples of every poſſible

Adam and Eve in Paradiſe. From a Painting in the poſſeſſion of Miſs Rogers.

diverſity of invention, or expreſſion, in the higheſt order of compoſition. To point them out in detail, would require a volume; and it was Stothard's opinion that the young artiſt who, *by copying* is *compelled* to dwell upon them, would gradually learn to eſtimate their marvellous power, as by the improvement of his own taſte and feeling, they would gradually unfold themſelves to his conception. In Raphael there is nothing violent, nothing to ſtrike with wonder

a common eye. In him art is ſo hidden by art, and nature ſo choſen in her moſt chaſte and happy forms, that it requires a more than commonly educated eye to do full juſtice to his works. Like the poetry of Milton they are not food for the common mind. Raphael's draperies in his Bible, as indeed in all his productions, are thrown by the very hand of grace. No painter ever ſtudied his draperies more than did this maſter. Stothard recommended a careful ſtudy of them, accompanied by the practice of ſketching from real draperies. He preferred woollen clothes, ſuch as cloaks are made of, for this purpoſe, the material being that which falls in folds, round, large and rich, not forming harſh or little broken angles and lines. In diſcourſing on the beauty of various draperies, he more particularly adverted to thoſe of Albert Durer, of whom he was a great admirer. He ſaid, that however graceful and flowing were the draperies of that maſter, they ſtill preſerved the trueſt indications of the anatomy of the human figure. He more particularly admired thoſe ſeen in the cartoon by Raphael, where St. Paul is depicted preaching to the Athenians. The whole compoſition delighted him, and he would dwell on it with the warmeſt praiſe.

Nothing, indeed, can be more ſimple, nothing more natural, than the attitude and action of the Apoſtle. Yet what a majeſty there is in that ſimplicity! What energy, what command, in the action of the figure!—Standing alone, erect, the central and arreſting point of the whole group—the drapery of the Apoſtle, unbroken in the detail, marked but by a few long and full folds. When critically examined, every figure in the picture will be found to be dependent on the one prominent character of the piece. St. Paul's is the leading action of the painting; the reſt the conſequents. The deep attention that abſorbs ſome of the auditory;

their air indicating that they are following up the connection of the argument which the Apoſtle addreſſes to them—theſe, ſo depicted, are men with whom the underſtanding bears the moſt ſway. Others break the eagerneſs of their attention by a caſual remark to their neighbours—they are ſeen in the attitude of ſpeaking to each other. The old are deep and ſatiſfied liſteners; their own date of life aſſures them that their new-born hopes will ſoon become realiſed, as the Apoſtle's diſcourſe opens to them a world beyond the grave. Another individual, from the force of conviction, raises his hands in the fervency of his feelings. This is one of thoſe men with whom the heart ſways more than the head. So admirable is this compoſition of Raphael, that there is not a ſingle object in it but poſſeſſes force and meaning; whilſt it is equal in ſublimity, though not in ſupernatural effect, to the Tranſfiguration. I have in my poſſeſſion, amongſt ſeveral of Stothard's original and moſt beautiful drawings, his maſterly copy in pen and ink, of one of the cartoons —"The Death of Ananias and Sapphira." This drawing was made by him in early life, and formed one of his many ſtudies after the great Italian painter, whilſt he was ſedulouſly ſchooling himſelf and cultivating his own imagination with ſo much ſkill and care—an imagination which, in this country, has never yet had an equal in his own line of art, and poſſibly never will.

Stothard's "Angels appearing to the Shepherds," was a picture of the Raphael ſchool; and ranks with the fineſt of his ſcriptural compoſitions. The repoſe of the ſleeping figures, the aſtoniſhment of the ſhepherds, ſtartled from their reſt by the cloud of glory that unfolds itſelf before the angelic hoſt, are altogether perfect; and the diſtinctive character of the earthly and the heavenly creatures is admirably expreſſed.

Stothard ſaw "The Tranſfiguration" at Paris, juſt before it was removed from the Louvre to be returned, with other portions of the ſtolen goods of that lawleſs plunderer, Bonaparte, to the right owner. An opinion went abroad, I know not how, even amongſt ſome of the artiſts, that "The Tranſfiguration" had been re-touched, in parts re-painted, in comparatively modern times. I am glad, therefore, that I have it in my power to give ſo high an authority as that of Stothard in poſitive contradiction to an aſſertion ſo entirely falſe; for he repeatedly ſaid that it was wholly unfounded. "The Tranſfiguration" remained to the time he ſaw it, as it came from the hand of Raphael. But, ſuch was the dazzling brilliancy of the colouring which the painter had judiciouſly and purpoſely given to the *ſupernatural* part of the ſubject (where Moſes and Elias appear to our Lord, who, with a brightneſs that no man could look on, was tranſfigured before them), that even to this day it remains gorgeous and freſh to ſuch a degree that ſome of the connoiſſeurs, and even artiſts (who had not ſufficiently conſidered the judgment evinced by Raphael in attempting the ſupernatural brilliancy above noticed), ran with the ſtream, and followed the common opinion, that ſuch colouring could alone owe its vivacity to the re-painting of comparatively modern times. Harlowe, it is evident (and moſt highly did Stothard eſtimate that early-loſt artiſt), had not at all ſucceeded in giving this brilliancy in his copy of the picture—the whole was too black, too heavy. But on this ſubject he ſhall ſpeak for himſelf. Since the above was written, there was found among his papers a letter (penned ſoon after ſeeing "The Tranſfiguration" at the Louvre), and addreſſed to his lamented ſon, Charles, when the latter was engaged in his anti-quarian purſuits in the North of England. It is probable that on

his coming home, Stothard might himſelf have wiſhed to keep a letter which gave ſome brief account of his trip to France, and ſo

Angels appearing to the Shepherds.

have aſked Charles to return it to him. This is the only way in which to account for its being found among his own, and not his ſon's papers.

"For C. A. STOTHARD, Esq.,
"Poſt Office, Staindrop, Durham.

"DEAR CHARLES,

"I received your letter with your account of Lancaſter, &c. About the ſame time Mr. Lyſons called to enquire if you were about returning. He ſat with me some time, converſing on different ſubjects. Again he repeated his viſit, when I was from home, and on the Continent as far as Paris. My journey was an unexpected one to me. Alexander, of the Weſt India Docks, with Chantrey and others, making a party of ſix, excited me to accompany them. Accordingly we left home on Tuesday, the 5th of September, for Canterbury; next morning breakfaſted at Dover, croſſed over in three hours, with a fair wind; dined and ſlept at Calais; next night at Boulogne; left it early in the morning, and by noon reached Abbeville. Chantrey and I were ſo well pleaſed with the cathedral as to ſtop and ſleep there, and employ the afternoon in drawing from this church, as the reſt were viewing the town. Next morning reſumed our journey for Amiens. Here apple-trees began to line the road, inſtead of hedges—for hedges we had ſeen none ſince we left England, but open corn-fields, occaſionally interrupted by ſcattered hamlets, appearing like little woods, and in the diſtance terminating in long lines of wood for fuel (as they burn no coal), with here and there a windmill. This kind of ſcene may ſerve for every day's journey ſince we left Calais.

"When we had gained about two-thirds of our road towards Amiens, we croſſed the Somme, the road continuing on its south bank all the way to Amiens. If we were pleaſed with the principal church at Abbeville, we were tranſported with that of Amiens: no

dilapidation, no whitewaſhing. I made here some drawings, particularly of the eaſt end of the cathedral. We left it next morning early, breakfaſting at Breteville. Began to ſee vineyards grace the landſcape. Paſſed through Clermont, and reached Chantilly time enough to take an agreeable walk to view the ſtables, now entire; but the houſe and gardens are in ruins. This was the celebrated reſidence of the Prince of Condé, about twenty miles this ſide of Paris. After breakfaſt ſtarted again; paſſed through St. Denis, and entered Paris about noon; and by the Monday (being the ſixth day from our leaving home) we were all pretty much ſun-burnt, for every day the weather got finer, and from Calais to Paris we rode expoſed to an unclouded ſun." [Here there is a ſlight pen-and-ink ſketch of the open carriage in which the party travelled.] "This was not one of the uſual conveyances, but one we had the luck to meet with in London. A coachmaker had entruſted us with the care of it; an entirely new carriage, extremely light. Having it, gave us the opportunity of ſtopping where we liked. The coach was conſigned to a perſon at the Hôtel Bruſſels, in the Rue Richelieu, cloſe to the Palais Royale. We found the accommodations of this place reaſonable, and ſtaid there while in Paris, which was a fortnight. Our plan for every day was to meet altogether at ſome reſtaurateur's at breakfaſt; there we ſettled at what time and place we were to dine. This generally left us at full liberty to divide our excurſions as each felt inclined; it was three to one but we met again at the gallery of the Louvre. Here I met ſeveral perſons I knew, as Daw, Lawrence, Weſtmacott, Davis, Lane (who I found was painting in the gallery), and ſeveral others, as G. Phillips, of Mancheſter, the Hon. Charles Long, &c.; but, above all, I was pleaſed with meeting

the French gentleman you frequently met in Weſtminſter Abbey, and who dined at Mr. Biggs, at Brompton, in company with us. He inquired kindly after you. I, in return, acquainted him with your then expedition to the Roman Wall. I met him frequently; once in the palace of the Tuilleries, when the King was going to chapel. This was on the Sunday, at twelve o'clock; and, in the firſt room you enter, after aſcending the great ſtaircaſe — the ſame where the Swiſs Guard were, in a manner, deſtroyed in the late revolution; the circumſtance of ſeeing him there makes me conjecture he may hold ſome office near the King. He communicated ſome things not generally known as to the intentions of the allies reſpecting the removal of public monuments, which ſoon after took place.

"I was much gratified in ſeeing the ſpoils of the Vatican, that I might ſay, *Theſe things I have ſeen.* But moſt of all, I was delighted with the aſſemblage of paintings to be viewed and compared with each other; the altar-pieces of Rubens, with his ſchool, covered the moſt ſpace, and made a ſplendid ſhow; but 'The Tranſfiguration,' by Raphael, *ſurpaſſed every thing elſe*; the ſplendour of colouring far exceeded my expectation; it was ſplendid as a painted window, or as enamel-painting, yet not tawdry. Titian appears with advantage in his picture of 'St. Peter the Martyr.' I was gratified in viewing ſome of the acknowledged works of Correggio; above all, I muſt confeſs, I was well-inſtructed by viewing ſome Gothic pictures of no name, although their characteriſtic was exceſſive hardneſs, with the moſt violent oppoſition of ſplendid colours; a thing, to my thinking, they had in common with Raphael's 'Tranſfiguration.' On the Monday of the ſecond week I had been at Paris, they began to

take down all the altar-pieces by Rubens, and whatever belonged to Flanders, Holland, and Germany. This afforded me an opportunity to inſpect Rubens on the ground. On the Thurſday of this ſecond week, we made a day to viſit Verſailles and St. Cloud. On my return not a picture of Rubens remained on the walls of the Louvre. Viſited the Palace of the Luxembourg; the Garden of Plants; and the national monuments. The day before I came away, which was Monday, ſpent in the Louvre making notes, and a copy, on a ſcrap of paper, of ſome part of 'The Tranſfiguration,' as a ſample of its ſtyle of colouring; and as the Louvre began to have the appearance of an auction-room, I was impatient to return home. We left Paris on Tueſday morning five o'clock, in the Rouen diligence, through St. Denis and Pontoiſe: got to Rouen in the evening; ſtayed all the next day drawing churches and public buildings; and ſo delighted with it, wiſhed to have ſtayed longer. On Thurſday took leave of my company at eight in the morning, for Dieppe; dined there, and at ſunſet was out of the harbour; a ſouth-eaſt wind hardly ſufficient to move our ſails. Found it cool: pigged into my berth, to get warmth and reſt. On waking in the morning, heard the chairs rattling about, and found myſelf off Brighton; it had blown a gale which had carried away our maintopſail. Got home that evening by nine, and found all the family well. . . . . This is all I have to communicate on buſineſs, notwithſtanding, I have, I think, ſent you a long letter: a Roland for your Oliver. I had almoſt forgot to ſay, that the delay of your laſt letter made me ſomewhat uneaſy, and damped the pleaſure I received on my return home; and, accidentally meeting one of the Bradleys, who inquired about you, telling me that your friend Kempe had not heard from you, made me entertain

diſagreeable apprehenſions for your ſafety; which increaſed daily till I received your laſt letter. You were wrong, Charles, to delay writing for ſo long a period. I am the more particular in mentioning this in hopes you will correct it in future, for your friends' ſake, and thoſe who love you. When you receive this, write to me that you have received it, for, on looking into the map, Staindrop is ſpelt differently. Believe me, your affectionate father,

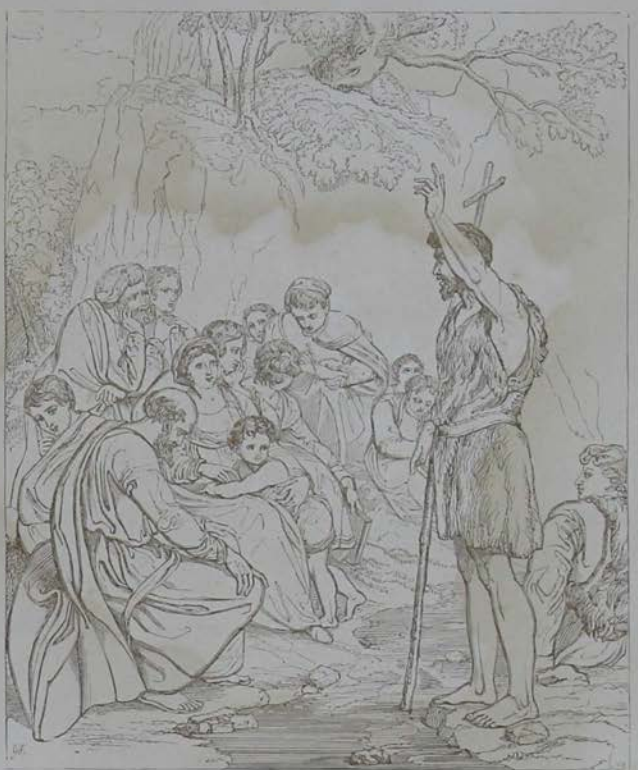
"THOS. STOTHARD.

"28, Newman Street, Oxford Street,
"Oct. 9th, 1815."

Before I quit the ſubject of The Tranſfiguration, I cannot reſiſt giving, as a further confirmation of Stothard's opinion of that marvellous work, a few lines extracted from ſome rude notes he left with a view to forming a Dictionary of the Lives of Painters. Theſe notes were, I believe, the amuſement of his leiſure hours, in his latter years; they are in a very rough ſtate, and imperfect: they ſeem principally to conſiſt of the facts he had collected from printed books. Unfortunately, there are very few remarks of his own on Art, or on the genius of the ſeveral artiſts he mentions. But in giving a ſhort notice of Raphael's birth, death, &c., he did not forget the impreſſion made on his own mind by the ſight of The Tranſfiguration, and ſays of it,—

"The laſt effort of this great artiſt is proof of the rapid improvement he made in his profeſſion; and far excelled every former effort. How far, had Raphael continued and followed his profeſſion, he would have extended it, muſt exceed conjecture, as no examples equal this production before or ſince. This picture

was removed by the French invaders of Italy to Paris, and placed in the Louvre, which I with admiration beheld in 1815, in September; when I was at Paris, and had the opportunity of



St. John Preaching in the Wilderness.

contemplating it, and comparing this performance when placed by the ſide of others, the fineſt and beſt examples of the Venetian and

the Flemiſh ſchools, over which it triumphed with a force and ſplendour of colour unequalled by any examples there exhibited. Thus it ſtruck me at a time of life when the judgment acts more than the imagination."

We ſee from theſe remarks how great was Stothard's admiration of the maſter he had ſo ſedulouſly ſtudied in early life; and as a further proof how much he was of a kindred ſpirit with Raphael, I need but refer to his St. John Preaching in the Wilderneſs. The ſimplicity, yet grandeur, with which the Baptiſt is depicted, as with a raiſed arm he points to Heaven, and energetically addreſſes the aſſembled multitude, is highly characteriſtic; whilſt every figure in the group is appropriate, and replete with grace, beauty, and ſentiment.

CHAPTER V.

Stothard's advice to ſtudents on drawing the figure—Belshazzar's Feast—Importance of outline—Gothic sculpture—Extracts from Stothard's notes on painting—His sketches from dancers—His admiration of Rubens; and of Sir Joshua Reynolds—Callcott—Turner—Barker and Harlowe—His opinions of high finiſh and perſpective—His Fête Champêtre—Purchased by Lady Swinburn.

In recording, as the recollections occur to me, Stothard's opinions, I am particular in dwelling on thoſe which may be uſeful to the ſtudent of Art. I muſt not, therefore, omit how earneſt he was in recommending a ſedulous ſtudy of the antique ſculpture to *all* young artiſts, for whatever branch of the art they might be deſigned. He deemed it abſolutely neceſſary to learn to draw well, ſince, without good drawing, the fineſt conceived and coloured picture would but poſſeſs half its intereſt; for, in badly drawn figures, as in badly ſhaped limbs in a human being, there is always ſomething of deformity, ſomething not natural. Stothard indeed carried this admiration of good drawing very far. He went to ſee Martin's celebrated picture of Belſhazzar's Feaſt, at the time all the town were engaged in admiring it. He praiſed the conception of it, as a whole, and eſpecially the grandeur conveyed by the ſupernatural light from the writing on the wall, making pale and dim all the earthly lights, even the fires kindled to Moloch in the ſacrifice. Yet, whilſt doing the fulleſt juſtice to the genius of Martin, he ſoon turned away from the picture, with

the remark, "The bad drawing of the figures hurts my eye; it is diſagreeable."

He conſidered that merely drawing the figure from the living ſubject at the Academy was not enough; the ſtudent who does ſo, without being prepared by previous ſtudy from the antique, will be apt to depict nature too much after the Dutch ſchool, in vulgar or common forms, wanting that poetic grace and beauty in which the Greek ſculptors exceeded all others, of any age or country. Indeed, he uſed to ſay, that he thought bad drawing in a good artiſt, inexcuſable; becauſe it was a proof that he had neglected what was, in a very great degree, a mechanical part of the art, and one, that with proper attention could be ſo certainly acquired.

On the importance of outline he remarks (in a fragment of one of his letters):—"I am led to apprehend, you think an outline an inferior effort, requiring leſs care than a finiſhed picture. Outlines are not the trifles the public generally conceive them to be; they have no ſhadows wherein to hide their defects, or fine colours to compenſate for the want of energy, which ought to be the prime quality of outline; and, if well done, will never be without it. Shadows and colours can only give ſubſtance to what outline can alone produce."

Stothard had himſelf practiſed what he deemed ſo eſſential in others. His own early ſtudies from the antique were bold, accurate, and maſterly. I have in my poſſeſſion ſome drawings he made, alſo when very young. They are moſtly ſtudies from Nature, on a ſmall ſcale; one of them a hand, and various animals and birds are executed with the moſt beautiful *finiſh*. I mention this more particularly, becauſe, from the ſketchy manner in which

he left even ſeveral of his moſt maſterly pictures, it has been ſaid by ſome that he could not finiſh! This is not true. But the multitude—amounting to many thouſand deſigns—of drawings and paintings, that he made in the courſe of his moſt laborious life, would not allow him to devote that time on his works which a very high finiſh of them would have required.

He thought the ſtudy of Gothic antiquity likewiſe uſeful, and was an admirer of many of the works of the Middle Ages. He conſidered that ſeveral of the Monumental Effigies of Great Britain (a fine work on which, was moſt originally conceived and executed by his ſon Charles) were examples of a pure and beautiful ſtyle of art. Amongſt theſe he particularly noticed the effigy of Eleanor, the wife of Edward I., in Weſtminſter Abbey; and John of Eltham, Earl of Cornwall, in the ſame church; of the laſt he made a drawing. Some of the paintings of the Middle Ages, he conſidered poſſeſſed great merit. There is frequently ſeen in them ſo much of nature; the draperies are good, the finiſh high; though the total want of knowledge in perſpective, and in the chiaroſcuro, ſhowed an uneducated ſtate of the art; their accuracy was alſo commendable—you could rely on the truth of their portraits of individuals or things. They did not repreſent their princes and heroes in maſquerade; there were none of thoſe incongruities which became the faſhion two or three centuries after; there were no French kings, like the ſtatues of Louis XIV., attired in Roman armour, and finiſhed with the coſtume of his own day, a full-bottomed wig. Yet am I convinced, from the knowledge of Stothard's feelings in Art, that he would have greatly diſliked the preſent growing faſhion among ſome of our young artiſts, of imitating the hard ſtyle and quaint attitudes

and devices of the Gothic ages. Such, with Sir Hugh Evans, he would have deemed to be "affectations," and would more eſpecially have noticed how happily theſe imitators caught the faults, but without being equally lucky in catching the beauties, of the Gothic ſchool. Stothard, indeed, deteſted all *conceits in Art*.

From Clarissa Harlowe. Designed for the Novelist's Magazine.

That Stothard gave ſtrict attention to the correctneſs of coſtume, we have inſtances even from an early period of his deſigns; whilſt ſo great was his feeling for grace, that he contrived to make even the dreſſes of the date of George the Second taſteful and elegant: as we may ſee in many of his drawings for the Noveliſt's Magazine; and more eſpecially in thoſe exquiſitely beautiful deſigns for Clariſsa Harlowe.

Since theſe remarks were written, I have ſeen the rough notes, before mentioned, made by Stothard, with a view to form a Dictionary of the Lives of the Painters. Among them were a few which ſeem to have been intended for a portion of a preface. Theſe are in ſo rough and crude a ſtate (in parts difficult to be underſtood) that to give them to the preſs as they are, would be unjuſt to his memory; as, no doubt, had he lived to finiſh them, he would have thrown them into a clearer and better ſhape. Yet it would be a pity that the ſlighteſt obſervation of ſuch a man, on the art in which he ſo excelled as to render his name an honour to the country, ſhould be wholly loſt. I have, therefore, after reading them with great attention, gleaned from them the following obſervations, of which I give the ſubſtance only, and regret I can do no more.

"The hiſtory of the artiſt and his works muſt begin towards the latter end of the twelfth century. Greek artiſts were the ſole practitioners. Theſe were employed in the various ſtates of Italy, and were, from time to time, invited there in companies from Greece, to ornament and cover the interior of churches with Madonnas, Angels, and Apoſtles. In theſe paintings every variety of colour, gilding, and raiſed work was introduced, to make a ſhowy appearance; and thus to contribute to architectural embelliſhment.

"The frequent repreſentation of the twelve Apoſtles occaſioned a neceſſity for diſtinguiſhing them. Individuality of character was, therefore, ſtrictly to be obſerved; ſo that the ſpectator might at once know the ſaint's name from his phyſiognomy and appearance. This diſtinctive character in repreſenting the Apoſtles, by the early Greek painters, was afterwards leſs obſerved even in the time of Raphael.

"Formerly, painting was the only means by which the memory of paſt events was frequently recorded and preſerved for the benefit of future generations; and when we conſider the abſence of all literary information, what can be more impreſſive than by means of pictorial repreſentation (ſuch as on the walls of the Campo Santo, at Piſa,) to afford for religious contemplation a ſucceſſion of ſubjects from Scripture, thus given in a language requiring little inſtruction; indeed in one that even a child may read and underſtand.

"For the information of a people, during this dark period in Art, little ſkill was required on the part of the artiſt; enough was accompliſhed, if he conceived he had not fallen into the rear of his contemporaries; and the people were ſatiſfied if the ſubject was underſtood, and cared not for excellence in Art; they expected to ſee no more than the narrative clearly repreſented, and the ſubject alone conſecrated the picture; and thus far only did their conception of Art extend, or did they concern themſelves about it.

"Of the times of ſtill more remote antiquity little was known or remembered concerning pictorial Art, for bigotry and ignorance had combined to deſtroy all the paintings of the Heathen world; and no example of Grecian painting remained. Sculpture was an exception; as the examples in this branch of Art were then more

common in Greece and Italy than in the preſent time: witneſs thoſe remains once at Athens, and now preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum; and but for the employment of an improper agent would have been increaſed. Beſides these, the triumphal arch of Trajan, the column of Antoninus, with other examples, were preſerved. But theſe were realities, and not deceptions, like painting; where the artiſt relieves and rounds a figure, from a flat ſurface, as the ancients had done, by the magic of light and ſhade. But ſuch examples in pictorial art were no more to be ſeen, and the painter had to begin again; and the taſte of the public went with him hand and hand. He laboured for them, and he was cautious not to venture beyond what they were able to conceive or underſtand.

"Our hiſtory of painting commences in the dark ages, when Florence, Piſa, Sienna, &c., flouriſhed as republics, independent of each other. The arts were then in the hands of itinerant Greeks; but how long they had continued to practiſe prior to this time is unknown. Their works remaining to us exhibit nothing beyond the firſt efforts of art; a hard decided outline, with gaudy colours.

"At Florence, in the Laurentian Library, the oldeſt MS. there preſerved was a Virgil, ſuppoſed to have been written in the time of Valens and corrected by the Conſul Aſterius, in the fifth century. This is now loſt; diſappearing during the French revolution; and the reſt of the MS. paintings are Greek and Italian of the eleventh century, and are more legible than preceding MSS. Forſyth had the curioſity zealouſly to examine them in his travels through Italy. In theſe, he tells us, he ſaw nothing to admire, but the brightneſs of the colours; a thing common to paintings

which have no ſhadowing. Some of theſe are by Oderiſi, whom Dante praiſes as the honour of the arts.

"The firſt attempt in Art is lineal or outline, and is practiſed inſtinctively by all nations, even in their rudeſt ſtate; colour ſucceeds to embelliſh and give a ſplendid appearance: this is exemplified by the Perſians, the Hindoos, the Chineſe, and the Japaneſe, and by every other nation in its early ſtate; even rude as are the Mexicans. The addition of ſplendid colour is only for embelliſhment, and gives nothing more. The ſentiment, the expreſſion, can only be acquired by the aid of perſpective, and without this, outline muſt ever remain inanimate; but the union of perſpective with outline is ſeldom, if ever, attained, in nations which, like the Chineſe, retain merely the early ſtage of Art; it is ever preceded by colour of a ſhowy appearance."

So great a lover was Stothard of accuracy, that he uſed to ſay he diſliked a picture that profeſſed to be a view, or a portrait, if it told a lie. And this attention to accuracy and the ſimplicity of form at the commencement of ſtudy, he deemed the beſt mode of avoiding affectation; whilſt a ſtudy of good models (ſuch as thoſe of antique ſculpture and the works of Raphael) would be certain to accuſtom the mind to a purity of ſtyle and a feeling of grace that would never afterwards deſert it. He exemplified this by referring to an artiſt of his acquaintance. "Mr. ——," he ſaid, "has as much genius as any man I know, yet he never painted a ſingle hiſtorical figure that was natural. His portraits are the ſame; they are Mr. ——'s portraits, not thoſe of his ſitters. All his faults ariſe from affectation. His imagination has run wild, from never having been chaſtened and well directed by the early ſtudy of good maſters. He has a certain ſet of

ideas, too, about colour; and theſe he has repeated ſo often, till he actually *ſees wrong;* yet is Mr. —— a man of genius, but, for want of a proper education in Art, it is my opinion he will never produce one good picture."

I muſt not omit the mention of a circumſtance which will ſerve to ſhow how greatly, in the action of the human figure, was grace ſtudied by Stothard, wherever it could be found. In the earlier part of his life, he was much in the habit of frequenting the opera,

Bacchanalian subject. Drawn on wood by the late Mr. Stothard, and recently engraved by J. Thompson.

on purpoſe to make ſketches of Monſieur and Madame De Hays —dancers whoſe grace, he ſaid, was inimitable. He had never ſeen anything like it in dancing. It was the grace of antique ſculpture thrown into action. Slight and rapid as were the ſketches he thus made, he conſidered them of great value, as hints for deſign.

Highly as Stothard eſtimated the colouring of the old maſters (and no man was ever more deeply imbued with their ſpirit),

Rubens was his chief favourite for colour. He conſidered him likewiſe as the fineſt painter of the horſe. There is ſo much *action* in the horſes of that great artiſt; they are living, moving creatures —not ſtatues; nor do they appear as if they had been copied from animals led out from the ſtable, and ſtanding to be painted—the common fault with many, even the beſt, horſe painters. The richneſs of Rubens as a colouriſt, he thought, ſurpaſſed every other maſter in ancient or modern times. His pictures, indeed, glow with power; yet are they ſo finely harmoniſed, that they never appear gaudy; no colour in them, however bright, ſtares upon you; and it is only by turning to other finely painted pictures, that you are made fully conſcious of his ſurpaſſing and wonderful richneſs — a richneſs entirely ſobered and blended into a due equality with every part, even in his moſt gorgeous works. His pencilling alſo is fine; he is now and then careleſs in his drawing; and in *form* he drew his ideas of beauty too much from the Flemiſh ſchool. In this reſpect many of his female figures want delicacy; they are often groſs in their proportions, and convey, therefore, ideas of voluptuouſneſs. Unqueſtionably in form, delicacy, and grace, Rubens could not approach Raphael. The women of the latter were never meretricious. He was quite a Catholic painter: all his Virgins and Holy Families, and indeed all his women, convey the moſt refined ideas of feminine tenderneſs and purity. Raphael was the painter for the church, Rubens for the palace and the banquet.

Stothard's partiality for richneſs of colour made him a warm admirer of Sir Joſhua Reynolds. He ſaid that the inequalities of Reynolds — ſome pictures retaining their colour with all its brilliancy, whilſt in others it was faded or gone, or partially ſo,

even in ſeveral of his beſt works—aroſe from Sir Joſhua's having unfortunately a fondneſs for experiments in compounding and preparing his own colours; ſo that he indulged in many tricks, and frequently employed materials in painting (wax, for inſtance,) that would not ſtand expoſure to the effects of time, and light, and air. The portrait of Mrs. Hartley, that exquiſitely beautiful woman (an actreſs in the days of Palmer and Garrick), where ſhe is repreſented as a Bacchante crowned with vine-leaves, may be conſidered as one of the richeſt portraits for colour that modern times have produced. Stothard was delighted when all the works of Sir Joſhua were brought together and exhibited, above twenty years ago, at the Britiſh Inſtitution in Pall Mall.

He was very ſincere in his praiſe of his contemporaries; he ſpoke as he felt, without any perſonal feeling reſpecting their works. Some of the landſcape artiſts of his day were the frequent theme of his praiſe. Callcott, for inſtance, he greatly admired; and ſeveral of the earlier paintings of Turner, he ſaid, wanted only the mellowing effects of time to be equal to Claude. I recollect his ſaying this of one picture in particular; I forget what it was called, but it was, I believe, exhibited at Somerſet Houſe. I ſhall not here attempt to enumerate all the artiſts of his own day, of whom I have heard him ſpeak in terms of praiſe, except it be to mention his great eſtimation of Robſon, whom he conſidered the moſt poetical of all the water-colour painters.

Of Barker, the earlieſt painter of the panorama, Stothard ſpoke in terms of the higheſt praiſe. He more eſpecially admired his views of Elba, Athens, and the Bay of Liſbon. The effect of the evening ſun, and the aerial tints in the "Elba" he thought truly aſtoniſhing; and never had the magnificence of ocean been ſo

depicted as in the "Liſbon;" the action of the waves which ſurrounded the ſpectator (who was ſuppoſed to be on ſhipboard) was wonderful; and of "Athens" there could not be made a finer picture. Stothard deemed it a national loſs that theſe efforts of the genius of Barker were not preſerved by the country.

Of Harlowe (who died ſo early that he may be ſaid to have quitted life almoſt at the age many young men begin their career in Art) I have heard Charles Stothard frequently declare that it was his, as well as his father's opinion, had that extraordinary genius been ſpared, he would have become one of the firſt portrait-painters that this country had ever produced. Harlowe's age conſidered, what he did was truly wonderful. He poſſeſſed the very rare talent of combining the conception and the arrangement of the hiſtorical with all the qualities requiſite for the finiſhed portrait-painter, without the ſlighteſt ſacrifice of fidelity to his imagination. His eye for colour was excellent, and he could be as graceful as an old maſter of the Italian ſchool; nor did he want ſimplicity—witneſs the portraits he painted of the Miſſes Sharp, ſmall ſize, at the time they were ſo celebrated as youthful performers on the harp, in the muſical world of London.

Stothard's praiſe of contemporary talent was not confined to thoſe who followed the Arts as a profeſſion. He took a great intereſt in looking at the ſketches of private perſons. I have ſeen him dwell over the pages of the ſketch-book of a friend, with an attention that would have been refuſed to it by a more ordinary mind.*

* To ſhow the intereſt he felt in talent for drawing wherever found, I cannot avoid mentioning the following circumſtances:—A nurſery-maid to ſome of my brother's children, whose name was Sophia, had ſo ſtrong a natural talent for deſign that ſhe would get pen-and-ink, a pencil (or even burn pieces of wood in the fire if ſhe could

But his was ever obſervant; always collecting and ſtoring images and ideas, ſo that the ſlighteſt ſketches of ſcenery conveyed to him either actual knowledge or food for reflection. He took a more particular intereſt in looking over ſketches of foreign ſcenery, &c.; and, amongſt others, executed by private perſons, I remember he mentioned the drawings of Lady Callcott (late Maria Graham, the authoreſs,) and Mr. Nesfield, of the Royal Engineers, as having afforded him very great pleaſure. He ſpoke of both in terms of moſt ſincere commendation.

An inſtance of his kindneſs to young artiſts of merit muſt here be told. One day he met the elder Lewis,* when his ſon (ſince known as "the Spaniſh Lewis"), then a very young man, had exhibited at the Royal Academy his picture of The Monkey at the Glaſs. Mr. Stothard congratulated the father, and told him that on firſt ſeeing it he thought his ſon's picture was by Landſeer; and that it was ſo beautifully and delicately painted, it was worthy the good ſituation in which it had been hung in the Great Room. In lately adverting to the circumſtance, which Mr. Lewis always remembers with grateful feelings, he remarked that Stothard was an amiable and highly-gifted man, far above flattery; that what he had

get nothing better), to draw with. Her ſketches were the conceptions of her own mind, ſometimes from what ſhe had read or had ſeen. The late amiable Henry, a ſon of Stothard, took ſome of these ſketches to his father. The great hiſtorical painter looked at them with the deepeſt intereſt, and declared they evinced genius of a ſurpriſing order. Nothing could exceed his aſtoniſhment when told by whom they were produced. The poor girl ſoon after went to America. I was told ſhe uſed to ſay that ſhe would give all the world to learn to draw properly, and to devote her attention to it for a livelihood. She was in every reſpect a moſt deſerving character.

* The elder Lewis is known to the public at large for his engravings; but those well acquainted with the Weſt of England feel that his drawings from Devonſhire scenery, in truth of character and beautiful effect, are unique in their claſs.

ſaid was exactly the reſult of his own convictions, and he felt it proper to expreſs them to the father of a riſing young artiſt of talent.

Stothard was always ready to receive with the utmoſt kindneſs and patience any ſuggeſtions of his friends, and to liſten to them with good nature, even when they were wholly oppoſite to his own views. Of this the following is a very intereſting proof. He was told by ſome one that it was the opinion of many, he did not finiſh his pictures ſufficiently to ſatisfy the prevailing taſte. On hearing this, he replied he would give a picture that ſhould be more finiſhed, but added, there was a lamentable want of feeling with the public, in reſpect to his ideas of Art. "I ſtudy nature," ſaid he; "ſhe is the beſt guide. There is a perſpective both in colour, and light, and ſhade, as well as form, that is not ſufficiently ſtudied by the generality. In the preſent day, although an object be at a diſtance, it muſt be made diſtinct; this is called Art, but I call it a very vitiated taſte. This accounts for much of that hardneſs and rigidity of ſtyle now ſo often ſeen; and for that prettineſs which is no other than miniature painting in oil. There are ſome ſtudents at the Academy who will ſit down to a hand or a foot and work over it for a month or ſix weeks. That is not what I conſider a ſtudy of the antique, but a waſte of time; a labour by mechanical effect to produce a high finiſh. I know that when the drawings of the ſtudents are brought before the council, Sir Thomas Lawrence very cloſely examines the extremities of the limbs. But let them ſtudy well the outline of the figure, under its varied characters by poſition, and they will become familiar with form. And as to light and ſhadow, let them take a ball for a model, and it will teach them light, ſhadow, and half-tint to perfection."

The picture he produced, in accordance with the promiſe thus

given, was his celebrated Fête Champêtre; the dimenſions were about five feet by four feet. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy and greatly admired; but was conſidered not to have ſold, in conſequence of the old and ugly frame in which it was hung up. The price placed on the painting was three hundred guineas. Such a price was very unuſual with Stothard; although had the ſum been doubled, it would not have been conſidered much in compariſon with the demands of many of his contemporaries. Judging by the cuſtomary very moderate terms of Stothard, more than by the merit of his works, an amateur baronet, who came to look at the picture with a view to purchaſe, was abſolutely frightened at the price. A lady of true taſte and ſpirit in her patronage of the Fine Arts, judged, however, very differently of its value.

Sir John and Lady Swinburne had long been known amongſt their moſt intimate friends as an example of conjugal attachment, obſerving towards each other throughout life, not only the moſt warm affection, but much of that attention and delicate courteſy which is too commonly confined to the hours of courtſhip alone. They always kept their wedding-day; and as both were fond of the arts, and had a very fine gallery of paintings, it was their cuſtom to mark the return of the happy day by adding a picture to their collection. The anniverſary was once more near at hand, and Lady Swinburne determined that ſhe would on the approaching feſtival ſurpriſe Sir John, by a gift that ſhould be purely one of her own choice. She had a juſt ſenſe of Stothard's merits, and accordingly drove to his houſe and requeſted an interview.

She was uſhered into the drawing-room, where ſtood the Fête Champêtre. The picture inſtantly ſtruck her — ſo bright, ſo beautiful, ſuch a joyous aſpect about the whole, yet ſo mingled with

repoſe; in thoſe long green avenues, where (whilſt ſome of the company were ſeen baſking in the warm air of the ſunny foreground) the lovers, and the young, and the lovely, were ſeen gliding beneath their embowering ſhade—a picture of love, and feſtal joy! what could be more appropriate? Lady Swinburne paid the three hundred guineas without a remark, except one of ſatisfaction, bade a kindly adieu to the venerable painter, got the picture conveyed into her carriage, and ſo well contrived was her plan, that Sir John neither knew of the purchaſe, nor that it had been removed to his houſe. The wedding-day came; the table was ſpread, the feſtive party aſſembled—dinner was ended, and the uſual health and good wiſhes to the promoters of the feaſt heartily pledged by the numerous friends and gueſts, when Lady Swinburne invited Sir John to accompany her to the gallery, followed by all preſent: and there with triumphant delight did ſhe lead him to the Fête Champêtre, the beautiful work of Stothard, and requeſted he would accept it as a precious addition to his gallery, and as a memorial of the day.

CHAPTER VI.

Stothard's mind contemplative—His opinions of beauty—Remarks on expreſſion—Mrs. Fitzherbert and Mrs. Siddons—His drawing of the latter—Flaxman's caſt of her face—Stothard's want of popularity—whence it arose—Sir Joſhua's remark on the genius of Stothard—His ſtudy of Raphael—Similarity and imitation—His pictures in the ſchool of Watteau—His Sans Souci.

STOTHARD'S mind was of a contemplative order. There was not a subject, either in real life, or in written record, to which he turned his attention, without thinking upon it deliberately and originally. All his opinions were thoſe of a diſpaſſionate and enquiring ſpirit. But it is ſuch as are more immediately connected with his own purſuits, that it is the object of theſe pages to preſerve from oblivion. His opinions of beauty, therefore, muſt not be forgotten, and they were not of the common order of thinking, for his ideas on the ſubject embraced a much larger extent than is uſually acknowledged as belonging to it. "I ſee more beauty," would he ſay, "in faces that are looked upon by others as having no claim to it, than moſt perſons would ſuſpect." Stothard conſidered that the higheſt order of beauty in a human face is derived ſolely from its expreſſion. Plato ſaid that the emotions produced by beauty on the mind, aroſe from a remembrance of ſupreme perfection. He probably ſaid this in connection with the ſpirit or ſoul, becauſe it is that which animates the countenance.

Regular features and beauty of complexion, will not alone awaken intereſt; there muſt be ſomething more. The mind muſt give that action to the countenance which we call *expreſſion;* yet mere beauty to pleaſe the eye, without intereſting the feelings, is common enough. On being aſked, in what he conſidered the more common order of beauty to conſiſt? He replied, In youth and health; where thoſe are found, unleſs there is a great perverſity of nature to render the features really diſagreeable, there can hardly be other than ſome claims to beauty; for there is a great deal of grace in nature. "I ſee it," would he ſay, "in everything."

This is a moſt juſt obſervation of Stothard, and the painter who has ſtudied beauty in all its details, as well as in its more ſtriking forms, ſees its exiſtence where a common eye would never trace it; like the practiſed eye of the mariner, who can detect the diſtant ſail which is totally obſcured to the landſman who turns his gaze in the ſame direction. That a lover ſees beauty in a miſtreſs which no one elſe can find out, though a remark generally accompanied with a ſmile, has nothing abſurd in it, ſhe muſt have qualities which please and intereſt *him*, or he would not love her. Thoſe qualities convey character, or give expreſſion to her countenance; and, by the aſſociation of his own ideas, that very expreſſion renders her more agreeable to him than to any other perſon. She poſſeſſes what he likes and admires. He feels ſhe does ſo, without analyſing his own heart minutely to diſcover wherefore; ſhe is really beautiful to him, therefore, though ſhe may not be at all ſo to others, who neither value ſuch qualities in her, nor can call them forth, nor can reſpond to the expreſſion of them, as he does; for, the great myſtery of love, after all, is very ſimple—the ſympathy in being loved proving irreſiſtible. To

meet with one who underſtands our heart, and loves us, for what it finds in it, will win almoſt every heart, not previouſly devoted to another; and will, in our eyes, give beauty to the homely face, grace to the ſimpleſt action, and convey even an intereſt to thoſe years which have paſſed the date of youth.

The Sunflower and the Ivy. Engraved about 1793.

Hence ariſe all the anomalies, the wonders, and the ſtrange chances of that heart-hallowing affection—love.

As I once converſed with Stothard about certain celebrated Beauties, he ſaid many who were eſteemed ſuch, did not ſtrike him; becauſe they wanted an expreſſion of ſenſe and feeling—their countenances were like blank books, very fair, but nothing to be read in them. He liked a face that had matter in it—that promiſed a rich mind or

a warm heart. He neither liked a fooliſh woman nor a cold-hearted woman. The laſt, indeed, is ever repulſive—ſomething contrary to what Nature intended ſhould be the principal diſtinction of her sex; for we look for love and tenderneſs in a woman, as we do for warmth in the ſun. In other reſpects, Stothard, though he preferred the elegance and grace of Raphael's female figures to the portly dames of Rubens, ſo far agreed with the Flemiſh painter as to think ſtoutneſs an advantage to beauty, unleſs in the very prime of youth. Indeed, nothing impairs beauty ſo much, and nothing ſhows age ſo ſoon, as *leanneſs*. A very thin face may retain all its expreſſion, if there is mind in the perſon; but thinneſs conveys an idea of ill-health, waſting, and ſuffering, and that always gives pain. In the countenance of a ſneerer, *leanneſs* in a great degree becomes hideous. Look at the portraits of Voltaire!

When ſpeaking of beauty of the uncommon caſt, he ſaid that the two greateſt beauties he had ever ſeen were the celebrated Mrs. Fitzherbert and Mrs. Siddons. The former, even late in life, was dazzling in her attractions; Mrs. Siddons in perſon was commanding, yet of ſuch exceeding delicacy when young, her beauty was much greater off the ſtage than on it. Stothard ſaid that he had made a drawing of her ſoon after ſhe became ſo diſtinguiſhed in London. Till he went to her to make his drawing, he had ſeen her only on the ſtage, and was ſurpriſed to find how infinitely more beautiful ſhe was in a private room than at the theatre; but ſhe had the fineſt union of feature, grace, and expreſſion he had ever ſeen. He thought, as did all who knew her in private life, that there was a great deal of worth in Mrs. Siddons. Her own mind was truly noble, and there can be no doubt that made her acting ſo. She was exceedingly modeſt, not prudiſh in her manners and converſation;

grave and dignified, becauſe dignity was the character of her mind and of her perſon. Thoſe who could not underſtand her, and ſeldom ſaw ſuch natural majeſty in any one, ſet it down for theatrical; many, therefore, ſaid ſhe was always an actreſs, off as well as on the ſtage. But it would have been as out of character in her to have formed her manners by thoſe of the ordinary rate of perſons, as it would be in a very tall woman to walk ſtooping, in order to bring herſelf down to the ordinary ſtature of her ſex.

Stothard remembered being very much pleaſed with an inſtance of the good-feeling of Mrs. Siddons for her brother John. Kemble played (I believe it was his firſt night in London) the character of *Hamlet* at the Haymarket Theatre. Stothard ſat near her box, and declared that he ſhould never forget her anxiety, amounting even to agitation, for his ſucceſs; yet many ſaid ſhe was of a cold diſpoſition. This could not be true; and here her generally calm demeanour was again miſunderſtood and miſcalled. Mrs. Siddons had a fine taſte for works of Art. She modelled; and the ſubjects that in painting and in ſculpture intereſted her the moſt, were always thoſe of grandeur. She had nothing that was common about her, yet ſhe was entirely free from affectation. Nature made dignity her ſphere, and ſhe was content to be natural. No one could have entertained a light thought in the preſence of Mrs. Siddons.

I obſerved to Stothard that ſhe always appeared to me to be the fineſt poſſible ſubject for a ſtatue; that I ſhould prefer a ſtatue of her to any painting, yet I had ſeen none—a buſt of her was not enough to convey a full idea of her ſurpaſſing majeſty. Stothard was pleaſed with the obſervation; and when, ſome little time after, we went in a party from the houſe of the painter to ſee Flaxman's

ſtudio, we there ſaw a very fine plaſter caſt of Mrs. Siddons, that had been taken from her face.

When a man of great merit has been long overlooked, and comes at laſt to be noticed, you hear the world wonder how he could have remained ſo long obſcured. I have heard this obſervation often applied to Stothard, ſince his popularity has been becoming as extenſive as it deſerves to be. For my own part, I ſee nothing ſurpriſing in it. Many were the circumſtances which, when combined, were quite ſufficient to prevent immediate popularity. One of the greateſt was, that Stothard never gave himſelf the trouble to ſhine at Somerſet Houſe in a way ſo as to arreſt public attention. He very rarely painted a moderately large picture; a *very* large one, on a ſcale ſuch as I have ſeen by Rubens, at Antwerp, I believe he never did attempt; yet that he poſſeſſed the power to do ſo, and in a moſt maſterly manner, is proved by his noble and almoſt coloſſal paintings on the ſtaircaſe of Burleigh Houſe.

The public, in order duly to appreciate an artiſt at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, require to have ſomething impoſing before their eyes—ſomething which, either from ſize, ſubject, or colour, compels them to ſee it. It is well known that artiſts who make the greateſt figure there, paint their pictures, generally ſpeaking, expreſſly for the place; and, in order to arreſt attention, I have heard many of them ſay that they are "obliged to paint up to the Exhibition tone," not from choice, but neceſſity, elſe would their pictures be at once overpowered (*killed* is the artiſt's term) by the hoſt of ſtaring, gaudy ſubjects that hang around, and come in immediate contact with a ſober-coloured and natural painting. Stothard, even to gain popularity, never would condeſcend to paint up

to the tone of the Exhibition. So much was he oppoſed to what he called artificial means of producing effect, that when the day came for the members of the Royal Academy to varniſh their pictures, after being hung up for the Exhibition, it was only by the greateſt perſuaſion he would conſent to varniſh his at all; ſaying, that he did not approve ſuch helps, every picture ſhould be painted ſo as to produce its due effect without them.

His colouring in many of his pictures was as rich as it poſſibly could be, but never ſtaring, never extravagant, never like a tailor's pattern-book—attractive by violent oppoſition of black, white, blue, and red. I have heard him remark, that, even a portion of Nature herſelf, ſo ſurrounded by glare, would be killed, juſt as the delicate roſeate complexion of a blooming girl is rendered pale and dim, if viewed in the midſt of lamplight, or in a room of gaudy, artificial accompaniments.

Stothard's practice was never to paint a picture for Somerſet Houſe, but when the time came for ſending in, to take almoſt any that lay about his painting-room, or that was hanging up in his drawing-room, for which he happened to have *a frame that would fit*, and to ſend it off for the Exhibition. Some of theſe were ſo ſmall that they were often ſcarcely viſible in the ſurrounding combination of large canvaſſes and broad gilt frames; and that harmony and repoſe, that truth of colour, which was ſo beautiful and ſo perfectly natural in him, was in a moment overpowered by the meretricious glare of the place.

Many of Stothard's friends pointed out to him the policy of conſulting a little more the taſte of the public at the Exhibition, and wiſhed to prevail with him to paint a picture expreſſly for that atmoſphere; but he never heeded them. He would not ſtep an

inch out of his way to gain *popularity*, when he was ſure of *fame*; and ſo little had he of the tact of the world within himſelf, that he never could comprehend its utility. He had not one thought that was worldly in his own mind, and never, therefore, painted for money as money. Painting was his profeſſion, and if he gained by it ſufficient to live reſpectably, and to leave ſomething to his children at his death, he was ſatisfied; but he never made mere pecuniary return the object of any one picture that he executed. Had he done ſo, and poſſeſſed more worldly tact, it is well known he might have died rich; for he had always more to do than he could execute without the moſt unwearied application, ſo much was he at all times eſtimated by the publiſhers for the varied power of his imagination in the art of illuſtration and deſign.

In painting, as in literature, we ſometimes ſee that if the artiſt purſues only the quiet, unobtruſive mode of preſenting his works before the world—if he is not thruſt into notice by himſelf or by his friends—if no great patron takes him by the hand, and his name is ſeldom ſeen in print; theſe circumſtances will combine to his preſent injury, ſince his fame cannot ſpread whilſt he is too little noticed to be known to more than the favoured few. But time will do him juſtice; and though the earth may have cloſed over him ere this take place, his reputation will not eventually ſuffer. The genius of Stothard—though it can only be ſaid within the laſt few years to have been ſpoken of, as it deſerves to be, by the public at large—was, from a very early period, duly eſtimated by men of real judgment, whoſe praiſe is often the long forerunner of public fame.

Of ſuch exceeding beauty were Stothard's early deſigns, that when Sir John Hawkins, who was about to edit and republiſh the old

drama of Ignoramus, applied to Sir Joſhua Reynolds to deſign the frontiſpiece for the book, Sir Joſhua referred him to one who was then but a riſing artiſt, ſaying, "Go to young Stothard, he will deſign it much better than I can." Stothard always ſpoke of Reynolds as the maſter who revived the art of painting in this country as a national one, and who was the firſt to raiſe it from that low ebb into which it had ſunk during the reign of George II., and at the commencement of that of George III. The foundation of the Royal Academy, under the patronage of the laſt-named ſovereign, gave that opportunity and impetus to talent which has ſince been attended with ſuch happy and promiſing reſults. Fortunate was it for Stothard, that, even before the foundation of the Royal Academy, there was eſtabliſhed, *pro tempore*, the Academy of Arts, where young men had an opportunity afforded them of copying from the antique. The rooms of this inſtitution were ſituated, as already noticed, in Maiden Lane; and there he practiſed with indefatigable induſtry.

About that time, and before he had ſo deeply ſtudied the works of Raphael, he executed ſome drawings and paintings that remind one a good deal of Mortimer. The laſt named artiſt was unqueſtionably a man of great genius, and there was an imaginative character in all his works very likely to faſcinate a young ſtudent, ſo as to become a follower in his ſchool, ere his mind was thoroughly imbued with the ſpirit of the old maſters. After his intenſe ſtudy of Raphael, the moſt rapid and remarkable improvement may be traced in Stothard's early deſigns; ſome of which, for ſimplicity and beauty, were equal to any of his lateſt compoſitions. Though to be conſidered an *imitator* generally implies, at the beſt, but a very doubtful praiſe, yet he had felt pleaſed

24013

when, in early life, he had been occaſionally told that he imitated Raphael. He was pleaſed, no doubt, becauſe he knew what thoſe who told him ſo really meant by the word *imitator*, though they did not exactly uſe the right term to explain their meaning.

In all arts, as in all things of human acquiſition, ſkill and perfection do not fall down from the clouds upon our heads; we muſt work hard to get them; and in order to attempt excellence, we muſt begin by ſtudying what is excellent. To ſtudy a great painter (as a writer reads over and over again a great author), in order to become ſo thoroughly imbued with his ſpirit that the ſtudent may, in a very conſiderable degree, learn to ſee and feel as he ſaw and felt (if he have in himſelf the true capacity of ſight and feeling), is wholly different from mere ſervile imitation. Mere imitation, in anything, is like the portrait painter who catches only the outward markings and peculiarities of the features of his ſitter; ſuch as the prominent noſe, mouth, or chin; but who gives not one particle of the ſpirit which is within, that conveys life and expreſſion to thoſe features; in ſhort, he gives not one of thoſe graces that emanate alone from the mind. Hence ariſes the marked difference (and they are wide aſunder) between *ſimilarity* and *imitation*. In literature, and the fine arts, ſimilarity denotes kindred in genus, imitation only in the reſemblance of ſpecies; *ſimilarity* was what Stothard gained by his cloſe ſtudy of Raphael, and that ſevere ſchooling of his own judgment which was ever after ſo conſpicuous

Pocket-book Vignette for 1802.

in all his works. He was alſo a great admirer of the gay, the graceful, the feſtal ſpirit of Watteau; and his own paintings of

Sans Souci. From the Bijou, published in 1827.

what he termed Sans Souci, and the characters of Boccaccio's Decameron regaling in the garden when about to liſten to the

recital of the firſt tale, for airineſs and grace, and beauty of colour, are equal to any of Watteau's productions.*

I have already mentioned, ſome of Stothard's earlieſt works were his embelliſhments for the Noveliſt's Magazine, publiſhed by Harriſon. They were generally very well engraved: the deſigns were moſt beautiful, in that chaſte and graceful ſtyle which he had brought to ſuch perfection. Theſe deſigns formed an era in the hiſtory of book illuſtration, by their being the firſt which ſupplied good drawings and engravings to the publiſhers. They for ever baniſhed thoſe miſerable caricatures intended for illuſtrations, which we may ſtill ſee in volumes printed about ſeventy or eighty years ago.

* Theſe moſt beautiful pictures, copied by Stothard himſelf, from his original deſigns, are in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Rogers, the poet, in St. James's Place.

CHAPTER VII.

Stothard illuſtrates Bell's Shakeſpeare and poets—His ſeries of paintings from the former—His comic humour—Characters from Shakeſpeare, the Spectator, and Don Quixote—His ſtudy of ancient coſtume—His works found in remote parts of the world—Stothard depicts his dream—His Una—Children in the wood—Phillis and Brunette—Raving and Melancholy Madneſs—Boadicea, &c.

STOTHARD, in early life, was employed in illuſtrating Bell's Shakeſpeare and Bell's Poets. Excellent as were his deſigns for the firſt work, he afterwards ſurpaſſed them in his moſt beautiful compoſitions, painted in oils for ſome coſtly edition of the great dramatic poet. Very many years ago, the laſt-named paintings were collected together and exhibited, previous to being ſold by public auction. I ſhall never forget the delight I experienced on viewing them; they brought all the creatures of Shakeſpeare's imagination ſo vividly before one. Admirable as Stothard was in all his deſigns, he was, I think, greateſt when embodying the conceptions of Shakeſpeare, Milton, Spenſer, or Chaucer; nor was he much leſs excellent when he painted for Col. Johnes, at his princely ſeat of Hafod, in Wales, his chivalrous ſeries of deſigns in illuſtration of Froiſſart. His genius alſo diſplayed its richneſs and its verſatility, in bringing before our eyes the comic adventures of Don Quixote, and his faithful ſquire, Sancho Panza. Stothard, though a grave and reſerved man in general ſociety, and by no

means a great talker (and his deafneſs rendered him more ſilent as it increaſed upon him), was not without that native cheerfulneſs, and that ſpice of humour, which is invariably found to be one of the many component parts in the properties that form the mind of a man of genius—it exiſts even in melancholy minds of this nature —of which we have a proof in the dejected Cowper's inimitable ſtory of Johnny Gilpin.

Tristram Shandy. Dr Slop reading the Romish form of excommunication; from the Novelist's Magazine, published 1781.

Such a man may be ſilent in general company, and cheerleſs when he does not find a community of ſpirit, a reſponſe of

thought, taſte, and feeling in his companions; one half the world may think him eccentric, and the other half may conſider him dull, and may feel that though he is not a fool (for no man of genius was ever yet taken for that, even by the moſt ignorant), there is ſomething about him they cannot underſtand, cannot aſſimilate with; yet with thoſe who know him well, who can ſtrike upon the key-note of his mind, and awaken the reſponſive chord, to whom he therefore unfolds himſelf in the freedom of ſocial and domeſtic life, he will, I think, invariably be found to poſſeſs either the power of humour in himſelf, or a very high reliſh for it in others.* Stothard had an exquiſite feeling for humour; and his *drolleries* (to uſe the old term of the Dutch ſchool) poſſeſſed that nice diſtinction which rendered them ſuperior to many celebrated paintings of the Flemiſh artiſts. His humour never deſcended to low incident in common life, which often diſguſts by its groſſneſs; it may be ſaid that his genius was fine in comedy, but it never ſunk into farce.

Stothard was truly *the* painter of the olden time—of early poets and writers; for no artiſt ever ſo completely identified himſelf with the ſimplicity of their days, with the domeſtic manners and habits of their period. His mind was familiar with the ſpirit of thoſe remote ages; he could fall back upon them, and breathe in their air, and move in their warlike, ſocial, rural, or their courtly circles, as familiarly as in his own. His pictures, therefore,

* The above obſervations were written before the writer had read that inimitable book The Doctor. It is not a little gratifying to find, therefore, that the ſame opinion on humour being a component part of the mind of a man of genius, is there inſiſted on in a manner the moſt ſtriking and convincing.

of ſcenes and characters, ſuch as were recorded by Chaucer or Froiſſart, had a truth about them, as well as an imaginative beauty, that gave to each an individual identity, and wanting which no illuſtration of ſuch works, will ever deeply impreſs the memory, or aſſiſt the mind, in giving, as it were, a bodily and viſible exiſtence to the hiſtorian and the poet.

As an inſtance of the wondrous union in Stothard, of the grandeur of his conception, of his airineſs, the play of his fancy, and the rich vein of his humour, I would mention his painting (I believe it has never yet been engraved) of *Shakeſpeare's Characters.** I ſpeak of it from memory only—for it is long ſince I have ſeen it—yet it is one of thoſe paintings that we can cloſe our eyes, and ſee again in our mental viſion, even in their detail, years after we have looked on the thing itſelf. I can do ſo now.

What grandeur is there in that figure of Lady Macbeth bearing the dagger, the fatal weapon with which Duncan, who bore his honours ſo meekly, was treacherouſly diſpatched by her vacillating huſband. She is in the attitude of looking up to heaven, not as if invoking its protection or its mercy, but with ſomething of that grand ſpirit of defiance, even in ſin, which Milton contrives to infuſe into the Devil—and Shakeſpeare into this woman's ſoul; a ſpirit that we involuntarily reſpect (whilſt we condemn and abhor it) for its firmneſs and conſiſtency of courage; in which we ſee wickedneſs taken up in place of a right principle for a high object, but never as the reſult of a momentary weakneſs yielding to temptation. Shakeſpeare and Milton, particularly the former,

* For ſplendour in compoſition and colour, Stothard's Peace, which he painted for Mr. Champernown, may alſo be cited. He received for it 100*l.* It was not a large picture.

poſſeſſed the art, in a very wonderful degree, of making us awe-ſtricken in the preſence of their bold bad characters, yet without a ſingle touch of their ſophiſtry being capable of inoculating or corrupting us. We gaze on ſuch beings in their progreſs of evil, as we do on the fires of a Veſuvius, in full admiration of the almoſt preternatural glow of the flame, the rolling of the ſmoke, and the grandeur of the volleying horrors of the eruption, but with an ever-preſent ſenſe of their deſtructiveneſs, their ruinous, their calamitous, power.

And then the darkneſs and the clouds of the background, which Stothard has harmoniſed ſo completely with all that portion of the picture devoted to the tragic muſe—to the witches, to Banquo, to Lear, that poor old man upon whoſe ſilvered head the pitileſs pelting of the ſtorm burſts with ſuch unmitigable fury; yet the hurly-burly without is nothing to thoſe bitter feelings within, which are rouſed to madneſs by his unnatural daughters. And there are ſeen thoſe daughters, ſtanding like ſtatues of pride and hard-heartedneſs, incapable of bending to aught of earth, or to the common dictates of humanity.

And how beautifully has Stothard formed the union between the tragic and the comic portions of the picture. This is effected by means of thoſe airy figures, thoſe "elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes, and groves," which belong to the Tempeſt; thoſe creatures of fancy (which either tragedy or comedy might claim as her own) to call forth the wild winds, the ſea fires, or to aſſiſt in the horrors of a ſhip-wrecking ſtorm; or to lead aſtray, with ſport and frolic, the drunken *Trinculo* and his companions. Theſe he has introduced with exquiſite ſkill, ſo as to form them into a group, which might be termed the neutral band of the picture,

where the ſubjects of tragedy and comedy approximate, but do not joſtle each other by a too ſudden contact. The gravity of *Proſpero*, his attitude of command, and his lovely daughter by his ſide, with the ſhip ſeen in diſtreſs in the background, are delightfully relieved, and ſaved from being overpowered by too much gloom from the darkening ſky, by the bright and curled cloud above, with *Ariel* in the midſt, leading on the troop of winged and fluttering ſpirits, with an airineſs and a buoyancy which make them ſeem as forms of a lighter material than that of fleſh and blood. We can fancy that the ſlighteſt vapour would render ſuch beings inviſible; and that *Ferdinand*, when he liſtens to their muſic—the fairy band of muſicians unſeen — would very naturally with "wonder look about," and enquire whence might be their ſtrains, of earth or of the air? I always admired this picture, as one of the happieſt efforts of Stothard's imagination. It may be conſidered like the *dramatis perſonæ* of a play—an index or introduction to all his other deſigns and ſcenes from Shakeſpeare.

I was one of thoſe who had the good fortune to ſee them all together, before they were ſold and diſperſed; and I never can ceaſe to regret that ſuch a collection was not purchaſed at the NATION'S coſt, as national property; for they were, as a whole, the moſt beautiful ſeries of deſigns that had ever been produced in illuſtration of the works of the greateſt Engliſh poet, executed by the greateſt Engliſh painter, for ſuch was Stothard. Flaxman agreed in the opinion, and in the wiſh, that it had been ſo; and that it was deeply to be regretted ſuch a collection ſhould ever have been ſcattered. That eminent ſculptor purchaſed ſome of theſe pictures, which I afterwards ſaw at his houſe. Amongſt them was a lovely oil painting, rich as an old maſter in colour, of *Ferdinand*

led on from the ſhore by *Ariel* and his train, ſinging aloft, "Come unto theſe yellow ſands." There were ſeveral of theſe paintings, but not the beſt, I believe, in the hands of ſome publiſher of London, who purpoſed (ſo was I informed) ſelling them by auction. If he has done ſo or not, I cannot tell. What a pity it is that ſome effort is not made by thoſe entruſted with the conduct of the National Gallery, to recover, purchaſe, and once more bring together, the whole ſeries. Stothard's fancy literally revelled when Shakeſpeare was his theme. His conceptions of the fairy beings of the poet had in them all the wildneſs and imagination of their great author, yet ſo chaſtened with an attention to probability, in thus picturing creatures and things beyond this "viſible diurnal ſphere," that his ſupernatural ſubjects became natural. Had fairies exiſted, they would have choſen him as the favoured painter of Fairyland.

I recollect a little anecdote connected with the ſubject, that is not unworthy to be mentioned, ſince it ſhows by what fine ſprings, what aſſociations in a mind ſuch as his, the ſpirit of one art connects itſelf with another. Stothard, though he had been in North Wales, had never heard the harp played alone. In early life I was fond of it, and one evening he begged me to play to him upon that inſtrument. I did ſo, and found that the muſic which moſt pleaſed him was ſuch as had in it melody. There was one air that delighted him — Purcell's beautiful "Come unto theſe yellow ſands;" the words from the Tempeſt. This was his great favourite; he could paint from the fancy and feeling it inſpired.

Amongſt his moſt poetically conceived deſigns, in illuſtration of Shakeſpeare, may be named Richard's Dream, the night before the battle of Boſworth Field. The ghoſts of the murdered, which gather round his couch, whilſt they poſſeſs him with "thick coming

fancies" of horror and affright, and bid him "deſpair and die," have in them a grandeur (eſpecially the figure with long drapery in the foreground) that is truly impreſſive; and the attitude of the

The ghoſts appearing to Richard, the night before the Battle of Bosworth Field.

ſleeping tyrant, without the ſlighteſt violence or exaggeration, ſhows the ſtruggles of a perturbed mind, for which there is no reſt.

In Stothard's illuſtrations of Shakeſpeare, his comic humour is of the fineſt order. It tells the ſtory (as in his Catherine and

Petruchio), and the time of the action, without requiring any reference to the ſcene in the book. You immediately recall it, ſo vivid is the expreſſion he conveys to the characters. You know what they were doing and ſaying at the inſtant the painter arreſted them, and transferred them to his canvas as with a magic wand. His *Falſtaffs* are not merely groſs, fat old men (as they are commonly painted) whoſe belly alone ſays, "I am Jack Falſtaff." Nothing can be finer than his diſcrimination in portraying the knight of "ſack and ſugar," of mirth and wit, and good humour and knavery. True it is, that in Stothard's *Falſtaffs* he ſtrongly preſerves the characteriſtic of the ſenſualiſt, but it is refined upon by the air of the gentleman who has known the company of a prince, and the manners of a court. What archneſs is there in the look, what intelligence in the ſly and laughing eye; what a ready playfulneſs, yet never wholly diveſted of cunning, does he convey to the entire expreſſion of the head and face. Never but in one inſtance does this moſt amuſing of knights betray (in Stothard's delineations of him) an unguarded and weak expreſſion; and that is where *Doll* ſits on his knee, and he aſks her of what ſtuff ſhe will have kirtles. There even his wit and caution is over-maſtered by the cunning of woman; and *Doll* plays with his poll, covered with thin white hairs, as reckleſſly as did Dalilah with the locks of Samſon.

His deſigns for the *Spectator* alſo diſplay great comic humour, and the niceſt diſcrimination in delineating character. Of this we have an inſtance in his Scaramouch's Pinch. How well Stothard tells the ſtory! The noted Pariſian perfumer is ſeen behind the counter, recommending his choice ſnuffs and ſcents with a moſt finical air. In the foreground we ſee Scaramouch, the famous Italian comedian, who contrives to live, in his days of diſtreſs, by collecting

the pinches of ſnuff which he begs from the box of every purchaſer, as he plies at the ſhop-door, till he collects enough to form his

Spectator, vol. iv., No. 283. Scaramouch's Pinch. Published by Sharpe, 1808.

Tabac de Mille Fleurs, and to ſell it. At length, greedy of gain, and in too much haſte to get rich, he takes ſo unreaſonable a pinch from the box of a Swiſs officer, that he becomes involved in a quarrel, and ruins his own trade. The ſurpriſed and angry air of the Swiſs, the ſtart and affright of the greedy Scaramouch, as he ſees the cane about to be raiſed for his chaſtiſement, altogether give the ſcene to perfection.

Nor is this inimitable painter leſs excellent in depicting the ſolemn air, the high courage and courtesy, the grave and unconſcious ludicrouſneſs of Don Quixote, or the broad boor-like mirth, the keen natural ſenſe, and the marvellous credulity of Sancho. Stothard ſo blends theſe characteriſtics in the worthy ſquire, that you feel, as it were, certain, ſuch muſt have been the very countenance of the man who, whilſt in his ſober ſenſes, is yet poſſeſſed with a ſpirit of ignorance ſo profound, and a reſpect for his maſter ſo incapable of admitting doubt or queſtion where his promiſes are concerned, that he gives credit to the aſſurances of a madman whom he ſees fight windmills, and do a thouſand other acts of inſanity every day before his eyes.

Stothard is the only painter who was ever yet fully equal to Hogarth in telling a *continued* ſtory, that required the ſame characters to be repeated in different circumſtances and poſitions. Hogarth excelled him in being the author as well as the painter of his own tales; for what are Hogarth's pictures but novels, which appeal to the mind, through the organ of ſight, without the aſſiſtance of words to convey images, events, and ideas? Stothard embodied thoſe already written for him. But that he was equal to Hogarth in telling a ſtory in continuation, may be at once ſeen in his ſeries of deſigns for Don Quixote; where we have the chivalrous knight, from his firſt ſetting out till the laſt ſcene of all, that ends "his ſtrange eventful hiſtory,"—his death-bed, with the houſekeeper and niece, and the ever faithful Sancho, weeping by his ſide. I never look at Stothard's Don Quixote without almoſt fancying he was a real man, and that there was his picture, as he ſat for it, before me; for there is moſt ſtrikingly preſerved the ſame individual likeneſs, under all chances and miſchances, under

all paſſions and all the diverſities of their expreſſion; there he is the very being of Cervantes, in whoſe portrait we take the ſame kind of intereſt that we do in ſeeing the likeneſs of a hero or a great prince who is the theme of ancient ſtory; ſuch truth of repreſentation in fictitious character is ſo like identity, we cannot fancy it invention.*

There are very few of his works but deſerve a ſeparate notice; from their number, however, it is impoſſible to give it. But I cannot forbear more particularly mentioning his Jacob's Dream, as it is one of his moſt beautifully conceived and chaſtely expreſſed compoſitions. There is a quiet repoſe in the youthful ſleeper, the moſt eaſy and natural. The drapery depicted, ſo as to ſhow the form of the limbs, ſeems to fall around him, without an effort on the part of the artiſt. In grace and beauty nothing can ſurpaſs the aſcending and deſcending angels, which form the glorious viſion of his mind. And how admirably has Stothard ſhown that Jacob is under the influence of a dream, by the action of the foot! He fancies that he is aſcending the ladder. That ſlight but exquiſite indication is a touch of genius of the higheſt order.†

* In commenting on Stothard's power in depicting the ſcenes of Cervantes, it would be unjuſt to paſs in ſilence one who likewiſe ſo greatly excels in portraying the characters of Don Quixote and his faithful ſquire. It is almoſt needleſs to add to this remark the name of Leſlie, an artiſt whoſe genius Stothard held in the higheſt eſtimation. He ſaw with delight his May Day in the Time of Elizabeth, and how great would have been his ſatisfaction, had he lived to ſee Leſlie no leſs excellent in a new walk of Art! One replete with devotional ſentiment and beauty, in his picture of our Lord and Martha.

† For the following anecdote reſpecting an attempt made to procure one of Stothard's fineſt works for the National Gallery, I am indebted to Mr. Alfred Stothard. One of the great painter's moſt finished pictures was his Jacob's Dream, originally painted for Macklin's bible, ſize three and a half feet by four feet. A ſubſcription was commenced to purchaſe it with a view to preſent it to the National Gallery. The picture was then in the poſſeſſion of

Stothard's ſtudy of paſt ages, in armour and coſtume, alſo added

Jacob's Dream. Designed by Stothard for Macklin's Bible, 1791.

much to the effect produced by his deſigns; ſince whatever attire,

Mr. White, Maddox Street, Hanover Square, a printſeller. But the ſum required for the purchaſe could not be raised, though everybody who ſaw the work declared ſo magnificent a production ought to belong to the nation. It was at length sold for 300*l.* to Jones Lloyd, Esq., now Lord Overstone.

if for war or peace, he aſſigned to the different plays of Shakeſpeare, and other works requiring ſuch attention, it was always that of the period of the hiſtory, the ſtory, or ſuited to the country in which the action of the piece was carried on. He took his armour and his dreſſes from the unqueſtionable authority of illuminated MSS., monumental effigies, old pictures, painted glaſs, and, in ſhort, from any record of antiquity that was authentic and original; and ſuch was his accuracy in this reſpect (I do not ſpeak of his very youthful hiſtorical deſigns), that I believe he never fell into an error, becauſe he never ſlighted the means of attaining the moſt correct knowledge of the ſubject he had in hand.

So extenſive were his deſigns, in illuſtration of many, indeed moſt of the living writers of eminence, that there are few but have had their works adorned by his pencil; and ſome even inferior authors, who gained an ephemeral ſucceſs, in this inſtance had an honour thruſt upon them, which was more than they deſerved. Several of the noveliſts, and almoſt all the poets, hiſtorians, and chroniclers of celebrity, have alſo been decorated with his deſigns. Engravings from no artiſt, either of ancient or modern date, have ever been ſo widely circulated; indeed to ſuch a degree, that perhaps no corner of the globe, however remote, but in ſome way or other has been in poſſeſſion of a ſtray volume, or a print belonging to one, after Stothard. I remember an inſtance of this that was, ſome years ago, related to me by his ſon Charles, who knew well the youth to whom the anecdote refers.

Mr. Daniels, junior (a son, I believe, of the celebrated painter), was engaged by the Government in ſurveying part of the coaſt of Africa. One day, on going ſome diſtance from the ſhore into the country, to his extreme amazement, he found one of Stothard's

deſigns hanging up in the hut of a native African. How it got there, it was impoſſible even to conjecture.

Fac-ſimile of a sketch for "Cupid Bound," in the possession of Mrs. Bray. The finished print from this was published by Macklin, in 1787.

His deſigns for Gulliver's Travels, Peter Wilkins, the Arabian Nights, and the Pilgrim's Progreſs, like thoſe of the Midſummer Night's Dream, and the Tempeſt, ſhow how finely he could poſſeſs his imagination with the ſupernatural creations of poetic genius, and how perfectly he could bring them home to the underſtandings and the feelings of all. I do not, therefore, pauſe to ſpeak at large concerning the beautiful paintings he executed for that extraordinarily gifted individual, the late Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill,* though they are ſo rich in colour that

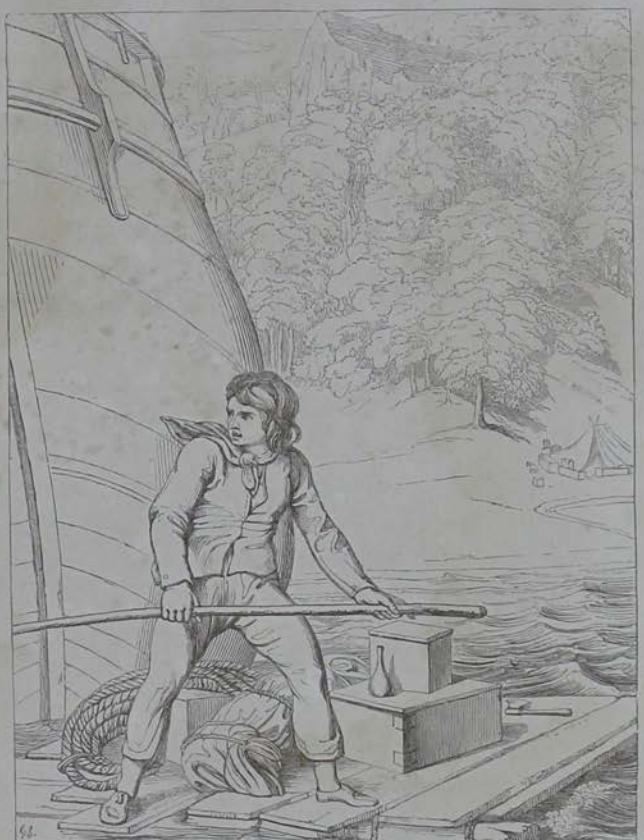
* In the ſeventy-fourth year of his age, and nearly fifty years after they were written, Mr. Beckford published his Letters, entitled "Italy; or, Sketches of Spain and Portugal;" a work which places his name in the firſt rank of Engliſh writers. A more delightful ſeries of letters was, perhaps, never penned.

they need but the mellowneſs which age gives to the productions of art, as their finiſhing grace, to render them equal to thoſe of the old maſters.

In his various illuſtrations for books, there are none more truly beautiful than thoſe he made for Robinſon Cruſoe. I ſpeak of the octavo edition of the novel, publiſhed by Stockdale in 1790. Whoever has ſeen it never can forget the deſign of Cruſoe bringing the things he ſaved from the ſhip to the ſhore on his raft, and the lovely and inviting ſylvan ſcene in the background. I uſed greatly to admire it; and Stothard ſaid that whoever did ſo, admired his dream; for whilſt engaged on the work for the publiſher, he dreamt that he ſaw a ſcene more beautiful than anything he could fancy when awake; he had, therefore, endeavoured to throw his viſion upon paper.

I muſt not omit ſome ſlight notice of his painting in oil from the Faery Queen, that repreſents *Una* ſurrounded by ſatyrs. This, for many years, hung in the drawing-room of his own houſe in Newman Street. It has been ſold ſince his death. It is one of the moſt characteriſtic he ever produced. Una, clothed in white, with her fair and flowing hair, delicate and pale in feature and complexion, appears a perfect image of innocence and ſweetneſs. Miſs Boddington was the lovely young creature from whom Stothard painted it, the only inſtance, that I am aware of, in which he combined the portrait of a living ſubject with hiſtorical deſign. Nothing can be more graceful than the form, or more expreſſive than the countenance in this portrait. She is depicted in the crouching attitude in which Spenſer deſcribes Una, her hands preſſed on her boſom, and affrighted by the ſurrounding wild group who have ſurpriſed her in the woods.

In the ſame drawing-room hung alſo two or three other pictures by the venerable painter, that won upon the eye and the mind of



Robinson Crusoe on his Raft; Engraved by Medland in 1790.

the ſpectator, more and more, every time they were beheld. The

firſt of theſe was a ſubject choſen from the fine old ballad of the Children in the Wood; and the ſecond, Elizabeth proceeding to Tilbury Fort to harangue her Troops.

The moment of action ſeized by the artiſt for the Children in the Wood, is that in which the cruel uncle, having ſeated them on a horſe before the ruffian to whom he conſigns the taſk of their deſtruction, places his finger on his lip, and with a dark and ſiniſter look ſeems to remind the fellow of the foul deed he has promiſed ſhould be done; whilſt his innocent victims, with all the joyouſneſs of childhood, are depicted with ſmiling countenances, like cherubs in beauty, throwing out their little arms, and looking up, delighted by being ſeated on the horſe's back to enjoy a ride in the foreſt. Excellent as it is in the dramatic power of the art (for the characters are ſo appropriately given, that their expreſſion ſeems to ſpeak their very thoughts), I never could behold this picture without its awakening feelings of compaſſion for the hapleſs infants, who found no friend but robin-red-breaſt to pity their ſad lot.

In the other painting here alluded to, Elizabeth is ſeen on horſeback, attended by her nobles and ſuite, paſſing on her way to Tilbury. The pencilling of this picture is ſo free and maſterly, that the ſlighteſt touch tells in the general effect, and great uſe is made of the ground of the picture in producing the tranſparent ſhadows. The horſe on which the Queen rides, in force and action is equal to the fineſt by Rubens; whilſt the figure of the noble, who walks by her ſide and looks up to her, is ſo admirably thrown into action, that he ſeems almoſt to move as you gaze upon the group.

Amongſt Stothard's moſt characteriſtic works, may be named

his playful and delicately combined compoſitions from The Rape of the Lock, and his picture from the Spectator, where in the ſtory of Phillis and Brunette, the lady mortifies her proud rival, by making her ſlave wear a petticoat of the ſame ſilk which

Spectator, vol. i., No. 80. The Rival Beauties, Phillis and Brunette. Published in 1803.

the other had choſen for her ſplendid dreſs at the ball. The calm, dignified, and ſomewhat haughty deportment of the triumphant lady; the fainting, with ſurpriſe and vexation, of the rival beauty, with the ſelf-ſatisfaction of the gaily-bedecked ſlave; are admirably contraſted, and form, like the Children in the Wood, a perfect dramatic ſcene in pictorial art.

Stothard ſeldom copied; but when he did ſo, he threw ſomething of his own feeling and ſpirit into the work; the original loſt nothing by being tranſmitted in a different type by his pencil. It is, I believe, very little known that he made drawings from thoſe wonderful imperſonations of Raving and Melancholy Madneſs, ſculptured by Cibber in ſtone, which for nearly a century were expoſed to the inclemency of all the winds and ſtorms of heaven, above the gates of the entrance to Old Bedlam in Moorfields. The drawing made from theſe (engraved for ſome work of the day) was worthy of the grand and impreſſive character of the originals. Figures ſo painfully true, that it is impoſſible a mind of any feeling can contemplate them, without the deepeſt ſenſe of fear and awe; to view man in his moſt overthrown and afflicted ſtate, portrayed in ſo vivid a manner.* Stothard's drawing of theſe ſubjects at once reminds the obſerver of the ſublimity of Michael Angelo.

Amongſt the earlier works of our Academician, one in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Nichols, the truly eſtimable editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, muſt be noticed on account of its curioſity, as a family group of the painter. It is a very intereſting oil-painting, on a ſubject which none, perhaps, but he would have made ſo: the boys of Chriſt's Hoſpital delivering their orations before their governors and a company aſſembled to liſten. The lady in the black cloak is Mrs. Stothard; the boy ſpeaking is, I believe, her young ſon Alfred, and the artiſt himſelf is ſeen near her.

* Theſe figures are now placed under cover, in the new Bedlam, ſeen only by the viſitants of that uſeful but diſtreſſing inſtitution. How much is it to be deſired, that the Government, or whoever may have the power to direct it, ſhould cauſe theſe marvellous ſtatues to be removed to the Britiſh Muſeum, where they would be open to the inſpection of artiſts, and to that of the public at large.

Miſs Denman, of Norton Street, has ſeveral fine works from his pencil.* Among them Chriſtiana and her Family, from the Pilgrim's Progreſs, and a ſomewhat ſingular painting, originally deſigned for a charitable purpoſe connected with the Foundling Hoſpital. It depicts a female in deſpair, meditating the deſtruction of her illegitimate offspring, whilſt Charity, bending over both,

Statues of Melancholy and Raving Madness, executed by Cibber for the Bethlehem Hospital for Lunatics. Drawn by Stothard, 1783.

lays her hand on the wretched mother's ſhoulder, and ſeems to bid her be comforted, and to commit to her own care the unhappy and

* This amiable and highly gifted lady (herſelf well ſkilled in the art of modelling) poſſeſſes alſo a very large collection of prints from Stothard's deſigns; moſtly ſelected by her late ſiſter, Mrs. Flaxman, the wife of the ſculptor. Miſs Denman was conſidered by him, not merely as a connexion, but as a beloved and adopted child. She was the friend who adminiſtered to him kindneſs and conſolation in the hours of ſickneſs and sorrow, and in whoſe arms he breathed his laſt. She was alſo his ſole executrix; to whom he bequeathed all the ſtores of his genius, the models of and caſts from his works, and his numerous drawings both original and collected. The fineſt of the caſts from Flaxman's marbles ſhe has recently preſented to the London Univerſity College.

innocent babe. The manner of grouping, and the expreſſion thrown into theſe figures, tell the tale admirably; though, on firſt conſidering the ſubject, it does not appear as if ſuch circumſtances could be repreſented in a picture.

For the late Mr. Robert Balmanno* (a great admirer of his works) he executed a painting called the Sans Souci; a favourite ſubject with the artiſt, who made more than one deſign for it. This was much in the ſtyle of Watteau, and a moſt delightful production. A château was ſeen in the middle diſtance; a landſcape cloſed the background; and on a riſing foreground appeared various figures in groups, ſome ſeated, others walking and converſing; all, indeed, engaged amid this lovely ſcene of grove and hill, in the enjoyment of ſocial pleaſure.†

From the Decameron of Boccacio, he painted ten ſubjects in the ſame airy, feſtive, and bewitching ſpirit, now in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Windus, Tottenham Green. They faſcinate the eye that looks upon them, as if ſpell-bound. The ſtructure and magnificence of the buildings, introduced in theſe pictures, are very ſtriking; and ſhow how fine were his conceptions for architectural deſign.

One of Stothard's early and moſt impreſſive compoſitions was his Boadicea haranguing the Britons. The Britiſh Queen ſtands

* By the recommendation and praiſe-worthy exertions of Mr. Carpenter (the keeper of the print-room), all Mr. Balmanno's valuable collection of prints, after Stothard's works, were purchaſed for the Britiſh Museum, and now form one of the greateſt treaſures under that gentleman's care. They amount, I believe, to nearly four thousand in number. To give a catalogue of them, with a very brief notice of each, would require a volume.

† This picture was engraved in the Bijou for 1827.

erect in her car, with all the grandeur of an antique Bellona. She appears, with flowing hair, attired in long drapery, well adapted to diſplay her form. With her right arm raiſed and extended, and a ſpear in her left hand, ſhe

Boadicea, the British Queen, animating the Britons to defend their country against the Romans. Engraved by Sharpe.

ſeems, by her eloquent harangue, to fix in profound attention the hardy and manly race of Britons by whom ſhe is ſurrounded. Two of their chiefs ſtand neareſt to the car; whilſt, ſeated behind the Queen, are ſeen her hapleſs daughters. The one covers her face with her hands, to conceal the violence of

her grief; whilſt her ſiſter wears the air of broken-hearted ſorrow. Nothing can exceed the feminine grace of theſe figures, nor the effect produced by contraſt between the deep dejection of the daughters and the bold bearing of their mother, who, animated by the ſpirit of vindictive retribution, would requite their injuries by force of arms. The group of Britons ſhows great ſkill in the compoſition; a multitude appear, but without confuſion; all is diſtinct and intelligible; and not one figure is ſeen but what is eſſential to the whole *en maſſe*. The horſes are fine, and in character remind us of the Elgin Marbles. They alſo partake of Stothard's grace; the one pawing the ground, with a beautifully arched neck; the other rearing. The very flowers in the foreground are introduced with care; and the ornaments at the top of the picture are appropriate. Nothing is neglected.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Canterbury Pilgrims—The ſubject ſuggeſted by Cromek—The characters introduced—Remarks on the ſame—Hoppner and Stubbs—Schiavonetti commences the engraving of the Pilgrims—Dies—The plate finiſhed by Heath—Stothard's letter on his picture—His Flitch of Bacon—Deſign for Young's Night Thoughts.

I HAVE now to ſpeak of Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrims, the moſt popular of all his works, though he has executed many quite equal to it in merit, none perhaps in difficulty. No artiſt had ever before attempted ſo full and ſo elaborate a painting illuſtrative of the father of Engliſh poetry. Indeed, Chaucer had been moſt undeſervedly neglected, both by the artiſts and the reading public at large, though he was always valued and ſtudied by the few who have a true taſte for poeſy founded on nature, in the manly and unſophiſticated ſtrains of Engliſh verſe. Though genius ſuch as Stothard's generally ſelects its own ſubjects in the higheſt aims of literature and art, yet it is not a little remarkable that ſome of the great efforts of the human mind have ariſen from the ſuggeſtion of others. We have inſtances of this in Milton and in Shakeſpeare (if it be true that Elizabeth ſuggeſted to him the ſubject of the Merry Wives of Windſor), in Cowper's Taſk, and in various other works of no leſs celebrity. With painters, moſt of the old maſters had their ſubjects pointed out to them; ſome were directed to illuſtrate a particular event in hiſtory, in the annals of a noble

houſe, or to decorate the ſhrines and altars of the ſaints with particular paſſages and occurrences from their lives; and the moſt diſtinguiſhed of all Rubens' works, *as a ſeries*, — the Triumphs of the Medici, were painted by royal command.

Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrims owe their exiſtence to the late Mr. Cromek, an engraver, who reſided near the artiſt in Newman-ſtreet. I firſt ſaw the picture at his houſe, ſoon after it had returned from Liverpool and Mancheſter, and other large towns, where it had been exhibited. Mr. Cromek ſaid that he always entertained a wiſh to ſee a picture of Chaucer's pilgrims on the road, travelling in company together, when they determined to beguile the way by telling ſtories. He ſeemed to be quite aware that what might be objected to ſuch a picture was the monotonous uniformity of a proceſſion; and how little ſuch a ſubject appeared capable of admitting variety in the action of the figures, ſo as to preſerve the natural order of a company of horſemen going along a ſtraight road, without (by an attempt at varying the line of march) becoming either too violent or too artificial for a proceſſion; which, however broken, is ſtill a proceſſion, and has in it ſomething formal. "Who could hope to make anything of it?" was always the cry when it was talked about. But Cromek felt convinced that, in the hands of Stothard, the ſubject was one capable of being made a great deal of, without the faults that were apprehended having anything to do with it.

This work, thus ſuggeſted by an engraver whoſe name is ſcarcely known (and it deſerves not to be forgotten), was undertaken and executed in a comparatively ſhort ſpace of time. It is now before the eyes of every one; for few houſes, where the maſter has a library, or has any pretenſions to a love or knowledge of the fine

arts, are without the print, framed and hung in a conſpicuous place. Thouſands have ſeen it, both abroad and at home, and everywhere is it equally admired and praiſed.

In the pilgrims, Stothard has diſcriminated the characters with the utmoſt judgment and delicacy of tact, following cloſely the poet, and never maſquerading or groteſquing his creations. There is great merit in this; for *Hamlet's* obſervation to the players on the liberties they take with their authors is quite as applicable to the painters, who too often do much more than is ſet down for them, in illuſtrating the records of hiſtory or the fictions of poetry. In this painting the miller, "dronken of ale," who leads on the cavalcade, playing on the bagpipes (an inſtrument which, in Chaucer's time, was as common in England as it is still in Scotland), appears very careleſs of the good people to whom he acts as piper, to bring them "out of toune;" his own tipſy muſic ſeems to be all that he heeds; his horſe carries him as he liſts. The hoſt is excellent: Stothard has ſeized on the moment for repreſenting him when he ſtops his ſteed, and holding up the lots in his hand, propoſes the recounting of tales, to beguile the time on the road to Beckett's ſhrine. He truly gives us the man deſcribed by the poet, as

> "A fairer burgeſs is there none in Chepe,
> Bold of his ſpeech, and wiſe, and well y-taught."

The *Wife of Bath*, who forms a moſt prominent object in the group, is repreſented to the life; ſhe has all the joyance and hearty good-will of a blithe and bold ſpirit, unchecked by any delicacy of ſentiment or courtly reſerve of manners. She is not nice enough to ride quietly along, as the *Prioreſs* does, in ſuch a mixed company,

but laughs and jeſts with all around her. She is ſpeaking to the *Pardoner*, who, by the arch expreſſion of his countenance, and his action (that of pointing to the bag of papal pardons that he carries with him, as a welcome commodity, to market with at Canterbury), ſeems to be cracking ſome joke with her, and recommending to the jovial dame the indulgent contents of his holy bag. The painter himſelf uſed jocoſely to ſay that he liked occaſionally to take his ſtand near the *Wife of Bath*, liſtening to ſome of her pleaſant and witty ſayings. "You will find me," he ſaid, reſting by the bridle of her ſteed." It ſhows great judgment in Stothard that he has not repreſented the *Wife of Bath* as a groſs or diſguſting woman. She is to Chaucer's party what Ninon de L'Enclos was, ſome centuries after, to the court of Louis XIV.—a refined voluptuary, delicate in appearance, not in mind or manners. She rides, like the Muſe of Comedy, light and gaily along.

To the *Wife of Bath* Stothard has well oppoſed the *Lady Prioreſs*—the moſt minutely drawn, and perhaps delicately ſhaded and relieved of all the poet's characters in the Pilgrimage. She ſits her horſe with a quiet and graceful eaſe; and appears to be engaged in converſation with the nun who is her "chapellaine." Her attitude, perſon, face, air, and dreſs, are in exact agreement with Chaucer. As we look on her we ſee a gentle and a modeſt lady in holy bonds—"*a Prioreſſe*,"

> "That of her ſmiling was full ſimple and coy,
> Hire greateſt oath n' was but by Seint Eloy."

Chaucer enumerates her accompliſhments admirably, from the ſtyle of ſinging the ſervice in the church, to her French, which was derived from the faſhion of her day—

"Entuned in hire noſe ful ſwetely;
And French ſhe ſpok ful faire and feſtily,
After the ſcole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For French of Paris was to hire unknowe."

In the days of the poet, the uſe of knives and forks were reſerved for the carver, not for thoſe who ate. The extreme attention on the part of a lady of ſo pure a mind as the *Prioreſs*, in the nicety obſerved by her at table, is particularly noticed by Chaucer; and it ſhows his careful obſervation of human nature, ſince delicacy at meals is not only the diſtinction of a gentlewoman, but, like nicety in dreſs, it is one of the never-failing indications of a delicate mind; coarſe and abſent feeders, and ſlovenly and negligent perſons (though there may be a few rare exceptions) are, for the moſt part, groſs and ſelfiſh ſpirits, for they ſeldom reſpect either others or themſelves; hence is it that good manners have their ſilent witneſſes in perſonal attire and in demeanour whilſt partaking of a meal at table; and if ſuch manners and obſervances are not abſolutely virtues, they indicate virtues in thoſe who practiſe them. How carefully did the *Lady Prioreſs* conduct herſelf at the ſocial board—

"She lette no morſel from hire lippes falle,
Ne wette her fingers in hire ſauce deepe;
Wel coulde ſhe carry a morſel, and wel keepe;
Hire over-lippe wiped ſhe ſo clene,
That in her cuppe was no ferthing ſene
Of greſſe when ſhe dronken hadde her draught."

Her humility, her tenderneſs and feeling, are beautifully deſcribed by Chaucer, and as nicely preſerved in the modeſt air, and the ſweet and feminine deportment by the painter. She was lively, too—not a melancholy religioniſt:

"And ſickerly ſhe was of grete diſport,
And ful pleaſaunt and amiable of port;
And peined her to counterfeten chere
Of court, and ben eſtatelich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence;
But for to ſpeken of hire conſcience,
She was ſo charitable and ſo piteous,
She would wepe if that ſhe ſaw a mouſe
Caughte in a trappe, if it were dede or bledde.
Of ſmall hounddes hadde ſhe that ſhe fedde
With roaſted fleſh, and milke and waſtel brede;
But ſore wept ſhe if one of them were dede,
Or if men ſmote it with a yerde ſmert,
And all was conſcience and tender herte."

The temptation to quote Chaucer when we look on Stothard's beautiful Pilgrimage, is almoſt irreſiſtible. But I muſt forbear, and confine myſelf to a few general remarks; as to expatiate on every character in the piece, excellent as they are, would require a little volume. The Surrey Hills are ſeen in the background; and for thoſe hills the artiſt made ſketches on the ſpot, from the Old Kent Road, near Peckham. The company in the picture, when they begin to tell their tales, are not ſuppoſed to be more than a couple of miles out of town. They had quitted "The Tabard," in Southwark, early in the morning, in the month of April; a time of year when, if ſo fanciful a parallel may be indulged, we may liken Nature to a damſel of fifteen; opening and bluſhing, and diſplaying a promiſe that is too advanced for childhood, and not ſufficiently put forth for womanhood; where the ſmiles and tears rapidly chaſe each other; where there is more of ſweetneſs than energy, and where gentleneſs and tenderneſs give the aſſurance of a ſummer warmth of feeling that is to follow; like the beautiful flowers and glow of a June day, and an autumn rich in the fruits

and the harveſt, which both the previous ſeaſons contribute to make plenteous.

The hour of the morning, at ſuch a time of the year, is marked in the picture by a deep-toned colour; and the effects of light and ſhade, of foreground and diſtance, are in perfect harmony the one with the other, yet ſo nicely managed, that they are but ſecondary to the train of figures, nothing being ſo brought forward, or made of ſo much importance, as to divert the attention from the characters of the piece; the eye reſts on them at once. The portrait of Chaucer is introduced as one of the company. This was painted from a portrait of the poet, ſtill preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum, and ſaid to be executed by Thomas Occleve, who was Chaucer's pupil. It repreſents a remarkably handſome man, of a thoughtful countenance, who ſeems to be obſerving what is paſſing around him, but without taking any prominent part in the diſcourſe. This is a touch true to nature; ſince, with ſome few and rare exceptions, men of great genius are the worſt companions that can be found in ordinary ſociety. Whilſt the world around him are buſied in their own matters, or on little and common things, the man of genius is buſied in that world only as the bee is among the flowers, to glean the modicum which each individual may ſupply, to ſtore it in his own hive, and there to build up his fabric of ſuch ſweet food, that no man, like no one flower, could fix on or recogniſe the individual portion that may have been derived from himſelf, now that it has undergone the change and the refinement and the depoſiting in thoſe beautiful cells of order and of grace, that are, in the poet's mind, like the waxen caves of the bee, the treaſury he forms for himſelf, and whence he draws forth all his wealth and diſpenſes it to others.

The *Knight* and the young *Squire* are prominent characters in the picture. The latter rides a beautiful white horſe; and by its being introduced in the foreground, relieves the whole group. Stothard excelled in painting the horſe; and in this he reſembled Rubens. In the Pilgrimage, the animals are as various and as characteriſtic as their riders; and the way in which he has contrived to break and diverſify the monotonous line in the proceſſion, without placing any one figure in an uncommon poſition, ſhows the very conſummation of the artiſt's judgment. It is a complete triumph over the difficulty that was moſt apprehended, and one which no man but of the higheſt order of invention could overcome; for there is no repetition in the picture, and Stothard has, in this inſtance, contrived to turn a defect of ſubject into a merit of art. I have only to add, that in the coſtume of the characters, the moſt ſcrupulous exactneſs was obſerved. The painter, aſſiſted by his ſon Charles, collected from manuſcripts of the time of Chaucer, preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum, alſo from monumental effigies, &c., his authority for the armour of the knight and all the other dreſſes; not the ſlighteſt accompaniment was neglected.

In every work of merit, it is of intereſt to trace the progreſs of the mind from the firſt idea to the full development of the ſubject. In a work of art, though it may gradually be improved in giving variety to the detail, or in thoſe combinations which ariſe from deliberate conſideration, yet it is *the firſt conception* which invariably gives originality and grandeur. That conception, like the firſt impulſe of the heart, is the reſult of feeling; called forth by a flight of the imagination which views, as it were at once, the ſcene of its own creation. With this glorious viſion the mind becomes

impreſſed; and all that remains for the judgment to accompliſh is to arrange the ſubordinate parts; and to render diſtinct the grand combinations which form the whole. Hence is it that the ſketches or the firſt deſign of ſome of the fineſt works of art become ſo precious; and hence it is that the pen-and-ink ſketch by Stothard of the Pilgrims of Chaucer will here be found of ſo much intereſt. But this is not the only one he made for the ſubject; I am informed that Mr. Vaughan has, in his collection, another even more curious than the preſent, which Miſs Denman has kindly allowed to be engraved for theſe pages.

I cannot do better than to cloſe my brief notice of this extraordinary painting, by giving the following extract of a letter from the pen of the late Mr. Hoppner, R.A., on the ſubject:—

"In reſpect of the execution of the various parts of this pleaſing deſign, it is not too much praiſe to ſay, that it is wholly free from that vice which the painters term *manner;* and it has this peculiarity beſides, which I do not remember to have ſeen in any picture, ancient or modern, that it bears no mark of the period in which it was painted, but might very well paſs for the work of ſome able artiſt of the time of Chaucer. This effect is not, I believe, the reſult of any aſſociation of ideas connected with the coſtume, but appears in a primitive ſimplicity, and the total abſence of all affectation, either of colour or pencilling. Having attempted to deſcribe a few of the beauties of this captivating performance, it remains only for me to mention one great defect—the picture is, notwithſtanding appearances, A MODERN ONE. But, if you can diveſt yourſelf of the general prejudice that exiſts againſt contemporary talent, you will ſee a work that would have done honour to any ſchool at any period."

Nothing can be more true than the remarks thus elegantly expreſſed, and generouſly felt, by Mr. Hoppner. Stothard's Pilgrims have, indeed, no fault but their want of age, and that every year will leſſen; for though time, both by poet and painter, is repreſented as an old man, yet for one ſo aged, he is unqueſtionably the ſwifteſt runner in the world. In all reſpects the Pilgrims reflect honour, not merely on the artiſt himſelf, but on the ſchool of Britiſh art, that ſuch a picture ſhould have been produced by a member of the Royal Academy ſo ſoon after its foundation.

One circumſtance connected with this work is too remarkable to be omitted. Whilſt it was in progreſs, Stubbs, the animal painter, called on Stothard, and requeſted to view his Canterbury Pilgrims, ſaying, he felt a great curioſity to ſee a picture in which nearly twenty horſes were introduced. On looking at it, Stubbs exclaimed: "Mr. Stothard, it has been ſaid, that I underſtand horſes pretty well; but I am aſtoniſhed at yours. You have well ſtudied thoſe creatures, and transferred them to canvas with a life and animation, which, until this moment, I thought impoſſible. And you have alſo ſuch a variety of them; pray, do tell me, where did you get your horſes?"

"From everyday obſervation," replied Stothard; and Stubbs departed, acknowledging that he could do nothing in compariſon with ſuch a work. His wonder would have been greater ſtill, had he known, what was the fact, that the Canterbury Pilgrims, like many of Stothard's pictures, was, for the principal part, painted by candle-light.

The celebrated Schiavonetti commenced the engraving of it. He proceeded as far as the etching, which, as all the drawing in the plate depends on it, was a happy circumſtance. Stothard

Facsimile of Stothard's first Sketch for the Canterbury Pilgrims, in the possession of Miss Denman

ſpoke in the higheſt terms of that etching; the Italian artiſt had preſerved all the ſpirit of the original; but he did not live to go beyond this delicate and introductory part of the taſk. Previous to his death, Mr. Cromek died, and another (whoſe name I do not remember) undertook it; but he had ſoon a ſimilar fate with the former engraver; the plate was at length beautifully finiſhed by Heath; it ſpeedily became a univerſal favourite; whilſt the fame of Stothard ſpread rapidly throughout the country.

The Canterbury Pilgrims was exhibited by itſelf (the admiſſion one ſhilling each perſon) at all the great towns in England, and alſo at Edinburgh and Dublin. The engraving was brought out by ſubſcription (the proofs ſix guineas, the common impreſſions three guineas each), it had altogether the moſt extenſive ſale of anything of the kind publiſhed within the laſt hundred years; and the picture itſelf, which ultimately was productive of ſuch golden profit, and in ſo many ways, was ſold (ſo it has been ſtated in a letter by Stothard) by Mr. Cromek for three hundred pounds, to the late Mr. Hart Davis, of Bath; but Mr. Alfred Stothard ſays, the ſum paid for it by the latter was five hundred pounds.*

The reader will be ſurpriſed when he learns how ſmall, in proportion not only to its merit and its ſucceſs, but to the labour Stothard beſtowed upon it, was the pecuniary reward he received

* When one day, during the abſence of Mr. Cromek, a ſon of Mr. Stothard was ſhowing the Canterbury Pilgrims to the late Duke of Glouceſter and Sir John Leiceſter, his royal highneſs enquired if the picture was to be ſold, and the price of it. On being informed that Mr. Cromek intended firſt to have it engraved, the duke ſaid, after it was engraved it ought not to be ſold for leſs than 500*l.* It has been ſaid, but I know not with what degree of correctneſs, that the picture of the Canterbury Pilgrims has been injured in the colouring, by the ſtrong lights to which it was expoſed, whilſt being exhibited at ſo many provincial towns.

for this the moſt celebrated and popular of all the productions of his pencil. I am aware that ſince his and Mr. Cromek's deceaſe, a difference of ſtatement has been made reſpecting the ſum paid to him. I had been led to believe it was two hundred pounds, till his ſon Alfred (ſince his father's death) aſſured me it was only ſixty pounds. However, I have now a document before me, found amongſt Stothard's papers, *in his own hand writing*, which for ever ſets the queſtion at reſt. It is the rough draft of a letter to a friend, and though the name of the individual to whom it is addreſſed does not appear, yet, from a paſſage or two in it, I have no doubt it was written to the late Rev. Mr. Markham, of Bolton Percy, who was a great friend and patron of Stothard, and poſſeſſed ſome of his moſt beautiful works. As the fact ſtated in this letter is of conſiderable intereſt in the Biography of Engliſh Hiſtorical Painters, I ſhall give the extract which refers to the Canterbury Pilgrims entire, though it is in a very rough ſtate. It bears no date.*

"MY DEAR SIR,

"* * * I have to thank you for your kind offer of advancing a part, conjointly with other of my friends, who wiſh me well, as to the publication of the Canterbury Pilgrims. I certainly wiſh it completed on the ſcore of my reputation, as well as on that of the family of poor Cromek. The ſum the engraver requeſts is three hundred and thirty guineas, to be paid in three inſtalments; for this, he promiſes to complete it in fifteen

* Mr. A. Stothard ſays, that his father made *three copies* of the Canterbury Pilgrims. One was certainly for Mr. Benſon, of Doncaſter; and another for Mr. Rogers; for whom might be the third is unknown.

months, from the time he begins it. Mrs. Cromek has (with a view to Schiavonetti proceeding on it immediately) ſold Blair's Grave for one hundred and twenty pounds. [Here a few words are torn off the letter.] The plate is in progreſs, and I think may procure more . . . writing to the different ſubſcribers, with a requeſt of one. . . . If this does not complete the ſum, ſome other means muſt be. . . . On mature reflection, I am averſe to enter into a reſponſibility for ſo large a ſum as four hundred; nor, between ourſelves, am I confident how clear Cromek has ſtood with the father of Mrs. C. Beſides this, I muſt turn printer's devil, publiſher, &c., &c.; and, for a time, quit my profeſſional habits. But, if you pleaſe, I will requeſt you to ſuſpend this buſineſs to a future time—perhaps, when I ſee you in town, which I hope will be ſoon: at preſent I wiſh them to try their ſubſcribers. When I undertook to paint the picture of the Canterbury Pilgrims, the price agreed was *ſixty pounds:* the degree of finiſh was left to me at the concluſion of it. In the progreſs of the work, the ſubject and deſign appearing more important—worthy of more attention than either of us at firſt apprehended, Mr. Cromek himſelf made the following propoſition: That, if I on my part would give one month's additional attention to the picture, over and above what was at firſt agreed, he would make the ſum one hundred pounds. This additional forty was to be paid as ſoon as he could collect from his ſubſcribers. This he did not do; excuſing himſelf on the ſcore of the expenſe he was at in advertiſing, &c., &c. He ſold the picture to Mr. Hart Davis for three hundred pounds, or guineas. He then in like manner excuſed himſelf as he had done before; and as I received his plea of his ſucceſs with the public with indulgence, and as the plate was

in progreſs towards completion, deferred my demand till publication. This I have done in his alleged difficulties. Schiavonetti's death following ſoon after, put a ſtop to the work; and from what ſucceeded to this ſoon after, I had additional reaſon *not to urge my demand on the widow.*"

The concluding paragraph ſhows the kindneſs of Stothard's heart; that he would not preſs the payment of the promiſed additional forty pounds on the widow. Alfred Stothard told me that his father never received it; but that Mrs. Cromek ſent him a number of impreſſions of the plate of the Pilgrims inſtead of it. Of courſe he was at liberty to ſell them if he could; but Mr. Stothard had neither leiſure nor inclination to turn printſeller; and there they lay in his portfolio, without, I believe, one being taken off his hands. It is but juſtice, however, to the memory of both Mr. and Mrs. Cromek, to ſtate that he died in very narrow circumſtances; and, it muſt not be forgotten, this melancholy event occurred before the publication of the print.

It may alſo with truth be obſerved, that the very high finiſh Stothard beſtowed on the picture was, on his part, a labour of love; and affords another proof, were it needed, how little he cared for the price, ſo long as the painting was perfect. To do juſtice to his ſubject was always his firſt object, and the great point of his ambition. He never courted the faſhion of the day in his drawings; for though the works of no individual artiſt have ever been ſo often engraved (principally in books), yet he never executed one deſign with a view to attracting in the print-ſhops.

Before I quit the ſubject, I muſt not omit noticing that, by the following extract from one of Stothard's letters, we learn that when

he made two copies from the Canterbury Pilgrims, he not only ſomewhat varied from the original picture, but hoped he had improved on the general effect:—

"To J. BENSON, Esq., Doncaſter.

"DEAR SIR, September 13th, 1813.

"You will think me negligent, not having ſent your portrait ſoon after your leaving town. The truth is, I have been ſo entirely engaged in copying the Pilgrims for my friend Rogers, of the ſame ſize, and one larger for yourſelf, and for this I put everything aſide; and laſt week I completed the buſineſs. As the panel of this picture is not ſo ſtout, I have put it into the frame wherein the Shakeſpeare was exhibited, and well ſecured it in a good caſe. It is now on the road to Doncaſter, by the waggon from the Bull and Mouth Inn. They tell me it will reach you in a week. I have lengthened the compoſition a little, and have made ſome trifling additions, and a tranſpoſition in the group of the five citizens; and as to the colouring and effect, I have endeavoured to ſtrengthen both. I hope you will think ſo when you ſee it. It will give me great pleaſure if I have ſucceeded to your ſatisfaction."——

Many years after (when Stothard was nearly ſeventy) he deſigned The Flitch of Bacon, which, for form, and ſize, and ſubject, becomes a companion to the Pilgrims, though ſo much later a work.* The nature of that ſubject gives an air of feſtal triumph to every gay figure in the group. Before the young and

* The Flitch of Bacon was a drawing made in ſepia; the peculiar effect of which, as a drawing, was admirably transferred to the plate by the engraver, Watts,—eſpecially in the background.

amiable pair who have won the flitch, is ſeen a ſerving man bearing it along. By the ſide of his horſe walk the country minſtrels, who head the proceſſion with harmony. Two lovely and ſylph-like damſels run before the animal that bears the wedded couple, ſtrewing flowers. After them follows a train of friends and attendants, crowned with garlands,—ſome mounted, others on foot. The picture is cloſed by a group of figures who ſtand as ſpectators. Amongſt theſe, the painter has introduced himſelf;—the head is in profile, the likeneſs faithful. A beautiful young gentlewoman, who ſtands in the midſt with a fan of feathers in her hand, is liſtening to ſome remark made to her by one of her own ſex, whilſt her head modeſtly inclines downward to avoid the admiring looks of two young cavaliers, each mounted, who cloſe the proceſſion, and who ſeem to be equally ſtruck by her beauty. One of them is touching his hat to her, with a fixed gaze of admiration; the other bows bare-headed, but appears to look upon her with more diffidence, leſs in the face. The painter, by theſe figures, which form a little epiſode in the ſtory of the Flitch, ſeems to indicate that between the two young men a future rivalry is likely to ſpring up for ſo fair a prize. The landſcape, and every accompaniment of the painting, is light, glowing, and exhilarating. From this circumſtance, it is a deſerved favourite. The dreſſes of the figures in this charming ſubject repreſent the pictureſque coſtume of the time of Charles the Firſt.

I muſt not omit a ſlight notice of one of Stothard's moſt fearfully impreſſive deſigns, from Young's Night Thoughts. Death ſtarting up from the table of Intemperance. His maſk diſplaced, with one hand he raiſes the bowl above his head, and with the other graſps the mouth of one of the revellers, ſuddenly ſtopping

his breath; whilſt the miſerable group around lie overthrown in the midſt of their intoxicating riot. Altogether, there is in this treatment of the ſubject an energy replete with terror and with awe.

—— He drops his mask,
Frowns out at full, they ſtart, deſpair, expire.

From Young's Night Thoughts. 1802.

CHAPTER IX.

Jubilee of 1814—Temple of Concord—The Wellington Shield—His deſigns and models for it—Etches the ſubjects from his own drawings—Duke and Ducheſs of Wellington come to ſee the work—The Shield preſented—Stothard's letter to the Duke—Reſult of an interview with his Grace—Deſigns for plate, for George the Fourth's Salver, and for the Wellington Vaſe—Elected Librarian of the Royal Academy, 1817.

ALTHOUGH thouſands have paſſed away ſince the event occurred, yet are there many ſtill ſurviving who can remember the grand National Jubilee of 1814, when the Emperor Alexander of Ruſſia and the King of Pruſſia, the young Princes, with that bluff but brave old General, Blucher, and the Hetman Platoff, viſited England, and received a welcome that did honour to the heart and the hoſpitality of John Bull. It was not then foreſeen that the next year, 1815, was to be marked by the crowning victory of the Allied Powers, and the final ſubjugation of the greateſt tyrant that ever lived. A general thankſgiving for what was then conſidered the concluſion of an arduous and protracted war, was proclaimed; and in July the Regent and the Royal party attended the celebration of Divine Service in the Cathedral of St. Paul's, and ſoon after (in Auguſt, I think,) the grand Jubilee took place.

Amongſt other temporary erections deſigned for Hyde Park, was the Temple of Concord. This, divided into four compartments, was to be painted with tranſparent decorations by ſome firſtrate artiſt of the day. From circumſtances which occurred,

Stothard fancied he was to be choſen; but ſhortly after, the late Mr. Howard, R.A., waited upon him, and told him that he was making deſigns for the Temple, and wiſhed for his aſſiſtance in executing them, as he (Mr. Howard) had been appointed for the taſk. Stothard felt a little hurt, and delicately replied, that he was himſelf an hiſtorical painter, and never painted but from his own deſigns; but if Mr. Howard choſe to let him take a compartment, he had no objection; but he really could not copy from the inventions of another artiſt. Nothing more was ſaid, and Mr. Howard took his leave.

The Temple was to *revolve* ſlowly during the evening and night of the Jubilee, ſo that whatever ſubjects were painted in the compartments might be ſeen by all, and the crowd of ſpectators need not ſhift their ground. The work commenced, but difficulties aroſe, and at laſt it was found that it could not poſſibly be completed in due ſeaſon without the aid of Stothard's ready invention and rapid pencil. He was therefore *ſolicited* to take a compartment, and at once conſented; and (though very little time remained for the execution of it) choſe for his ſubject the Golden Æra, and the Triumph of Britannia, who appeared in a car drawn by four beautiful white horſes. The picture was about thirty feet in length.

There was no room in the artiſt's own houſe to execute a work on ſo large a ſcale. I will not be certain, but I think he painted it in ſome ſpacious apartment allotted for him at the Mews. But, wherever it was, in company with ſome of the members of his family, and my own, and Mr. Conſtable, the landſcape painter, I had the good fortune to ſee it a day or two before it was removed. Never ſhall I forget the delight we all experienced at the ſight of

ſuch a noble effort of Stothard's genius; and all agreed it was to be lamented that ſuch a work was to be devoted to an evaneſcent purpoſe—the exhibition of a night's rejoicing! The whole group was fine; and the horſes ſeemed inſtinct with life and action. Stothard appeared gratified that his friends were ſo pleaſed with his performance; but little did the venerable painter dream of the mortification which awaited him as his reward.

Who had the direction of *the revolving part of the machinery*, I will not pretend to ſay; but, probably from careleſſneſs or error, it was made to turn a contrary way to the heads of Stothard's horſes; ſo that had the tranſparency been put up as he painted it, they would have backed Britannia in her car, with their tails foremoſt! Stothard's beautiful painting therefore was compelled to be diſplayed before the public *the wrong ſide outward!* It is almoſt needleſs to ſay that it cauſed the deep, rich tone and colour of the picture to appear feeble, and the outline ſomewhat indiſtinct. But, notwithſtanding, it ſurpaſſed all the other three tranſparencies, and was by far the moſt admired. It is the only one that graced the Temple of Concord which has been preſerved; and it now reſts in obſcurity, I am informed, at Woolwich Rotunda in the Arſenal. It deſerves to be ſtill further preſerved by the engraver.*

For ſome fête given by the Prince Regent at Carlton Houſe, about this period, Stothard alſo painted a tranſparency, which was diſplayed in the ſupper-room; but I do not know the ſubject. I recollect, however, his ſaying that whilſt he was engaged upon it, the Prince, with ſome Ducheſs leaning on his arm, came in, and admired his work; and, on the former aſking him if he were not a

* A ſmall picture from it was ſent to the Exhibition.

German, he replied, "No, your Royal Highneſs, I am an Engliſhman."

I do not know the date of the year in which Stothard was employed to make his deſigns for the Wellington Shield: they form one of his great works. The merchants and bankers of London, at a public meeting, had agreed on preſenting a ſilver-gilt ſhield to the Duke, as a mark of their ſenſe of his merit as the greateſt general of modern times. The ſubſcription raiſed for the purpoſe exceeded 7000*l.* A committee was appointed, for carrying out the intention of the merchants, and competition was invited, in reſpect both to ſilverſmiths and artiſts. From ſome of the former, as many as three or four ſets of deſigns, each by a different artiſt, were laid before the ſuperintending authorities. Stothard, whoſe genius for deſign ſtood above all the artiſts of his day, in the opinion of all acquainted with his works, was, firſt or laſt, applied to by every manufacturer who became a competitor for the ſhield. From ſome cauſe he gave the preference to Meſſrs. Ward and Green (previouſly ſtrangers to him), of Ludgate Hill. The artiſts thus invited without any reſtriction, were to ſend in their deſigns for the compartments of this great trophy, by a fixed day. The ſubjects were, of courſe, to be ſelected from the military career of the victorious general.

Stothard found he had exactly three weeks before him to ſtudy the hiſtory of the war, to make choice of his ſubjects, to execute all his deſigns, and to ſend them in to the committee.* To any other than genius of the higheſt order, perfected by long practice,

* Mr. Alfred Stothard tells me that his father commenced his taſk by carefully making extracts from the deſpatches of the period, in his own handwriting, and that they filled many pages of a manuſcript folio volume.

by having gained a facility in embodying its conceptions, the taſk to be performed in ſo ſhort a time would have been impoſſible. Stothard attempted, and achieved it; and his drawings ſo infinitely ſurpaſſed all competition, that they were ultimately choſen without a diſſentient voice.* Thoſe who have never ſeen them, can form no idea of the aſtoniſhing rapidity with which ſuch a taſk muſt have been performed. When I firſt ſaw them, well knowing the circumſtances under which they had been executed, I was dumb with amazement, though I had long known enough of the mind of the great painter to conſider it equal to any object on which its energies might be turned.

It ſtruck Stothard, that The Shield of Achilles (executed ſome years before by Flaxman), in reſpect to the arrangement of the compartments, having each a ſeparate ſubject, would apply with propriety to the work in queſtion. His deſigns for the Wellington Shield were rather large drawings, and executed in ſepia. They commenced with the Battle of Aſſaye, in the Eaſt Indies, conducted the gallant Duke through all his brilliant victories in the Peninſular War, and concluded with his receiving the ducal coronet from the hands of the Prince Regent. Theſe ſubjects are ranged in compartments, within a wreath of oak twined round the ſhield. In the centre, the General is ſeen ſeated on horſeback, ſurrounded by the moſt eminent officers engaged in the war. Tyranny lies ſubdued and trampled under his horſe's feet; whilſt Victory places a laurel crown upon his head. The wonder of the central group,

* So great was the intereſt involved by competition amongſt the chief ſilverſmiths of London, that another artiſt, employed by Ward and Green (the well known Weſtall, R.A.), received no leſs a ſum than 500*l.* for his *unsuccessful* deſigns; whilſt Stothard, for his numerous, beautiful, and ſucceſsful ſeries, charged far leſs.

perhaps, principally conſiſts in the management of the horſes. Theſe, full of ſpirit and animation, are introduced *within the circle*, but without the ſlighteſt confuſion, or interference with each other. All theſe evolutions of the chargers emanate from the centre, which is in itſelf a moſt original conception, inaſmuch as there is no ſubject that could ever have been thought capable of ſuggeſting ſuch a combination, except it were the Quadriga of the ancients, or the horſes as repreſented on the different gems and friezes of antiquity. But theſe are ſeldom, if ever, ſeen other than in profile; ſome of Stothard's are in the front view. Even in the Decemjugis, of which there is an inſtance given in one of Trajan's medals, none of the horſes are ſeen in the front view.

One remark may be added, that unleſs this group, ſo arranged and ſo combined, be the creation of his own genius, it poſſibly might have been ſuggeſted to him by that ſublime viſion in the Apocalypſe, where the heavens are ſuddenly opened, and the Word of God or Chriſt comes forth ſeated on a white horſe, followed by the armies of Heaven alſo on white horſes, clothed in white, and about to deſcend to take vengeance upon earth. Certain it is, that we may ſay of this group, though it is poetically ſupernatural, it does not ſeem to be a violation of nature.*

Stothard's drawing was the ſize propoſed for the ſhield, three feet and four inches diameter. It was ſent in to the committee at the time ſpecified. But when they were aſſembled, ſome of the members (who had, of courſe unſucceſsfully, applied to Stothard to make deſigns for Rundell and Bridge, after he was engaged with

* A duplicate copy by Stothard himſelf, of theſe moſt beautiful drawings for the Wellington Shield, is in the poſſeſſion of Samuel Rogers, Eſq., the poet.

Ward and Green), being much intereſted for Rundell's houſe, pleaded for more time; as that given to the ſeveral artiſts, was not enough for a fair competition. Three weeks more were granted. But although Stothard's drawings were even then (in their firſt ſtate) finiſhed, and on the table of the committee-room, he determined in his own mind to profit by the delay. A happy thought ſtruck him; he took them home, and, unknown to all concerned, altered the centre compartment of his deſign; by there placing Wellington, ſurrounded by all his diſtinguiſhed generals on horſeback. Victory, as a graceful female, about to place the laurel crown on the victor's brow,—and Anarchy, with the broken ſword; Diſcord, with the extinguiſhed torch; and Tyranny, with his diſplaced maſk and uſeleſs dagger, beneath the warrior's feet: theſe ſymbolic figures are, in grandeur, equal to Michel Angelo.

But the wonder of Stothard's talents concerning the Wellington Shield, was not confined to the manner in which he executed the deſigns. It was of courſe neceſſary, before the chaſing of the ſilver was commenced, that an exact model of the drawings to be ſo chaſed, ſhould be executed as a guide to the perſons who were to be employed in ſo nice a work. A Mr. Tollemach was choſen, but he died ſuddenly, ſoon after he was appointed to the taſk, and ſome difficulty aroſe as to who ſhould ſucceed him; when, to the extreme ſurpriſe of all, Stothard offered to make the models himſelf from his own deſigns; and, with a rapidity ſcarcely leſs extraordinary than his former exertions, and wholly unpractiſed as he was in this branch of art, he produced one of the moſt maſterly models ever executed of its kind.

The peculiar and *original* means he adopted in the execution of this work, and the beautiful and extraordinary effects produced by

thoſe means, are worthy a record.* Stothard, in the production of the various maſſes in the model, employed *a camel's hair pencil;* and with this he laid on the clay in as pulpy a ſtate as poſſible. Such a proceſs completely anſwered. It enabled him to give thoſe graceful and flowing lines, whether of the human form, or of the drapery of his ſubject, with a taſte and a delicacy that equalled even the drawings he had made. If painters were ſurpriſed by the great conceptions of his genius in the deſigns for the ſhield, ſculptors were abſolutely aſtoniſhed at the models he had made from them.

Theſe were finiſhed and placed before the perſons who were choſen to execute the chaſing in the ſilver: the latter were reſident at Camberwell, near London; and here commenced the vexatious and diſappointing part of this great work, to Stothard.

He complained that there was no Benvenuto Cellini to catch the ſpirit of his model, or to preſerve it in the chaſing of the ſhield. He offered his ſervices gratuitously to ſuperintend and direct the work. Many a weary journey did he make from Newman Street to Camberwell, and to very little purpoſe. Repeatedly did he complain of the ſad want of knowledge of effect, and deficiency in drawing, found among chaſers of ſilver, who ought to cultivate the art of drawing, in order to enable themſelves well to execute the practical part of their own art. He ſaid alſo, ſo great was their ſelf-conceit, that (whilſt he was endeavouring, by inſtruction and criticiſm, accompanying his remarks with delineating what he

* They ought, indeed, to be known, as they may become highly uſeful to artiſts who are employed in modelling. Mr. Alfred Stothard aſſures me, that ſuch means as are above ſtated were never yet even attempted by any artiſt except his father.

wanted them to underſtand, whilſt at their elbow), inſtead of attending to him, they would turn aſide their heads with the moſt careleſs indifference, and never heed him; ſo that, at the laſt, he ſaw the taſk completed in its chaſing with anything but ſatisfaction. And this it was which firſt induced him to determine on endeavouring to procure a better record of his deſigns than the chaſing on the ſhield had produced. He reſolved himſelf to make etchings of thoſe deſigns, the ſame in ſize as the originals. But ere I proceed to the hiſtory of the etchings, I muſt mention two or three other circumſtances connected with this national work—for may not a trophy preſented to Wellington by the merchants of London be ſo ſtyled?

I often heard Stothard talk a great deal about it; and I know he agreed in the opinion that a *bronze* ſhield, though leſs coſtly, would have been a richer and more claſſical material for his deſigns, and one more likely to go down to poſterity; ſince, in times of tumult and civil ſtrife (and who can ſay ſuch would never occur again in England?) if they fall into the hands of the rude ſoldiery, or of the multitude, trophies of this nature are leſs likely to eſcape pillage when executed in ſilver than in bronze. Even a memorial to the Duke of Wellington might be conſigned to the melting-pot, if miſrule or rebellion once more gained the maſtery in our land; for the warlike achievements of Henry the Fifth could not ſave his head, formed of ſilver, from the plunder of the godly, who tore it from his tomb in the Abbey of Weſtminſter, when the iron rule of Cromwell had uſurped that of a crowned king.

Whilſt the ſhield was in progreſs, the Duke and Ducheſs of Wellington did the venerable painter the honour of coming to his houſe to ſee it. Unfortunately (though he afterwards had an

interview with the Duke), he was not at home, but his eldeſt ſon, Charles, and another received them. They expreſſed themſelves highly gratified with the interview, and ſpoke of the Duke as a man whoſe ſuperiority was apparent in all he ſaid. Charles, like his father, was impreſſed by the ſtrong good ſenſe which marked the character of his Grace. He looked attentively at every drawing; the remarks he made were decided; not as if he came merely to ſee his actions illuſtrated by Stothard's deſigns for them, but to ſee if the artiſt underſtood what he had been about. He was ſatiſfied. The Duke was a gentleman, but with nothing about him of the courtier; the Ducheſs was very pleaſing and gentle, and ſeemed fond of the arts.

The ſhield was finiſhed and preſented; and for ſome time before the ceremony of preſentation took place, Meſſrs. Ward and Green very liberally and obligingly exhibited it by gratuitous tickets of admiſſion at their houſe in Ludgate Hill, where it was ſeen by moſt perſons of rank and talent of the day. It was indeed a gorgeous work, but I thought it dazzled the eyes too much, and wiſhed again and again that it had been in bronze. I now come to the etchings.

For ſome reaſons of his own, Stothard did not wiſh his intentions to get abroad among his brother artiſts. He determined, therefore, to commence his etching taſk as ſecretly as poſſible, and he did ſo. The etchings were eight in number. The firſt gave (in outline only, and on a ſcale ſmaller than the original) the whole ſhield. The ſecond (of the ſame ſize as the original, and beautiful for the light, ſhadow, and half-tint of the etching, as well as for the drawing,) gave the magnificent centre-piece before deſcribed; and the remaining ſix (as highly finiſhed as the centre) conſiſted

of the various ſubjects forming the compartments round the ſhield.

For ſome time the venerable painter carried on his work unknown to the world of art. At length, by means of the copper-plate manufacturer who ſupplied him, the late Mr. James Heath, the celebrated engraver, heard of the very large-ſized copper-plates that were being ſent to Newman Street. His curioſity was excited; and having long been well known to Stothard, he called upon him, and addreſſed the artiſt with "Come, Mr. Stothard, let me ſee what you are about. I hear you have taken up engraving. I was much ſurpriſed. The mechanical part of that art is far more difficult than you are aware of, one which you cannot poſſibly underſtand. It has its peculiarities, and they are of very great difficulty. But let me ſee your plates." One was inſtantly produced; laid before and inſpected by Heath. Nothing could exceed the aſtoniſhment of the veteran engraver on beholding the work; he expreſſed his admiration and wonder in the ſtrongeſt terms; and with how much truth and juſtice, all who ſee theſe magnificent etchings will inſtantly admit. Strange to ſay, that of all his works, none are ſo little known as theſe plates; and even the few who are acquainted with them ſeem not to be aware they were wholly executed by his own hand. He told me they had been his winter evenings' amuſement.* I have before ſtated that Stothard's principal motive for undertaking theſe plates was a wiſh

* Although pecuniary reward has really nothing to do with the merit of a work, and for ſome of the very fineſt things Stothard painted, he was frequently worſt paid; yet I muſt not omit ſtating, that for his ſplended deſigns and drawings for the Wellington Shield, he received *his own demand*—150 guineas; a very inadequate ſum for ſuch a work.

to procure a better record of his deſigns than had been achieved by the chaſings on the ſhield. After he had accompliſhed the taſk, he naturally felt a ſtrong deſire for protection, and that no other copies ſhould be engraved from the work. This will be ſeen by the following letters, the rough drafts of which were found among his papers. The firſt is addreſſed:—

"To His Grace the Duke of Wellington.

"My Lord Duke,

"I this morning called on Meſſrs. Green, Ward, and Green, in Ludgate Street, and from them I learnt the ſhield had been preſented to your lordſhip. It was for them I made the deſign, and from them I received permiſſion to make an etching of the ſame, with a view to publication, as ſoon, and whenever the ſhield ſhould be preſented to your lordſhip. As a perſonal ſtranger, I feel a reluctance to addreſs you, did not neceſſity compel me. I now requeſt your lordſhip's protection—for without this communication on my part, your lordſhip might grant to the firſt applicant your permiſſion for him to copy and publiſh, and thus overturn all that has induced me to this undertaking; and which has been the labour of years, beſides my ready ſuperintendance of the manufacture of the ſhield, as far as my ability was of ſervice. I now beg to ſubmit to your lordſhip's inſpection, the impreſſions from the plates I have etched, and likewiſe to requeſt your acceptance of the ſame.

"I am, my Lord Duke, with the greateſt reſpect,

"Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient ſervant,

"Thos. Stothard, R.A.

"No. 28, Newman Street,
"February, 18th, 1822."

To one of the partners of the firm of Meſſrs. Ward and Green (but the copy of the letter does not ſtate to which), he writes thus:—

"DEAR SIR,

"After my parting from you laſt Monday, a thought occurred, that the Duke of Wellington might very poſſibly be applied to, by ſome one wiſhing to publiſh a repreſentation of the ſhield, well or ill—an outline; or perhaps in the preſent faſhionable manner on ſtone, or worſe—equally detrimental to my future proſpects as a publiſher. I was convinced I ſhould be wanting in common prudence, if I delayed another day in getting an interview with his lordſhip. I have now the pleaſure to inform you I have ſeen him; and he has aſſured me that no one ſhall take a copy of the ſhield to my detriment. The Duke, moreover, particularly requeſted me to inform you of this determination; and that you would not allow any one to make a copy without his permiſſion; he concluded with this emphatic remark; 'The ſhield is now mine.' Agreeably to this requeſt of his lordſhip, I take the earlieſt opportunity of informing you of it.

"I hear that moſt of the papers, like the 'New Times,' have given the particulars of the ſubjects on the ſhield, *but without once naming the artist;* an omiſſion very unjuſt to me, and which you ſhould have prevented. I conceive I can no longer delay my buſineſs of publiſhing, but before I do this, I will, agreeably to your requeſt when I was laſt with you, forbear taking any ſteps for a few days. I think this week will be ſufficient to conclude one way or the other. The firſt propoſition I ſubmitted to you, has been rejected, as well as that of the ſecond. Of the firſt I

muſt confeſs I do not ſee the reaſons for thoſe apprehenſions which withhold you from complying with it. As to parting with the work out and out, it has been ever foreign to my ideas; and now, my good ſir, it is ſurely time we came to ſome concluſion; and I only delay taking thoſe ſteps towards publiſhing, that I may hear your final deciſion. This you may be aſſured of is my ſincere wiſh, that the publication ſhould appear connected with Meſſrs. Green, Ward, and Green, rather than with any other.

"I remain, with the greateſt reſpect,

"Your obedient ſervant,

"THOS. STOTHARD.

"No. 28, Newman Street,
"February, 20th, 1822."

It appears from the above, that the Duke of Wellington acted in this matter in a manner worthy of himſelf towards Stothard. It will alſo be ſeen by the latter part of the letter, that the artiſt wiſhed Meſſrs. Ward and Green to take ſome ſhare in the publication; but as he declined parting with the copyright, the negociation ended; and Stothard publiſhed his etchings ſolely on his own account. This was to be lamented; as he had little or no tact in mere matters of buſineſs, and therefore, I believe, the principal benefit he derived from the publication, was the pleaſure he felt in giving a few copies to his moſt particular friends.*

* The terms on which Mr. Stothard publiſhed his plates, etchings from the deſigns of the ſhield, were eight guineas; proofs on India paper (of which only twenty-five copies were printed), ſix guineas the proofs, and three guineas the impreſſions of the ordinary kind. I muſt not omit ſtating, that the year after Stothard made the deſigns in queſtion for Ward and Green, he was employed by the Lord Mayor and

The laſt day we ever had the happineſs of ſpending with him (it was at his own houſe) he preſented us with the whole ſeries, proof impreſſions, of thoſe moſt beautiful etchings. It is needleſs to ſay how they are valued, as coming from ſuch a hand, and as one of the laſt memorials of a connection of years' ſtanding, and one that now awakens the blended recollections of affection, reverence, and regret.

Design for Decanter Label. Facsimile of original sketches with a pen, by Stothard. In the possession of Peter Cunningham, Esq.

Before I entirely quit the ſubject of works in ſilver, I may as well ſtate another thing not generally known reſpecting this great painter, that he made many deſigns for chaſed plate that were of extraordinary beauty. The principal was for the border of an oval ſalver, that was executed for King George the Fourth. It was compoſed of a moſt admirable group of Bacchanalian figures. He alſo made another deſign for a ſimilar work, and for the ſame

committee of gentlemen appointed to promote the ſubſcription for commemorating the victory of Waterloo, to make a deſign for a column to be executed in ſilver, for the purpoſe of preſenting it to the Duke of Wellington. I learn this by a note amongſt his papers, which ſhows that Stothard charged thirty guineas for that deſign. I do not know if the ſilver column was ever executed, but I conclude it was.

Sovereign; and choſe for his ſubject Bacchus and Ariadne, drawn in a chariot by Satyrs. This was imagined and delineated with true claſſic taſte and feeling. All theſe drawings were moſt elaborately finiſhed in ſepia. He made another maſterly ſet of drawings for the houſe of Meſſrs. Rundell and Bridge, of Bacchanals. Theſe were intended for the handles of knives and forks. Amongſt them may more eſpecially be noticed the boar-hunt ſilver-handled knives,* and in a ſimilar bold ſtyle of art, the Stag Hunt was deſigned by him for plate. I have been informed that all theſe (except the groups for George the Fourth) were frequently introduced in the ornamental plate of the Duke of Devonſhire, and of our chief nobility.

I do not know how ſoon after his laſt great victory, The Waterloo Vaſe was preſented to the Duke of Wellington; but it was wrought at the manufactory of thoſe eminent goldſmiths, from Stothard's beautiful deſigns, and his ſon Alfred's maſterly models. Another work, in connection with their firm, muſt here be noticed.

Flaxman was accuſtomed to deſign and model for Meſſrs. Rundell and Bridge, prior to 1809. Commiſſioned by theſe gentlemen, he produced his fine compoſition and model of The Shield of Achilles, which, when wrought in ſilver, was in the poſſeſſion of the late Duke of York. Flaxman, who enthuſiaſtically admired Stothard as an artiſt, and loved him as a friend (and in genius and humility of ſpirit never were friends more congenial), whilſt engaged in this great work delighted to ſhow him

* Sir Francis Chantrey, who many years ago modelled for ſome time in the manufactory of Rundell and Bridge, there made models from theſe deſigns of Stothard, for the boar-hunt handle knives.

the models of the various compartments, to conſult with him upon them, hear his opinions, and often to profit by them. One of the partners (the late John Gawler Bridge, himſelf a ſkilful artiſt,) was ſo much delighted with Flaxman's compoſition, and wiſhing to combine, as it were, the peculiar grace and force of Stothard with the ſculptor's claſſic taſte, that he commiſſioned the former to make a drawing of his friend Flaxman's ſhield, the ſize of the original. This was done in ſepia, and highly finiſhed.*

The next event to be mentioned is that in 1817, on the death of Mr. Birch, librarian to the Royal Academy, Stothard's friend

Design for Decanter Label. Facsimile of original sketches with a pen, by Stothard, In the possession of Peter Cunningham, Esq.

and neighbour, Mr. Benjamin Weſt, perſuaded him to become a candidate for the office; to which he was unanimouſly elected. Whilſt holding it (which he did till the day of his death) Stothard ſuggeſted many improvements for the library, that were adopted by the council. He likewiſe kindly intereſted himſelf for the benefit

* On the death of Mr. Bridge, this magnificent drawing by Stothard, and his ſplendid deſign for the Bacchanalian Salver for George the Fourth were ſold at Chriſtie's, with all the contents of what was called "The Flaxman and Stothard Folio." Mr. White, of Brownlow Street, Bedford Row, bought the firſt-named drawing.

of the ſtudents, aiding them by his advice and aſſiſtance in their purſuits.

During the ſucceſſive ſummers of 1816 and 1817, he viſited his old friend Archdeacon Markham, at his rectory of Bolton Percy, when many of the taſteful architectural embelliſhments, which he had planned, were executed.

Nymph holding a flower.

CHAPTER X.

Stothard engaged to paint the ceiling of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh—His letter on the ſubject—Goes to Dovedale to make drawings in illuſtration of Walton's Angler—Extracts from his Journal—Deſigns for the frieze of the New Palace, and for the Throne-room—George the Fourth's remark on Stothard's unchanged powers —Deſigns for ſculpture—The Children in Lichfield Cathedral.

In the year 1821, Stothard received the firſt intimation of its being the wiſh of ſome of his friends in Scotland that he ſhould paint the ceiling of the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. He ſays, in the rough draft of a letter now before me, that his friend Mr. Flaxman, on his return from the North, "with his uſual zeal," communicated this to him; and in the fragment of another letter, addreſſed by him to Mr. G. Thomſon, of Edinburgh, he writes, that he finds, by Mr. Flaxman's return from that city, the ſculptor had there been engaged "in the meritorious work of meditating a ſituation for the ſtatue of Burns." Stothard adds, "I ſincerely wiſh you joy on your choice of the ſculptor, for I do aſſure you that you have the beſt in Europe now living; a bold word, when we hear the cuckoo praiſes applied to others, his inferiors, for none are his equals for grand and ſimple compoſition."

In the autumn of 1821, Stothard viſited Edinburgh, in conſequence of the offer being regularly made to him that he ſhould undertake the work named. In the next year he commenced and

executed that ſplendid memorial of his genius, the ceiling of the Advocates' Library. Among his papers, I found the following draft of a letter addreſſed to J. Clark, Eſq., Advocate, which may be of ſome intereſt to the reader. It bears date 1822, and was evidently written before he commenced his taſk :—

"To J. Clark, Esq.

"Dear Sir,

"Ever ſince I left you in September laſt, I have given my attention chiefly to the ſubjects for the Advocates' Library, and have been forwarding ſuch ſtudies as will facilitate my progreſs when I am with you. Not only the compoſition, but the effect, muſt be well conſidered, ſo that I may not have anything to undo, or be at a ſtand, when I ſhould proceed. The "Muſes,"—for them I have made ſmall ſtudies, with ſuch accompaniments as will ſet them off; but the poets which muſt be introduced I have not determined upon, nor can I well do ſo without your advice. This, to me, is the ſoul of the buſineſs, and requires not a little conſideration as to ſelection. When I had the pleaſure of converſing with you, concerning the characters to be introduced, I underſtood it was your wiſh they ſhould be very ſelect, conſequently very few : I fear not enough for my purpoſe. Might not their numbers be augmented by adding hiſtorians and philoſophers, which Scotland can ſo amply furniſh ? As I have not had the opportunity which you have had of being acquainted with their merits, ſo far as to entitle them to a place of ſuch pre-eminence, I will, therefore, requeſt the aſſiſtance of your ideas on the ſubject, giving me the names, and the order in which they ſtand in merit. On this point it will be likely different opinions will ariſe to perplex our choice ;

but this I refer to your good ſenſe, when you ſhall have reflected on it ſufficiently; for it is my purpoſe to abide by your direction, whichever way you determine, with the promiſe to ſtate to you what I myſelf may think. This is a tribute I always feel as due when communicating opinions and ideas with another. Amongſt my other dilemmas (with reſpect to diſengaging myſelf from buſineſs here), I am thinking of the beſt means of reaching the dome of the library. The moſt ſimple that I can deviſe will be by a pair of ſteps, eaſily moved, and preferable to a ſcaffold. If ſuch an article could be procured againſt my arrival, it would very much forward my proceedings when I begin with the work. My being a ſtranger muſt ſomewhat excuſe the freedom of this application; ſo alſo muſt the friendly aſſurance of the good offices which I have received from you. I did expect to have left home ere this. My original purpoſe was to be in Edinburgh by the early part of April: that not taking place, has been occaſioned chiefly by the publication of my etchings that I made from my deſigns of the 'Shield of Wellington,'—the preſentation of which has been delayed ſo long, and before which time I could not with propriety publiſh them. This, and the coming exhibition, and ſome other matters of a like nature, were the cauſe; but in a few days I look to be free, to leave home, I think about the 10th or 11th."

I find among Stothard's papers the following, preſented to the Preſident and Council of the Advocates' Library:—

"Having now completed the painting of the 'cupola' in the library, and being very deſirous of returning to London on

Wedneſday, I ſhould feel myſelf much obliged if you could make it convenient to order payment of the remuneration which it may be thought proper to allow me.

"I undertook the work, underſtanding that you were willing to give three hundred guineas for it. I am ſenſible that, ſtrictly ſpeaking, I cannot claim more. But I humbly beg leave to ſtate that I made a conſiderable ſacrifice in leaving my buſineſs, and that the work has required double the time on which I calculated, although I have laboured inceſſantly, generally from ſix in morning till nine at night; and have really in two months done the work of four, excluſive of my former journey here to view the place and take my meaſurements, —and excluſive of the time which I ſpent in town preparing my deſign, to ſay nothing of the expenſe I have incurred in my journeys and living.

"Theſe circumſtances I merely ſtate for your and Mr. Clark's conſideration, aſſuring you at the ſame time that I ſhall be ſatisfied with the remuneration which you may think I deſerve, be it whatever it may.

"I have the honour to be, &c."

Whilſt in Edinburgh, Stothard kept a journal; but the entries he made were ſo brief, (merely ſtating where he went each day, with whom he dined, &c., without giving any particulars of intereſt), that I can find nothing to extract, except it be the dates in reference to his employment. He commenced painting the ceiling on Tueſday, the 4th of June, and finiſhed it on Thurſday, Auguſt the 1ſt, of the ſame year. Concerning the memorial, he ſtates that it was preſented, and that Mr. Thomſon and Mr. Clark communicated to him that his requeſt was granted, and that he

was to receive his remuneration on the following day; but he does not ſay how much he received. There can be no doubt the payment was liberal.

Pilgrim's Progress, engraved 1780. The Diffidence. Mercy, through Diffidence, being left without at the gate, knocked aloud, and fainted: Goodwill immediately opened the gate, and raiſing her up, received her graciously.

I muſt not omit that in the year firſt named (1821) he ſent to Somerſet Houſe the fineſt, and, I believe, the largeſt picture he had ever there exhibited,—The Vintage. His choice, as uſual, was directed by having a frame that happened to fit the picture. It was one of the moſt beautiful he had ever placed before the public; and, univerſally admired, was allowed by artiſts, and ſuch as were capable of appreciating its excellence, to bear a marked reſemblance to Rubens in richneſs and depth of colour,

whilſt in drawing and grace it was not inferior to Titian. At the beginning of May, I was accompanied by his lamented ſon Charles (who did not live till the end of the month) to the private view of the Exhibition. Both Flaxman and Sir Thomas Lawrence then expreſſed their enthuſiaſtic admiration of The Vintage. Lawrence, indeed, always ſhowed the utmoſt deference to the opinions of Stothard; and Flaxman blended even affection with his reſpect for him.

Some time ſince, on naming my recollections of that memorable day to the elder Lewis (who is himſelf a clever artiſt in original compoſition, and generally engraved the fineſt chalk drawings of Lawrence); he told me ſo much did Sir Thomas admire and revere Stothard, that he always kept a caſt of his buſt, after Baily's beautiful head of him, upon the table of his ſtudio.

Although Stothard, in 1825, attained the age of ſeventy years, his faculties continued unimpaired; and his imagination as vigorous as ever. At this period, he executed many moſt beautiful deſigns for the works of his friend, Mr. Rogers; and likewiſe an extenſive ſeries of illuſtrations of Shakeſpeare for Mr. Tegg, the bookſeller. In 1825, he was alſo commiſſioned by Mr. Pickering to make a ſeries of landſcape drawings for a new edition of Walton's Angler. For this purpoſe, he repaired to Dovedale, Derbyſhire; and wherefore that locality was choſen both by the publiſher and the artiſt, a few words will explain.

Good old Izaak Walton, as he is familiarly called by his friends (and all his readers he makes ſuch by the cheerful ſingle-hearted ſpirit which pervades his moſt delightful volume), was on terms of intimacy with Charles Cotton, Esq., of Beresford in the Peak,

Derbyſhire. This Mr. Cotton was, like himſelf, a great angler; and when Walton propoſed to put forth a new edition of his Book

Midsummer Night's Dream. Act IV., Scene 1. Published 1803.
Go, "bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns."

on Fiſhing, he requeſted his friend "to oblige all lovers of the ſport with a communication of his long practice and obſervation thereon; that the manner of exerciſing the art in the more northern rivers might be known." In conſequence of this, Cotton alſo wrote a Book on Fiſhing; and his work and Walton's were printed together in 1676, "with the initial letters, engraved in the title-page of Mr. Cotton's part, of both their names, interwoven in a cipher, as it was carved over the door of the Fiſhing Houſe on the ſwift and limpid river Dove."

To the Dove, therefore, Stothard repaired to make drawings,

not only of Beresford Hall, and the Fiſhing Houſe in queſtion, but of the beautiful ſcenery by which they were ſurrounded. He travelled in company with ſome friends, who, whilſt he ſketched, angled. During this pleaſant excurſion, Stothard kept a brief journal, from which I make, as a matter of curioſity, the following extracts.

After viſiting Aſhbourn, the party went to Ilam, whence he ſays, "We proceeded on the Staffordſhire ſide of the river through Alſtonfield, and reached Beresford Hall at one o'clock; went about obſerving the interior; next drew the exterior; and afterwards went down to the beautiful ſcenery by the river Dove, called Pike Dale. On our way to the Fiſhing Houſe, drew a front view; and at half-paſt nine left it for Hartington to refreſh and ſleep. . . . .

"24th July. After an early breakfaſt we went down to Pike Dale; in the way ſtopped to draw a diſtant view of the Fiſhing Houſe, and Pike Dale beyond it. Went to the river, and found W—— drawing the pike. I croſſed the Dove by a foot-bridge, and drew the ſame view, but nearer on the Staffordſhire ſide. After drawing for a little time, it began to rain, which compelled us both to run for ſhelter under a rock, affording convenient ſpace and a ſeat for us. Here our patience was exerciſed for ſome hours, with very little intermiſſion. When the rain ceaſed, P—— joined us, who had been confined for ſhelter in the Fiſhing Houſe. About the ſame time a gentleman came over the bridge; he was a clergyman, and reſided at Cotton's houſe, in apartments facing the garden in front, into which we went. . . . . We were ſhown, by one of the daughters, a cave formed by a cleft in the rock; for which ſhe had a lantern. Next we were ſhown the caſtle, near the

houſe. We were afterwards accommodated with tea and ſome toaſted bacon, which P—— and W—— ſeemed much to reliſh. Took leave of the widow, the miſtreſs of the houſe; ſhe ſent a little girl, her youngeſt daughter, to ſhow us the way to Alſton-field, where we arrived by half-paſt eight, and went immediately to the church; and on returning I met W—— and P—— praiſing the ale they had drunk. Returned again to the church; heard an organ played within; found the weſt door not locked; deſirous to view the interior, went in; ſaw Cotton's pew, much ornamented, in a corner by itſelf. . . . .

"July 25th. After breakfaſt went and drew the church on the ſouth-eaſt ſide, leaning on the outſide of the churchyard wall, under ſome trees, for ſhelter from threatened flying ſhowers. We did not return to our inn, but proceeded acroſs a field by a footpath, which ſoon became ſo precipitous as to retain the marks of alternate footſteps as ſteps, leading down into the hollow of Dove Dale. After deſcending I was ſo ſtruck with the romantic appearance of cottages, with their accompaniments of little gardens, ſcattered on the ſides of this ſteep declivity, contraſting with the wildneſs of the ſcenes, that I drew it, after croſſing a bridge near a water-mill, which gives it the name of Mill Dale. Left this romantic little village in ſearch of an elevation mentioned by Cotton, named Hanſon Toot. On aſcending and croſſing ſome fields encloſed with walls of looſe ſtones, we reached the top of the hill. A ſhower coming on, we ran towards an encloſed plantation of trees for ſhelter. From this place we had an extenſive view. The winding courſe of the Dove not viſible, but trenching the country with ſteep declivities, giving the view ſomewhat of a mountainous appearance. With reſpect to . . . . [a word

imperfect] having no hedges, but in their place interſections with ſtone fences, with here and there a tree. P—— ſeeing a countryman or two walking on the path we had quitted for ſhelter, went and enquired for Hanſon Toot; they told him he was on it, agreeably to our prior conjectures. I had by this time completed a ſketch of this extenſive ſcene; and, the rain ceaſing, we made direct for the Dove, down the ravine of winding and ſteep deſcent. When two-thirds down, and before we could ſee the river below, we caught ſight of Alſtonfield Church, terminating and crowning our view up Dove Dale. In expectation of more intereſting ſcenery, we deſcended; and at the bottom, and cloſe by the Dove, on our left hand, two caves engaged our attention. One we entered, to avoid ſome ſprinkling of rain. Attempted to draw the interior, but this requiring more time, deſiſted. Went down the river to Pickering's Tower; as I was drawing there, and oppoſite the Pike, at the bottom of which was a cave, was frequently obliged to fly into it for ſhelter from ſucceſſive ſhowers. Went down the river, exceedingly delighted with the ſucceſſion of pyramidal rocks, projecting their ſpiral forms above the hanging woods—too many to enumerate. We at length reached Thorp Cloud; here I looked back to compare my former drawing. Proceeded towards Aſhbourn; met the woman, P—— had commiſſioned to procure refreſhments. Paſſed Thorp Cloud, and reached Aſhbourn; and heard that Mr. White, who was expected by Mr. P—— was gone after us. He had traced us, but did not join us till ſupper."

On the morning of the 26th they proceeded to Bakewell. There he writes: "My three companions went fiſhing, and I went to the other ſide of the town, and aſcended a field to take a view of the country, which appeared ſo delightfully beautiful. As we

approached the town of Bakewell, a ſhower coming on, I ran for ſhelter under a tree. Drew the church and ſteeple, which had been deſpoiled of its ſpire the preceding day." He next viſited Haddon Hall and Chatſworth; but the notices he gives of thoſe places are too brief for extract. At the inn, at night, he was ſhown a plate of fiſh—a dozen of trout and two graylings.

On the following day, July 27th, this entry appears: "Drew the roach and graylings." On the road to Hartington, the journal continues, "walked down towards Pike Dale. In our way ſtopped to draw the Fiſhing Houſe, while my companions went forward to fiſh; when I had done, joined them at the little bridge. After croſſing it, walked to the Fiſhing Houſe, to correct my former drawing of it. I afterwards went round to the dwelling-houſe, and drew it as ſeen from the hill cloſe behind it. Next returned to the river ſide. . . . On taking our leave of it (Beresford Hall) for the laſt time, we croſſed the river on ſtepping-ſtones, purpoſing to go to Alſtonfield without quitting the vale through which the river runs, under increaſing ſteep declivities on each ſide of its winding courſe. After proceeding down by the Dove for two or three miles, we came to ſome ſtones, placed as ſteps to paſs over; and, looking forward, we recogniſed a hill like Hanſon Toot. On getting over the river, we aſcended a very ſteep declivity. At the top a wall fence ſtopped us; by this we continued for ſome time; we croſſed it, and got into a lane which led to Alſtonfield." . . .

"28th July. After breakfaſt went through the churchyard, and down the hill to Mill Dale. Sketched it haſtily; and croſſing the bridge, I aſcended the hill, while my companions kept by the river, engaged in fiſhing. As I aſcended, I ſtopped to draw a view of

Mill Dale. Afterwards I reached the clump of trees on Hanſon Toot, whence I had made a haſty and imperfect ſketch of the ſcene it commanded. I again drew it, and proceeded towards the ravine in the ſame direction. . . . After I had ſearched to no purpoſe for ſome one to inform me of my way, I met W——, who had aſcended this ravine in ſearch of me. We deſcended together, and ſtopped to take a view which looked towards Mill Dale, with Alſtonfield; and deſcending ſtill lower, we came to the two remarkable caverns. Theſe I drew from the outſide, affording greater opportunity for intelligent effect. Deſcending down the Dove, drew Pickering Tower. On reaching it, made a drawing of the ravine below it. Beyond was W—— ſtanding; he was my companion, drawing with me the ſame views, whilſt P—— and White were proceeding before us, as we deſcended with the river, the romantic and beautiful ſcenery attracting our attention. We reached the rock called the Church, which we drew. Below this the ravine ſuddenly turned eaſtward, and finiſhed with Thorp Cloud. Our fiſhing companions were not yet tired of their ſport, although unſucceſsful. I proceeded between Thorp Cloud and the river for Ilam, following a path leading through encloſed meadows, which led me again to the river, where I croſſed a bridge, and at a convenient diſtance I drew it. While ſo doing, my company overtook me, and again proceeded to Ilam. I ſoon followed, and took a nearer view of the houſe; and to find my companions, I paſſed through the village; and with ſome difficulty got a nearer view of the ſame ſide of the building. While I was ſketching the peculiarity of the architecture, W—— joined me. We both remarked that our approach to the dwelling had excited the attention of the inmates. I therefore left off drawing. We

turned to the village, and entered a houſe where P—— and W—— were taking ſome refreſhment. I left them, and returned to the place I had firſt choſen for my view, with a propoſal that they would return home that way, and I ſhould join them. Soon after, Mr. White came alone, and told me that they had been directed a nearer way. At the ſame time I ſaw them in the meadow beneath, beyond the river. We immediately ſet off towards Ilam, went over the ſtream by ſtepping-ſtones; but P—— and W—— had proceeded and gone onward. We followed a path till we reached the Dove; another path miſled us up a ſteep hill, which White was for taking. In compliance with his idea, I aſcended. On getting to the top, the path diſappeared. Again deceived, we reſumed our former courſe into the next field. On the other ſide was a bridge, with ſeveral low arches. My companion was not for croſſing the river. Againſt my advice, he inquired of ſome people, who directed him to croſs the bridge. Again W—— inquired of a woman with ſome children. It turned out to be the ſame woman that we had employed on the preceding Sunday to go from Dove Dale, and fetch refreſhments from Aſhbourn. By her direction we got into the old road leading to Aſhbourn, and found, as we expected, P—— and W—— at our inn, and arrived a full half-hour before us; and, moreover, they had waited for us on the road another half-hour. Refreſhment was acceptable; afterwards to reſt."

I am fully aware that there is much in this journal which will be conſidered trifling. But I have given it becauſe I think a certain degree of intereſt attaches itſelf to the every-day life of a man of tranſcendent genius like Stothard. We

wiſh to ſee if he good-naturedly unbent with his aſſociates and friends; and if he ſhared kindly and in common with them, the little incidents of pleaſure or of difficulty, attendant on travel and change.

His Derbyſhire ſketches, I have no doubt, were true and beautiful; for in landſcape Stothard was admirable; his backgrounds of that nature are generally diſtinguiſhed by richneſs of colour, and warm glowing ſunſets; they diſplay execution in pencilling, but are ſeldom highly finiſhed. Indeed, very few of his pictures are ſo; yet that he could finiſh highly and elaborately when leiſure or inclination led him on to the taſk, witneſs his beautiful little picture of The Cock and the Fox, from Chaucer: and ſeveral of his landſcape drawings from nature are equal to thoſe of any artiſt who has excluſively devoted his ſtudy to ſcenes of this deſcription. We have an inſtance of this alſo in his two moſt exquiſite drawings of Clifton and Chepſtow, that, among the vaſt collection of a portion of his works, were ſold at Chriſtie's, in June, 1834, ſoon after his death.

His laſt great deſigns were for the frieze, and other parts of the interior of the new palace, St. James's Park. The ſubjects are illuſtrative of the Hiſtory of England. They principally relate to the wars of the White and Red Roſes. The venerable artiſt was between ſeventy and eighty years old when he executed theſe works, which poſſeſs all the ſpirit and vigour of imagination that diſtinguiſhed his beſt days. As a whole, there is not, perhaps, to be found a more intereſting ſeries of hiſtorical deſigns of any country in ancient or modern times. Well might George the Fourth ſay, as he did, on ſeeing the Cupids in birds' neſts, which were deſigned for one portion of the frieze (of courſe not connected

with the hiſtorical ſubjects), "that although Stothard had far advanced in years, he had loſt none of his ſprightlineſs." It is to be wiſhed that the drawings made for the palace, as they were *for a public work, and at the public coſt*, ſhould be depoſited, with the fine collection of prints, after Stothard, now forming, at *the Britiſh Muſeum*, more eſpecially as the death of George the Fourth put an end to the decorations of the palace, before they were completed;

The Marriage of Henry the Seventh. Design for one of the friezes for the great staircase at Buckingham Palace. From the drawing in the poſſeſſion of S. Rogers, Esq.

ſo that ſome of Stothard's deſigns have yet been unemployed. William the Fourth, from a principle of economy (much to be regretted where the Fine Arts were concerned), cut ſhort the work; ſaying, that the apartments were good enough as they were.*

Among Stothard's papers have been found the following, in connection with theſe deſigns for the palace. The firſt is addreſſed to him from the architect:—

* Stothard fortunately made duplicate copies of his deſigns for the new palace. These, after his death, were bought at Chriſtie's ſale by Mr. Rogers. The original drawings were depoſited at the Board of Works, now united with the Woods and Foreſts. May they ſpeedily be removed from their obſcurity to the Britiſh Muſeum, where young artiſts may benefit by ſeeing them.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have agreed with Baily to do the four bas-reliefs for the throne-room, and have referred him to you to furniſh the deſigns, &c., &c.

"Ever yours,

"Wedneſday afternoon." "JOHN NASH."

The rough draft of the next is in Stothard's handwriting; but there is no name to whom it was addreſſed. From the contents, there can be little doubt it was to Mr. Naſh:—

"DEAR SIR,

"I have ſent you an explanation of the four ſubjects of the friezes for the great ſtaircaſe;* you will ſee they are hiſtorical, and I have endeavoured by choice of incident to render them characteriſtic of the time, and as poetic as my powers would admit, agreeing with the appellation of the war of *the White and Red Roſes* of York and Lancaſter.

"The firſt is an epitome of the many battles in the courſe of thirty years, which deſolated this kingdom. In this I have perſonified Diſcord; ſhe occupies the centre of the group. Beneath her are thoſe who have fallen in battle—a ſon recogniſing, as an enemy, his dying father; and a dying ſon lamented by the father. This I have taken from Shakeſpeare; too ſtrong and forcible an image of the time to be omitted. This forms the centre. On

* Mr. Stothard made deſigns for the great ſtaircaſe and the ſouth drawing-room, as well as for the throne-room.

each ſide are the archers, diſcharging their arrows from the long bow, the weapon moſt prevalent in this country, from the period of the Conqueſt by William of Normandy.

"The next ſubject in chronological order is what took place at Tewkeſbury after the battle, by the unfeeling Edward ſtriking with his gauntlet the face of the ſon of Henry the Sixth, his priſoner,—a ſignal for aſſaſſination to Glouceſter and his brother, Clarence,

Apollo and the Muses. A design for sculpture to adorn the south drawing-room of Buckingham Palace.
From the drawing in the possession of S. Rogers, Esq.

with others of their party. At the ſame time his mother, Queen Margaret, is led away to the Tower of London. This forms the centre of the compoſition. On each hand are the victors, diſmounted, and reſting after the battle.

"The two other ſubjects are of greater length by almoſt a third. The firſt of theſe is The crowning the victorious Henry, Earl of Richmond, at the battle of Boſworth Field; and to exemplify the atrocity of Richard, I have introduced his Falſe Accuſation of Haſtings on the one ſide, and the Death of the two Young Princes in the Tower on the other.

"To contraſt with theſe preceding tragical ſubjects, I have in the centre repreſented the Marriage of Henry the Seventh, with the Daughter of Edward the Fourth, the Union of the White and Red

Roſes; and on one hand, as an image of peace and happineſs, I have introduced young men and women dancing, and on the other ſide is repreſented a family in peace and ſecurity, a father inſtructing his ſons, and a mother her daughters, in various occupations, which finiſhes this ſeries."

For the ſouth drawing-room, Stothard deſigned Apollo and the Muſes, the Poets aſſembled on Parnaſſus, and Flowers interſperſed with Boys. Theſe deſigns were intended alſo for ſculpture. The following note (no doubt addreſſed to Mr. Naſh) refers to them :—

"DEAR SIR,

"On my viſit to you yeſterday, to put into your hands the drawings which met your approval (conſcious of your late illneſs) I forbore to ſolicit you in behalf of my ſon Alfred, who performed the part of modeller of the Four Seaſons, which I flatter myſelf was to your ſatisfaction. My wiſh now is, that he ſhould be employed to model theſe my deſigns for the ſouth drawing-room. If this, my requeſt, receives your aſſent, I will, on my part, afford the like perſonal aſſiſtance as I did in modelling the Seaſons. The intereſt I feel as a father, will, I hope, my dear ſir, be of ſufficient excuſe for my thus troubling you with this ſolicitation.

"Believe me, with the greateſt reſpect,

"Your obedient Servant,

"T. STOTHARD." *

* From various ſcattered memoranda in Stothard's handwriting, I collect that the ſums he received for the deſigns he made for the new palace were as follows:—

CHAPTER XI.

Stothard's ſtudies of animals—Remarks of the would-be critics on his works—Anecdote of an amateur—Vaſt number of his compoſitions—His comic power—Compared with Hogarth—Diverſity of his genius—General remarks on the character of his drawings and his oil paintings—His pictures of Beckett, and the Sleeping Diana—The Italian and Engliſh ſchools contraſted.

THERE was no branch of Art, but at ſome period or other, Stothard had attempted it, and always with ſucceſs; and few things in Nature were conſidered below the attention of his moſt obſervant mind. If he wanted to make himſelf acquainted with any natural object, he always drew it. If any of his children aſked him a queſtion relating to a bird, or an animal, he inſtantly took up the pencil and ſketched it, by way of illuſtrating the explanation he gave in reply. And as to himſelf in order more fully to underſtand what might be required if he had occaſion to introduce an animal in a picture, he would often draw even the ſkeleton of it. One, of the entire elephant, where every bone is moſt carefully diſtinguiſhed, is ſtill in the poſſeſſion of his ſon Alfred; it is in pen and ink. Several of his fine ſtudies from living creatures, ſuch as the lion, the tiger, the leopard, &c., are to be found in the collections of the admirers of his works. In ſketching animals, he was as remarkable for obſerving the grace of form and action, as in drawing the human figure. As an inſtance of the exquiſite taſte and maſterly ſtyle in which he both drew and grouped quadrupeds, I would refer to a

ſmall print (for I have never ſeen the original) of Orpheus charming the beaſts with his lyre. The lion approaching and bending his head, as he liſtens with delight to "the ſweet harmony," poſſeſſes an expreſſion at once original and beautiful. The birds, alſo, in that picture, from the ſtately oſtrich to the ſmalleſt on the bough, are exquiſitely pourtrayed.

Nor did this great painter diſdain to copy others, when any uſeful object was to be gained by ſo doing. The laſt day I was at his houſe, he ſhowed me a collection of ſketches copied from a work on Eaſtern habits and coſtume; obſerving that they would be uſeful to him in his deſigns for Eaſtern ſubjects. He alſo made vaſt collections of prints of foreign cities and countries; fancying, as he ſaid, that he *travelled* when he looked at them; and they were hints for correctneſs in his different works. Many years ago, he commenced carving with a penknife a ſet of ivory cheſs-men after his own deſigns. Of theſe he executed only two or three pieces. One repreſented the knight, that warlike character of the game, attired in armour, with a lance in his hand, ready for the field. The pawns, I believe, he intended to be archers; and the king and queen were to be royal perſonages, attired in the coſtume of the middle ages. The pieces he finiſhed were very beautiful.*

* I recollect having ſeen, years ago, at Ghent, ſome *carvings in ivory* by Michael Angelo, that in their ſtyle of execution very much reſembled thoſe of Stothard. Michael Angelo's work was, however, finiſhed. It was a little portable altar, known in Roman Catholic countries by the name of a *Tabernacle,* intended to hold the pix. Stothard's knight for cheſs was not unlike ſome of the ſaints which in miniature dimenſions decorated the ſides of this beautiful little box by Michael Angelo; for it was ſhaped exactly like a box, only that it opened with folding-doors in front, inſtead of having a lid. The whole was in ivory. It is grievous to add, that Stothard's exquiſite ivory carvings were ſtolen from the rooms of Meſſrs. Chriſtie and Manſon, when the works of the painter were on view before the ſale.

In his method of ſtudy, Stothard deeply conſidered his ſubject before he took it in hand; and whilſt engaged upon it, was not eaſily ſatisfied. He would frequently alter, re-touch, lay the picture aſide, or keep it on the eaſel, during the time he was employed on ſomething elſe, the better to conſider the general effect; ſo that if anything ſtruck him, he might improve it. Even this did not always ſatisfy him; and when a picture came home from the Exhibition, he would often touch it again.

Nor did he diſdain the opinions of others, when they were judicious. I have ſeen many fragments of his letters, in which he ſays, that he is endeavouring to alter, or to do ſomething to a work in hand, in accordance with the remarks he had received from his friends, or from the individual for whom he was painting it. Now and then, ſuch were made by certain would-be critics, whoſe preſumption was more apparent than their judgment in venturing to cenſure the works of ſuch a man. I have more than once been not a little amuſed by finding in ſome of the letters addreſſed to him, criticiſms and pieces of advice of this deſcription: one tells him that his angels are too ſubſtantial; another finds fault with a blue apron; a third requires more freedom and leſs ſtiffneſs in the drapery; and ſomebody elſe wants more finiſh; whilſt a lady inſiſted on her huſband returning upon the artiſt's hands, one of the very fineſt of his works (his favourite alſo), becauſe the Diana which formed the ſubject of it, was painted without petticoats.* All this Stothard bore with a moſt meek and patient ſpirit.

* The Bower of Diana, Stothard himſelf ſaid, was painted in "*the Venetian manner*," and that the ſketch he made, before he executed the picture, was done in the ſame way. He remarked, that it had ſtood the teſt of ten or twelve years, and had improved by it. "For my part," (he ſays, in the fragment of a letter to Mr. *Benſon*,)

He had very little opinion of works on painting written by perſons who were wholly unacquainted with the practical part of the art on which they commented. True it is, that he did not think it neceſſary every one who wrote on ſuch ſubjects ſhould be a firſt-rate artiſt; but ſo deeply was he convinced the ſtudy of the practical part was neceſſary to the writer, as it not only cultivated the taſte, but opened the eyes, and formed the judgment for works of the higheſt order of merit, that he did not think any one ſhould venture to write on painting unleſs, to a certain extent, he could handle the pencil. The following anecdote will illuſtrate his feeling on the ſubject:—

He was invited out to dine with a friend, in order to meet a great amateur and collector of pictures. At dinner, the amateur talked ſo critically, learnedly, and fluently upon painting and painters, that Stothard fancied he was ſeated by ſo great a critic in ancient and modern Art, that he ſhould never be able to compete with him: he therefore ſaid little or nothing. Preſently, however, the great painter found that the critic upon Art, when a fine picture was put before him, was not only ignorant of its real merits; but was ſo wanting in taſte and diſcrimination that he did not make a ſingle remark applicable to the ſubject, or which evinced either knowledge or judgment.

So numerous were the compoſitions of Stothard, that they conſiſt of more than TEN THOUSAND DESIGNS. I ſhould think it

"I think there is a criſpneſs, a freſhneſs about it, totally oppoſite to what we generally ſee in modern pictures, which appear, frequently, of a putty texture: the *texture* of this my eye can dwell on for ever without ſatiety. But I am now talking like a painter to a painter, and perhaps impertinently; if ſo, you muſt forgive this prating." The Bower of Diana was painted on a red ground, laid on the canvas; the lights of the picture were firſt painted, and then glazed over with colour.

impoſſible that any one could give a regular liſt of them, as the artiſt could not do ſo himſelf. His whole life of labour, ſtudy, and induſtry, had been devoted to one object; and, by conſtant practice, he had gained a facility of execution which, in his early years, he could not have anticipated. Some of his earlier works

are now ſo rare, that they are abſolutely not to be bought (I ſpeak of the engravings from them), and of many, the plates were worn out by the frequency of the impreſſions.

There can be no doubt that Stothard's youthful ſtudy of Raphael helped, not merely to form his taſte, but to develope his own remarkable powers, and to make him what he was. He had imbibed that grace or *myſtery of painting*, which is ſo tranſcendently beautiful in the pictures of the Italian maſters. This they owed to the Church, the principal patron, in the greateſt age of Art, of architecture, ſculpture, painting, and all the Fine Arts. The reſult of this patronage may be ſeen in the exquiſite purity, in the expreſſion of angelic ſweetneſs, which altogether rendered the works of the old maſters, of Raphael in particular, of ſomething more than earthly character; and the great difference between the Engliſh and the Italian ſchool of hiſtorical painting, is more

marked, perhaps, in this than in any other feature. The Holy Families of Engliſh painters are human beings; with the Italians they are only human forms; having, however, diffuſed into them ſomething of a ſuperhuman ſpirit. In the latter ſchool, there is alſo a warmth and a depth of colour which the Engliſh too frequently

The Fable of Narciſſus, from Ovid's Metamorphoſes. Book III. Engraved 1807.

neglect. Indeed that pure taſte which pervades all the efforts of Italian Art, extends itſelf even to ſubjects that are of claſſic mythology, nay to thoſe of an Ovidian character; for, whilſt our Britiſh Venuſes are but Venuſes, and have in them more of beauty than of delicacy, the Italian artiſts, educated as painters for the Church, poſſeſſed that refinement of feeling which enabled them to blend two moſt oppoſite things into a perfect harmony with each other; for they alone knew how to give to voluptuouſneſs itſelf an air of

modeſty; ſo that it might be called, by a catachreſis, *the ſeduction of virtue.*

Stothard was a great maſter in this refinement of feeling; all his females are modeſt, and nothing can be more airy or ſylph-like than his girls, or more faſcinating than his women. He ſeems to delight in the lovely and the graceful, more than in the commanding and the dignified. He gives us a hundred Juliets and Roſalinds to one Conſtance or Lady Macbeth; and, in depicting ſuch characters as the laſt-named, ſo pervading is his love for all that is feminine in woman, that he ſcarcely beſtows on ſuch beings that energy, bordering on what is maſculine in its development, which the poet requires; for we cannot fancy either a Volumnia or a Lady Macbeth, even in their phyſical diſtinctions, to reſemble the ordinary race of women, whoſe chief excellence is, as Coleridge has ſo well remarked, to be "characterleſs," having no ſtrong paſſions or propenſities to lead them into reſolute or independent action; their principal moral excellence being that docility of mind which yields to the guidance of another, and holds to the ſupport of man, as the clinging ivy does to the column which it moſt adorns with beauty at the very moment it receives its ſuſtaining ſtrength. Stothard's powers were peculiarly adapted to enable him to become a chivalrous painter of the fair ſex. His ſportiveneſs,—his elegance,—his taſte,—his ſlight yet maſterly pencilling, ſo delicate in little indications, fine and feeling as the gentle heart,—rendered him the very chronicler of youth, and beauty, whoſe evaneſcent charms he had the ſpell to fix and to record in all their feſtal glory.

The only prominent fault in Stothard was now and then ſeen in *manneriſm;* and this was more eſpecially obſerved in

a certain indeſcribable caſt of countenance, which he depicted too often in his females. Certainly it was a beautiful peculiarity; but, from repetition, it became *manneriſm*, and many of his female heads, with their large eyes and peculiar expreſſion, are as impoſſible to be miſtaken for individual character, as the cat's head form and features of Sir Joſhua Reynolds, who unqueſtionably beautified and rendered human the feline countenance, in nine out of ten, in the faces of his children.

The ſunſhine brightneſs and warmth of Stothard's mind gave the poetic ſtamp to all his compoſitions. He never could be vulgar. Rich as he was in humour, yet it was humour of the moſt refined ſort,—that which is allied to wit of character or ſimplicity of heart. The firſt is ſeen in his Falſtaffs; the ſecond in his Sanchos. He never could be *Dutch;* he never could have painted what was termed a *Dutch Drollery*, in which the humour of the piece is principally produced by low-life fun, and unſeemly incident; he never could paint man when man degenerates into the brute, as Hogarth did, with a fidelity that borders on diſguſt, in his Modern Midnight Converſation. Hogarth not only made us loathe, but ſicken at the very ſight of vice. Stothard never brought any vicious images before us; he led us through the fairy ground of the pictureſque and the beautiful. Hogarth ſhowed us where lay the bog and the quagmire, that we might not be loſt or ſoiled in our road. Both, therefore, may be conſidered as *moral* painters; each as teachers in a ſchool of ethics, though of a different claſs.

Stothard's pictures of humble (not low) life were very characteriſtic,—his landlords and publicans,—his Chriſtopher Slys, Tam

O'Shanters,—and his Companions, are all rich in humour: but they do not repreſent baſe fellows that would ſhock a gentlewoman: ſhe may ſmile, but will not bluſh. His gipſies, perhaps, are often too like ladies maſquerading as gipſies; they are not the real fortune-tellers,—a compound of cunning and petty larceny: but he was, as a painter, ariſtocratic; he could condeſcend gracefully to humble or rural life; but he could never deſcend to low life. His acquaintance with the actual world around him was comparatively ſmall; and the principal uſe he made of it was, to aſſiſt in developing and giving form to the conceptions of his own mind.

Widow Wadman inviting Toby to take the mote out of her eye.

From the Novelist's Magazine, published 1781.

Perhaps Stothard did not ſufficiently attend to the world in which he moved;—of its littleneſs, in little and ordinary things, he had ſmall comprehenſion,—of knavery, trick, and manœuvre, he had not the ſlighteſt obſervation. Fortunate was it for him that his purſuits generally led him to have dealings but with honourable men and reſpectable publiſhers; elſe would he have become an eaſy prey, for he took every man's honeſty by the meaſure of his own aſſertions. A child was not more guileleſs than he was, or more thoroughly unacquainted with the ſelfiſhneſs practiſed by half mankind. He had a world of honour, worth, and beauty, within himſelf, and in that he lived and moved.

I am perſuaded that his very fault of manneriſm, in ſome of his paintings, proceeded from this habit of contemplating beauty in the ſun-lit region of his own mind, without ſufficiently attending to the actual world about him. Hence was it, that whatever he touched he made it his own; and, ſometimes, with Stothard's grace, it had Stothard's faults.

His genius was unlimited; it embraced every ſpecies of compoſition,—every ſubject of the pencil,—landſcape, portrait, cities, architecture, ſea-pieces, animals, birds, flowers, fruits, coſtume, even inſects,—all were familiar to the great hiſtorical painter, who could make even ſacred ſubjects, as well as our own Shakeſpeare, become more familiar to the mind,—who could riſe with the ſublimity of the Bible in the portraiture of prophets, ſaints, and angels,—who could embody the majeſty of princes and the heroiſm of warlike chiefs,—who could give to love its tender ſportiveneſs and its purple wing,—to beauty, its crown and flowers,—to childhood, its ſweetneſs, and its ſmiles, and tears, —and could call up ſcenes of ſocial, domeſtic, and rural life, with a pathos and a truth that made their way to the heart.

The drawings of this great maſter have long been conſidered, both by artiſts and collectors, as unique in their kind. The fineſt and largeſt collection that I have ever ſeen is in the poſſeſſion of Stothard's friend, Rogers, the poet. Not very long ago, I was gratified by viewing them at his houſe, in St. James's Place, the ſeat, indeed, of the Muſes, of genius, claſſic elegance, and taſte. To look on the drawings of Stothard, and to hear them commented on by the venerable author of the Pleaſures of Memory, is ſomething worth remembering, among the moſt pleaſing events of ſocial life. To the honour of Rogers be it ſpoken, he ever

appreciated, encouraged, and liberally rewarded, the efforts of Stothard's pencil. He was at once his patron and his affectionate and familiar friend; and to this day that amiable poet entertains his admiration of Stothard, with an enthuſiaſm that is unchilled by time and unabated by habit. Rogers is one of thoſe rare ſouls who are always young; with whom time and even decay do but injure the caſket, but cannot touch the jewel that it holds within.

Having already ſpoken at large reſpecting Stothard's drawings, I have only to add a few obſervations on his pictures in oil. Theſe were ſo various (and in many he is wholly free from the fault of manneriſm), that it is impoſſible to do full juſtice to his powers, by the ſight of merely *one picture*. Some of them, however beautifully compoſed, were ſlight, haſty, and, in parts, not ſufficiently defined. Others, on the contrary (eſpecially thoſe painted on a *red ground*, like moſt by the old Venetian maſters), were marked by a depth and ſtrength of colour, that fully equalled Rubens, and gave to ſeveral, eſpecially thoſe on panel, an air of antiquity. Of this kind I will inſtance two only:—The firſt, a little picture of The Death of Thomas à Beckett. It breathed the very ſpirit of the old maſters,—it was rich, even to exceſs, in colour; and looked at leaſt three centuries old. Another, The Sleeping Diana, poſſeſſes in the repoſe of the figure, indeſcribable beauty. It is not one of thoſe ſleeping figures that appear like ſtatues laid at full length,—it is a creature of fleſh and blood, in a calm and breathing reſt. The colour, too, is fine; and the deep blues in the background, with the ruddy and glowing effects of an evening ſun, forcibly remind one of Titian.

Thoſe deep blues which Londoners think unnatural in pictures, are common in Italian climates; and not leſs common in the

mountainous diſtricts of Switzerland, England, and Scotland: in level countries they are never ſeen. But Stothard had viſited the Lakes, North Wales, and Scotland; and nothing, in thoſe lands, where Nature is a poet, ſtruck him ſo much as the wondrous and almoſt magical effects of the deep aerial blues. He ſaid they would change in an inſtant the whole face of the country, making it a new creation. He revelled amid ſuch effects in his own pictures. His Choice of Paris, and his Triumph of Thetis (which I have the ſatisfaction to ſay are at this moment before my eyes), are not leſs excellent in theſe peculiarities of richneſs and of depth, though they are leſs finiſhed than many of his other works.

Greatly as Stothard admired good drawing, and beautifully as he drew, yet ſometimes he was himſelf careleſs in this reſpect; the neglect too frequently aroſe from his not having time to finiſh highly, nor to devote ſo much of it as he could wiſh to the more minute parts of his outline. He uſed, with regret, to compare the condition of an Engliſh hiſtorical painter, with one of the old Italian ſchool. The latter, were he really ſkilled in painting, was certain to have ample time and opportunity afforded him to execute a great picture. Whilſt it was in progreſs, he was ſupported either by his prince, or by one of the nobility, who would take him into his palace, give him ſpacious apartments, and cauſe him to be treated with all honour. He had not one *worldly* care to diſtract him, or to take off his attention from his work, or to compel him to haſten over it, or to beſtow on it one hour leſs than he deſired. But the Engliſh painter, left ſolely to his own unaſſiſted and precarious exertions, is often obliged to haſten through one ſubject to ſecure employment upon another for bread, and lives by the *number* of the works he executes, inſtead of by their individual

excellence, as works of Art. Can we then wonder that a Stothard has exceeded in *number* the productions of a Raphael, and yet leaves no single picture which in the excellencies that are the result of time, labour, deep study, magnitude, and finish, can compete with his?

There is another thing, also, in which the Italian school had the advantage over the English. It is here noticed, with no intention to wound the feelings of any living individual, but simply because it is truth. Young artists of the present day are, for the greater part, young men of poor circumstances and station. They begin to study for painters with an *uneducated mind.* Only genius of the very noblest order can hope to overcome such a defect as this. In Italy, many of the greatest painters were learned or highly educated men; and so necessary for an artist did Michael Angelo deem a liberal education, that he said, "No one but a gentleman should study to become a painter." This is too exclusive; but it shows the opinion of that great man, and that he thought the pursuits of the scholar, and the advantages of good society, were likely to enable the student to achieve far greater things in Art, than can be hoped for by the painter who has no previous stores of his own to assist him in forming his taste and refining his feelings; and who is ignorant of that grace so necessary in poetic composition, which is best gained and preserved by associating with the educated and the polite, either in the domestic or the social circle.

CHAPTER XII.

Stothard's family—His eldeſt ſon, Thomas—His melancholy fate—His ſecond ſon, Charles—His talents—Worth—And death—His children, Henry, Alfred, Robert, and Emma—The kindneſs of Stothard to young ſtudents and friends—Reſpect paid to him by his brother Academicians—Death of his friend Flaxman—And his wife—His ſorrow for her loſs—His health fails—Laſt attempt to handle the pencil—His death and burial—His character as a man, and genius as a painter—Sale of his works after his death.

I HAVE ſaid ſo much about Stothard and his works, that I have now but to cloſe theſe ſlight and miſcellaneous reminiſcences with the mention of a few circumſtances of a moſt painfully intereſting nature reſpecting his family, and a few anecdotes that relate to himſelf more as a man than as a painter.

The eldeſt ſon, who bore his father's name, and inherited a large portion of his genius, was, by all accounts, a gifted, noble, and ſpirited lad; one of thoſe boys of whom we naturally augur great things. His hiſtorical deſigns and drawings ſeemed to come without effort. For ſo young a perſon, his father conſidered them very extraordinary. They were moſtly battle pieces, or relating to war; and ſo decided was the turn of his mind, that he ſaid he ſhould never be happy unleſs he might be ſuffered to go into the army, for he longed to tread the paths of military honour. All his childiſh play, even from his infancy, had been about ſoldiers and battles; and when he heard of any gallant action, his counte-

nance would light up and glow at the relation—and the youth who felt thus, and who could ſo give graphic life to his feelings, had not attained his thirteenth year! He was, I have heard his father ſay, of a fine perſon, of a frank and manly countenance, good-natured in the extreme, but of a fiery ſpirit—ever in action, and yet full of thought. Alas! he was cut off, not by the common caſualties of diſeaſe, that ſometimes wither youth in the bloſſom, but by a death as violent as it was ſudden, and by the very means ſo deſtructive in modern war—he was accidentally ſhot dead on the ſpot!

His afflicted mother, who never recovered the ſhock of his death, uſed to relate ſome circumſtances reſpecting this diſaſtrous event, that muſt not be omitted; and to theſe Mr. Alfred Stothard has recently added other particulars of no ordinary kind. I begin, therefore, with a remarkable incident, which the latter aſſured me occurred not very long before his poor brother Thomas died.

One night, ſome weeks previous to that melancholy event, Thomas retired, at his uſual hour, early to reſt. He ſlept in an attic of the houſe in Newman Street. How long he had been in bed, I do not know; but both his parents, and one or two of the ſervants, were ſuddenly and greatly alarmed by hearing the moſt violent ſhrieks proceeding from Thomas's room. Mr. and Mrs. Stothard—indeed, all in the houſe who heard them—ruſhed to his apartment, when they found the poor boy ſitting up in bed, pale as death, and in an agony of fear. His father, his mother, both inquired what was the matter, and if anything had happened to him.

As ſoon as he could ſpeak, he told them, with a mingled expreſſion of fear and awe, that ſomething had indeed happened to

him; he had ſeen a viſion, full of terror, in his ſleep. A man, habited as a watchman, had appeared to him, holding in his hand a white flag, on the corner of which was a ſmall ſpot of blood. The man then waved the flag over his head, until, as he kept waving it to and fro, the ſmall ſpot ſpread itſelf out, and ſo increaſed that the whole of the white flag at length became covered with blood. He felt great terror, and, calling out for help, awoke. This dream made the deepeſt impreſſion on the boy. He, in ſome meaſure, recorded it, by the next day writing, with his own hand, *in red chalk*, on the whitewaſhed wall, by the ſide of his bed, "And your young men ſhall ſee viſions, and your old men ſhall dream dreams." From that time the little room which he had ſo marked, was called in the family, "the dreaming room;" and Mr. Alfred Stothard tells me, that ſo long as his father lived, the writing on the wall was never ſuffered to be effaced. The boy, I believe, ſaid little more about his dream, but moſt likely he looked upon it as premonitory; ſince, from that night of terror, to the day of his death (about three months after), no circumſtance could for a moment induce him to forego the moſt conſtant and earneſt attendance at Tottenham Court Chapel, in the neighbourhood. All this in a boy, not thirteen years old, was ſo extraordinary, that inſenſible indeed to all impreſſions, all convictions, connected with the great myſteries and mercies of the Almighty, muſt that mind be which does not ſee in it a manifeſt act of Divine Providence, to warn, indeed, not merely the poor boy, ſo ſoon ſnatched off, but the unthinking, the careleſs, and the ſceptical.

But there was a more awful, a yet more myſterious circumſtance, connected with the boy's death, which the afflicted mother uſed to

relate, and to which Alfred Stothard, on reading my firſt account of it, added ſome few particulars previouſly unknown to me, as he had derived them from his parents. I do not pretend to judge of it. It might have been the effect of a *deceptio viſus*, produced by a ſtrong and anxious imagination; or it might have been a warning more than natural. It is not, however, my place to decide what it was, but ſimply to relate thoſe particulars which ſo deeply impreſſed the mind of one, whoſe veracity was never queſtioned in the relation of them.

On the day the fatal accident occurred, the boy, in a very lively mood, came to his father, and aſked him to give him ſome money, with permiſſion to go out and buy a bird. His requeſt was granted, and he left the houſe. As it afterwards appeared, in his way to make the purchaſe, he called on a favourite ſchoolfellow, to aſk him to go with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Stothard that afternoon propoſed, what they often did in the ſummer months, to take a walk together in the neighbourhood, or in one of the parks. They went, therefore, to their ſleeping-room to make ſome change of dreſs. Mrs. Stothard had deſired a ſervant to air a gown, and to bring it up to her room. The ſervant had neglected this laſt part of the order. Mr. Stothard was ſtanding before a glaſs, with his back towards Mrs. Stothard, when ſhe ſuddenly exclaimed (as if addreſſing her ſon), "Tom, what do you do here? But as you are here, go down and tell the ſervant to bring up my gown."

Mr. Stothard, knowing that his ſon was out by his permiſſion, ſaid, with extreme ſurpriſe, "What do you mean? Tom cannot be here; he is gone out to buy a bird."

"I ſaw him but this inſtant, ſtanding by the ſide of the bed yonder," replied Mrs. Stothard; and a cold chill ran through her huſband's veins, as ſhe added, that when ſhe ſpoke to him, he moved ſtrangely, ſeemed to ſtoop down, and ſhe ſaw him no more. She was greatly agitated, yet retained a perfect poſſeſſion of her ſenſes; but almoſt began to doubt their evidence, when ſhe heard a knock at the houſe-door. On eagerly inquiring who it might be; the ſervant told her that two ſtrangers were below, aſking for Mr. Stothard. She ruſhed down the ſtairs, and wanted to know their buſineſs. They would tell her nothing, but perſiſted in their deſire to ſee her huſband. He at length appeared. They requeſted to ſpeak with him alone. "It is about Tom," ſaid Mrs. Stothard, in the greateſt perturbation of mind. Mr. Stothard and the gentlemen went into a front parlour. The door was ſhut. The anxious mother could not reſtrain the feelings of agoniſed curioſity that poſſeſſed her; ſhe liſtened at the door, and heard that her ſon Thomas was ſhot dead by a ſchoolfellow, who was accidentally handling a gun, and who, not knowing it to be loaded, aimed it at the unhappy boy, when they were about going out together.

Deeply as Stothard felt this ſudden ſtroke of calamity, he nevertheleſs ſupported it in a manner that was ſuited to the philoſophical character of his mind. He felt deeply indeed, but he bore his feelings ſilently; not thinking it proper to diſturb others with his ſorrows: for he was not, he thought, of ſufficient conſequence to complain that he was not ſpared his ſhare of thoſe accidents and trials, allotted to ſo many who he conſidered were more worthy than himſelf.

Of his ſecond moſt gifted and amiable ſon, Charles, the fate was

no leſs calamitous, no leſs ſudden; for he alſo periſhed by an accident, being killed on the ſpot by a fall from a ladder whilſt engaged in his profeſſional purſuits—making a drawing of the founder from ſome ancient ſtained glaſs, in the eaſt window of the church of Beer Ferrers, Devon. But the circumſtances attending

Pilgrim's Progress. Christian and Hopeful at the River.

his death are already ſo well known, and have been ſo fully detailed in the Memoirs of his life, which were written by myſelf, and publiſhed many years ago, that it is not neceſſary here again to enter at large on the diſtreſſing particulars. To his father, to myſelf (but one month before the birth of a dear and only child), and to all his family and connections, the ſhock was truly great.

Never can I forget the evening, when the venerable father came to the houſe of my parents, with whom I was reſiding, to communicate the dreadful news, which he had received only an hour or two before. It had been broken to him by Mr. Jackſon, the portrait-painter, upon whom Mr. Rivington, the publiſher, had waited with the letter that conveyed the intelligence to London. Mr. Naylor, an old and worthy friend of Stothard, came with him —he needed ſupport at ſuch a moment. Such a ſcene of ſorrow as was then witneſſed by that friend, may be conceived, but cannot be deſcribed in all its bitterneſs. Thoſe only who have experienced the horror, the blight that the ſudden death of one beloved caſts on the ſoul of the ſurvivor, can form any adequate idea of the ſuffering.

Stothard was pale and agitated; he ſat down and burſt into tears—and ſaid ſomething in a low, broken voice apart to my mother; but I did not hear more than that his ſon Charles was ill. In that brief ſpace, my dear mother, quick of ear and of feeling, where her child's life and happineſs were concerned, had heard all, and implored the bereaved father, not ſuddenly to burſt on me the knowledge, that he was ſo bereaved,—that I was ſo bereaved. The full extent of the calamity was, therefore, for ſome hours concealed from me. I knew only that an accident by a fall from a height had happened, that it was of a moſt alarming kind; but I knew not that death had deſtroyed all hope in this world.

Even in thoſe trying moments, and in the midſt of his own ſorrows, the father of my loſt and beloved huſband, endeavoured to control his own feelings, that he might not aggravate my ſufferings by the ſight of his. He took an almoſt ſpeechleſs leave of us.

Some hours after, my own lamented brother (the late Alfred Kempe) came to me; a friend having gone to him without a moment's delay, to bring him up from Bromley, in Kent, as ſoon as the fatal news was known. After this moſt diſtreſſing interview with his ſiſter, he haſtened to ſee Stothard before he left town to attend the funeral of his dear ſon. It was paſt midnight when he reached Newman Street.

I remember once hearing my brother ſay, when reverting to the tragical incidents of that night, he was never more ſurpriſed than by that meeting. For whilſt, at ſome moments the aged and afflicted father ſeemed overwhelmed by the ſuddenneſs of the ſhock, and the greatneſs of the loſs; yet even then, he endeavoured to control his feelings, in order that he might attend to what he ſuppoſed to be the wants of a friend, who had come up directly from Kent, to ſympathiſe with him; and if it were poſſible, at ſuch a time, to afford him the conſolations of friendſhip. My brother added, that he had never before been ſo ſtruck with the greatneſs of Stothard's character: ſo much deep feeling, yet ſo much ſelf-command. His words were—"He was kind, even polite in the midſt of the bittereſt ſufferings; I never ſaw ſuch a man; it is impoſſible to do other than reverence him."

The unhappy father left town the next day for Beer Ferrers, in order to have the melancholy conſolation (for ſuch he deemed it) of attending the funeral of his ſon. He was accompanied by that ſon's moſt faithful and cheriſhed friend, William Henry Brooke, the artiſt.*

* Mr. Brooke is ſtill living; and although, from diſtance and the circumſtances of life, it is moſt probable I ſhall never ſee him more, yet I cannot reſiſt the deſire I feel here to bear teſtimony to the high eſteem and regard in which he was

When they arrived at the end of their ſad journey, Stothard wrote to my father, but he could not ſummon reſolution enough to write to me. The letter was ſhort, calmly expreſſed, but full of deep feeling. He ſtated that the fatal blow had been received on the left temple, above the eye, and had left the marks of a violent death. It ſeemed to give him comfort, when he found that every reſpect had been paid to, and care taken of his ſon, both before and after his ſad fate. Brooke, painful as it was, determined once more to look on the countenance of the friend who had been ſo dear to him. He did ſo. But on Stothard being aſked if he wiſhed to ſee his ſon before the coffin cloſed for ever on his remains, reſolutely refuſed. "No," he ſaid; "I wiſh to preſerve an agreeable remembrance of him, as I laſt ſaw him in health and life, and not as he now lies. I would not wiſh ſo to recall him to my mind."

The laſt mournful duty over, Stothard and his friend returned to town: he came immediately to my father's. The recollection of that meeting is ſacred to my heart. His humanity, his tenderneſs—the delicacy with which he forebore to touch on the leaſt point that he feared would increaſe my affliction—would alone have been ſufficient to endear him to me, had I never loved or venerated him before. Kindneſs and ſympathy inſpired all he did. On the birth of my child (one month after her father's death), as ſoon as I could ſee him, he came again. He looked on

held, not only by the ſon but by the father. Stothard conſidered that Brooke, as an artiſt, poſſeſſed great genius; his imagination was vivid, and his feeling ſtrong. He lamented, that with ſuch uncommon powers, Brooke could not devote himſelf more entirely to the ſtudy of the higher branch of the art for which Nature had deſigned him. And whilſt he thus praiſed the artiſt, he no leſs eſtimated the warmth of his heart, and his conſtant and affectionate friendſhip for his ſon Charles.

his little grand-daughter with great intereſt; ſhe was a beautiful infant, and that gave him pleaſure. He propoſed to make a drawing of her for me, but unfortunately delayed his purpoſe, hoping that when ſhe became a little older ſhe would be more eaſily kept ſtill for him to ſketch her. Deeply did his kind heart regret the delay, when it pleaſed Almighty God to take her to Himſelf, after only a few hours' illneſs, at the age of ſeven months. Affliction thus followed affliction; but it was not all. Weakened in mind as well as body by ſuch ſudden and continued calamities, and from an unreſtrained indulgence in tears after my beloved infant's death, ſo ſevere an inflammation in the eyes came on, that for a long period ſome apprehenſions were entertained for my ſight. Through all theſe ſeveral and bitter trials and afflictions, the kindneſs of my huſband's father, like that of my own dear parents, was unwearied. It is repugnant to my feelings thus much to ſpeak about myſelf; but it muſt, I think, be obvious to the reader, that unleſs I did ſo in this inſtance, it would be impoſſible to ſhow fully the heart of Stothard, or to expreſs my own grateful affection for his memory.

The loſs of his ſon was, if poſſible, aggravated by the deprivation taking place at the very time the talents of poor Charles, as an antiquary and an artiſt, were beginning to be known and eſtimated as they deſerved to be in the world of Art and Letters; and when the faireſt proſpects were opening upon him. The late Duke of Norfolk, and more eſpecially his brother, the late Lord Molyneux Howard, were his friends and patrons. Had Charles lived, there is no queſtion he would have been appointed (on a vacancy) as a herald in the College of Arms; and a vacancy did actually occur only ſix or ſeven weeks after his death.

Charles was an exquiſite draftſman (he was hiſtorical draftſman to the Society of Antiquaries); and, when only twenty-two years old, painted a good hiſtorical picture ſtill in my poſſeſſion—The Death of Richard the Second. But he is principally known to the public as the author of that beautiful graphic work, The Monumental Effigies of Great Britain. Both the conception and plan of the work were truly original; the labour of it almoſt incredible—the few years he was ſpared, conſidered. He read, ſtudied for it, with all diligence; travelled to almoſt all parts of the kingdom to make drawings for it; etched every plate himſelf which he publiſhed in it; and wrote a conſiderable portion of the letter-preſs which appeared before his death.* The late Sir George Naylor, of the Heralds', repeatedly urged Charles to preſent the work *in perſon* to the Prince Regent (it was dedicated to his Royal Highneſs); but he ſaid, "No; he would not then do ſo; he would wait till he was appointed to the College of Arms; and then he felt that he ſhould be the firſt *Herald* who had ever preſented ſuch a national work to the Sovereign Prince."

Stothard had three other ſons. Henry (next to Charles in birth) was brought up under Flaxman, as a ſculptor. But though he remained with him for many years, his health, which had ſuffered from long and ſevere illneſs, rendered it impoſſible that he could ſufficiently apply himſelf, ſo as to follow ſculpture as a profeſſion. For ſome time he taught drawing in the higher branch of the art, and poſſeſſed fine taſte and accurate judgment, and a knowledge of the old maſters that was creditable to the name he bore. In private life he was exceedingly beloved and reſpected.

* My dear and lamented brother, Alfred J. Kempe, F.S.A., finiſhed the letter-preſs on his friend Charles's deceaſe.

He was of a feeling and moſt ſympathiſing diſpoſition; the kindneſs of his heart was only equalled by the childlike ſimplicity of his nature. Indeed great was the worth of his general character. The paralytic affection, which had ſeized him early, at length prevented all exertion; and he died, univerſally eſteemed and regretted, a member of the Charter Houſe. His admiſſion to that charity for decayed gentlemen was given to him by the good Queen Adelaide.

The next ſon, Alfred Joſeph, is ſtill living—a very fine artiſt in the branch he has choſen to purſue, that of a medalliſt. His works are remarkable for their bold relief, and the taſte, fidelity, and beauty of their execution. It was this gentleman who produced the fineſt medal that has yet been ſeen of Sir Walter Scott, after the buſt by Chantrey. Mr. Alfred Stothard was appointed Medalliſt to the King, George the Fourth, of whoſe head he executed a beautiful medal. Thoſe of Canning, Byron, &c., were alſo from his hand.

The third ſon, Robert (who in perſon bears a marked reſemblance to his father), poſſeſſes likewiſe a very great ſhare of the family abilities for the Fine Arts. His drawings from ſubjects of antiquity are chaſte, taſteful, and accurate—very much in the ſtyle of his late brother Charles, whom he ſucceeded as hiſtorical draftſman to the Society of Antiquaries; but he ſome time after, I believe, reſigned the appointment.

Emma, Mr. Stothard's only daughter, poſſeſſed a mind cultivated by reading. She never purſued any branch of the Fine Arts except muſic; and ſhe ſang with great feeling. She was a favourite companion of her father, and for many years watched over him with affectionate care.

Stothard was a moſt true friend; always kind, gentle, and ſincere. He was no courtier, but he diſliked rough manners, and dogged opinions; and thought, with Johnſon, "that honeſty is not greater where elegance is leſs." To the young who were engaged in the ſtudy of Art he was good-natured and encouraging; ever aiding them with his advice (I ſpeak it with a thankful recollection of his kindneſs in my own early purſuits); and of this we have inſtances in reſpect to Miſs Johnes and Miſs Georgiana Markham. Indeed, he became ſincerely attached in friendſhip to his young pupils. Stothard thought that being able to draw, ſo opened the eyes to the full appreciation and enjoyment of the works both of Nature and Art, that he wiſhed every educated perſon to acquire the power. He ſaid, "Everybody who can learn to write, can learn to draw; to be a great artiſt is quite a different thing."

An inſtance of his exceeding good nature (though in relating it I am obliged to ſtate a circumſtance connected with myſelf and my lamented huſband, his ſon Charles), may here be told: I ſhould be wanting in gratitude to ſuppreſs it. Many years ago, on our return from Normandy and Brittany, I was adviſed by friends (Stothard among the number), to publiſh the letters which I had addreſſed to my beloved mother, during our journey, and which he often read over with her, almoſt as ſoon as they came to hand. Meſſrs. Longman and Rees undertook the publication, and it was arranged that we were to execute a ſeries of drawings from the ſketches of ſcenery, buildings, figures, &c., which we had made during our tour. They were all to be of a ſimilar ſize, in order to ſuit a quarto volume. Thoſe who copy from Nature know how difficult it is to give in the drawing the freedom and ſpirit of the

ſketch. Whilſt thus I was engaged with the ſubject, the Altar of St. Laurent, in the Church of Notre Dame D'Eu, and having made ſome progreſs with the architecture, I could not pleaſe myſelf in putting in the figures. With the utmoſt good nature, Stothard offered to undertake it, and did it with the ſame care as if working on one of his own drawings. But if I felt ſurpriſed by his condeſcending kindneſs in this inſtance, I was ſtill more ſo when he deſired that all our ſketches of figures, Bretons, Norman peaſants, &c., ſhould be ſent to him, and that he would group and make from them three drawings for my work: theſe he did in the moſt beautiful manner, preſerving the character, and yet giving a grace to the very Bretons, though in themſelves the moſt uncouth of all the Continental peaſantry. At the time he did theſe kind acts, he was fully engaged by commiſſions for pictures, and deſigns for the bookſellers; and for many years he had not made the ſmalleſt ſketch under five guineas, and was in the receipt of a hundred, fifty, or eighty guineas, for oil pictures of a very moderate ſize and finiſh: the value of his time and talent, therefore, was great.

Although, as I have already noticed, to ſtrangers, or to thoſe who did not aſſimilate with him in feeling, he ſeemed reſerved, yet all who knew him well, loved and eſteemed him. I remember on firſt becoming acquainted with the late Mr. George Cooke, the celebrated engraver, and a truly amiable man, whilſt ſpeaking with admiration of Stothard's works, Mr. Cooke, who had a great deal of enthuſiaſm in his character, interrupted me, exclaiming—"Oh! do not talk about his works; though he's a wonderful painter; it is the man, the man that is ſo to be admired and revered."

Stothard's known ſtrictneſs of principle gave great weight to his character. The following is an inſtance how ſtrict he was in regard to himſelf even in a matter where his profeſſional reputation was concerned. There is always a day fixed for ſending pictures intended to be exhibited at the Royal Academy. In 1829, Stothard forgot the day, and ſent none. So conſcientious was he, that although, as an old academician, the librarian, and ſo far advanced in age, any indulgence he might require would have been granted to him—yet he would not aſk permiſſion to ſend in a picture after the proper time; ſaying he would not ſeek a favour which could not be extended to others.

Once a year there is a general meeting of the members of the Royal Academy. On one of theſe occaſions, the weather being exceedingly cold, Sir Thomas Lawrence, the preſident, ſaid, from the chair,—"Gentlemen, I beg you to put your hats on." Stothard, then aged and infirm, had left his in the ante-room. Sir Thomas, hearing this, ſaid, "Gentlemen, which of you will fetch Mr. Stothard's hat?" Inſtantly there was a ruſh of the members to ſhow this little kind attention to their venerable brother; and the one who brought the hat to him, was Shee, afterwards Sir Martin, and preſident of the Royal Academy.

At length came to Stothard that time which, ſooner or later, comes to all; that laſt ſcene which ends this "ſtrange eventful hiſtory" of human life,—when the higheſt in honour, the moſt gifted in genius, even as the moſt obſcure and leaſt endowed among the ſons of earth, muſt yield up his ſpirit to Him who gave it; all worldly things being then as nothing, ſave the uſe to which they have been applied. Then the hope of God's mercy, and the atonement of a bleſſed Redeemer, can alone ſuſtain the trembling

and departing ſoul, to meet the righteous Judge, who is no reſpecter of perſons: in whoſe ſight he who has given but a cup of cold water in charity; who has achieved neither wealth nor fame, and has known nothing more than to walk humbly with his God; is more dear to Him than the higheſt and moſt gifted, wanting in ſuch obedience.

That Stothard was a good man, and practiſed every moral virtue, is known to all who knew him well. What were his peculiar religious principles I know not, and therefore have ſaid little on the ſubject. In an early part of his life, he was a conſtant and zealous attendant at a place of worſhip in Tottenham Court Road; probably Whitfield's, where Bacon the ſculptor was ſo regularly ſeen. But whether, at a later period, Stothard had any peculiar views, ſuch as Milton had adopted, about ſocial worſhip, I know not; but it was remarked by his friends, and with regret, that he ſeldom or never attended public ſervice. Yet whatever were his religious views, they muſt have been ſincere, as he was ſincerity itſelf; the purity and ſimplicity of his heart was apparent in all he ſaid and in all he did. Let us hope, then, that feelings which bore ſuch fruits, ſprang from the only ſure foundation of all good—Religion.

Greatly was Stothard tried at different periods of his life. He made his way, in youth, from comparative poverty, obſcurity, and daily toil, in an uncongenial employment, to independence, honour, and diſtinction. And all this was achieved by ſevere ſtudy, and an induſtry that never flagged, and which eventually enabled him to bring to ſuch perfection thoſe extraordinary powers with which he was endowed.

The death of his eldeſt and promiſing ſon, Thomas, was a ſad

trial to the heart of ſuch a father; that of his ſecond ſon, Charles, was no leſs ſo, and for him he mourned doubly—for one dear to him in affection, and in whom he felt a pride for the honour which, by his talents and his virtues, he, at ſo early a period of his career, added to his name; and it was no longer than the year following this heavy affliction, when his third ſon, Henry, was ſtruck with that paralyſis which ever after diſabled him for any regular purſuit. The death of his old and valued friend, Flaxman, was alſo a great grief to him; it followed cloſe upon that of his wife, and made another blank in his exiſtence. The health of Mrs. Stothard had long been ſhaken; and, during the laſt three years before ſhe died, ſhe was confined entirely to her room. At length, in the ſpring of 1825, ſhe was releaſed by death from a melancholy ſtate of ſuffering. She was an Anabaptiſt, as is already mentioned; her remains were interred in the family vault of the burial-ground of Bunhill Fields. Stothard had fondly loved her; and, although he poſſeſſed a very fine miniature of her, by Collings, and had more than once introduced her into his pictures, yet he wiſhed to retain a recollection of what ſhe was at the laſt. I have heard his ſon Alfred, ſay, that whilſt ſuffering deeply for her loſs, his father ſummoned up reſolution enough to make a ſketch of her after death. This union of ſtrong feeling and as ſtrong reſolution, formed throughout life a remarkable trait in the character of Stothard. As a further inſtance, I may ſtate, that on a friend calling to condole with him, he aſked if he would like to ſee the deceaſed. The offer was accepted. Whilſt looking on the body, to which death had reſtored, as it often does, the beauty which belonged to former years, Stothard was ſo ſtruck with the ſerene expreſſion of the countenance, that he exclaimed, as he gazed

on her whom he ſo loved, and who ſeemed as in a placid ſleep, "It fills me with pleaſurable feelings."

After the death of his ſon Charles, though he continued to apply himſelf to his wonted avocations, and produced many fine works, and ſhowed to the world without, little of what paſſed within his own boſom, yet thoſe who knew him well, could obſerve there was a change. His ſpirits were not as equal as they were wont to be; and without any decided illneſs, his health languiſhed. Sometimes when any of his children came unexpectedly into the room where he was painting at the eaſel, and he did not inſtantly ſee them (and his deafneſs prevented his hearing their approach) he was often heard to ſigh deeply, and to evince other tokens of affliction. On ſome occaſion, one of his ſons came thus unexpectedly into his ſtudy whilſt in a very unuſual manner he was giving vent to his feelings, fancying himſelf to be alone. His ſon expreſſed an anxious wiſh to alleviate if poſſible his father's grief; when Stothard acknowledged, with tears in his eyes, that no one knew what he ſuffered for the loſs of his dear Charles.

Yet notwithſtanding all this, and even after the death of his wife, from long habit—as well as from a ſenſe of duty and a love of Art—he laboured on till the cloſe of the autumn, 1833; when his increaſing deafneſs, preventing his hearing the approach of anything, and rendering his croſſing the ſtreets of London dangerous, his family endeavoured to perſuade him not to walk out alone. But apprehending nothing himſelf, and probably, like many men advanced in life, ſtill wiſhing to feel independent of the watchful care of others, he would perſiſt in doing ſo. At length he was knocked down by a carriage that came unexpectedly upon him. Although not ſeriouſly injured, yet the fall ſhook him, and he never recovered

from its effects; but he ſtill perſiſted to walk out (followed by one of his ſons, and often without his ſuſpecting it), ſaying, that exerciſe was good for him, it was his medicine. Stothard evidently felt his powers declining and ceaſed to follow his uſual purſuits; he felt that the hand would no longer obey the dictates of the mind. His ſon Alfred, relates a moſt diſtreſſing incident in connection with his poor father's laſt attempt to handle the pencil.

Alfred had been commiſſioned to execute a ſeal for the Central National School Society at Weſtminſter. The ſubject he ſelected was from one of his father's deſigns for the poems of Rogers—from the Grecian ſtory of the mother inducing the child to return from the verge of the precipice. This required ſome alteration, ſome adaptation to the ſubject propoſed. Stothard made his remarks upon it, and adviſed a change of poſition in one of the hands of the principal figure. The better to explain his meaning, he made an effort to ſketch what the alteration ought to be. But his ſon obſerved with extreme pain that he was unable to do ſo; the pencil dropt from the hand of him who had for years employed it with ſuch inimitable grace; he never more reſumed it.

He had ſeen both the young and the old go before him "the way of all fleſh," and when he could no longer employ his active mind in the exerciſe of that "talent" committed to his truſt, which he had turned to ſuch good account, there is ſomething very melancholy in our recollecting that he would frequently walk about the ſtreets in order to amuſe himſelf or divert his ſadneſs; and, with a reſtleſſneſs ſo oppoſite to his habits when in health, would often go ſometimes thrice in one day to the houſe of his ſon Alfred, in whoſe children his affectionate heart ſeemed to take delight, when little elſe in this world afforded him any intereſt. Stothard was a

deep-thinking and feeling man, but his moſt deep feelings were ſeldom ſpoken, they were ſacred to his own breaſt. I have no doubt that had the thoughts of that heart been read, they would have been found, in theſe hours of declining life, fixed on the "Eternal," with whom ſuch a ſpirit as his muſt often have been in communion. All his children watched over him with the utmoſt attention in his decay. And his ſon Alfred (ſo often mentioned in theſe pages), much to his praiſe, latterly ſlighted his purſuits (though the father of eight children, dependent upon him,) in order that he might give up his time to the care of his beloved and revered parent.

Still he lived for ſome few months; and although his was not a caſe in which medicine could do anything (for what could ſupply ſtrength to the almoſt exhauſted energies of life?) yet was he conſtantly and moſt kindly attended by Mr. Joſeph Henry Green, ſurgeon, and lecturer on anatomy to the Royal Academy. All that could tend to alleviate the laſt days of weakneſs in declining age was done for him. But the Law of Nature, neither genius, nor affection, nor all human care can contravene: Stothard's courſe was run; he had lived his appointed time; and, to uſe the emphatic language of Scripture, the hour approached in which he was to be "gathered to his fathers."

Towards the ſpring of 1834, he gradually became weaker. Even then there was no diſeaſe whatever, but a decay of the vital powers. At length he took to his bed, where he was confined about a fortnight. There was no apparent ſuffering, and he retained his intellects clear to the laſt moment; although for three or four days before he died he loſt the faculty of ſpeech. On the morning of the 27th of April, his ſon Alfred felt deſirous to

know if he recogniſed thoſe who were around him, and all his children were about his bed. For this purpoſe he held his father's hand within his own, and put ſeveral queſtions to him; and found by his expreſſive looks, and the warmth with which he returned the preſſure, that his father retained a perfect conſciouſneſs. And on aſking him if now, when all earthly aid was vain, he put his truſt where alone it could be anchored with ſure and certain hope, Stothard looked upward, and gave his ſon's hand the moſt earneſt preſſure in reply. It was the laſt; he almoſt immediately expired.

He was buried by the ſide of the wife he had loved ſo well, in the family vault in the ſame cemetery where his mother and his firſt-born ſon, Thomas, were interred. His eldeſt ſurviving ſon, the late Henry, acted as chief mourner; his other ſons, Alfred and Robert, with a faithful old friend, Mr. Naylor, alſo attended the funeral. The Rev. Mr. Ruſſel, the Rector of Shepperton, near Staines, performed the laſt ſolemn ſervice of the Church of England over his remains.* A ſtone erected to his memory marks the ſpot.

So lived and ſo died Thomas Stothard, for imagination the greateſt painter which this or any other country ever produced. True it is that his own works are his monument; but for the ſake of our national credit and gratitude, it is to be hoped that his country, for whoſe arts he has done ſuch good ſervice, and rendered to them ſuch immortal honour, will not ſuffer him to reſt without ſome memorial in one of our cathedrals. Weſtminſter Abbey has already the ſtatues of a Garrick and a Kemble—great illuſtrators of Shakſpeare, ſurely a Siddons and a Stothard, who

* The Rev. Mr. Ruſſel, ſon of Stothard's old friend, the late Mr. Ruſſel, R.A., once well known as a painter in crayons.

likewiſe ſo wonderfully illuſtrated our national poet, are not leſs worthy to be ſo honoured in the gathering-place of the noble, the gifted, and the good.*

I now draw towards a cloſe. Stothard, as we have ſeen, was a moſt kind and indulgent huſband, and an affectionate father to all his children. He encouraged their ſeveral purſuits: and always ſaid, with truth, that he endeavoured to judge of what they did as he would judge the works of an indifferent perſon, neither praiſing nor blaming them as his ſons. Indeed, his commendation and his cenſure were generally given in moderation; they were the reſult of judgment unſwayed by prejudice or by any private motive. Amongſt his friends and acquaintances, he numbered ſeveral of the celebrated perſons of his day. Many of theſe he ſurvived; for thoſe who live to his age know the ſorrow of ſeeing moſt, often all, their early ties and connections drop around them. He uſed to ſpeak of Northcote and Mrs. Lloyd† (formerly Miſs Moſer, and once very celebrated for her oil paintings of flowers) as the two oldeſt remaining Academicians, except himſelf, on the liſt. They both died before him. Though Stothard knew many of the eminent perſons of his time, he never, I believe, formed ſo ſtrict

* Whilſt on the ſubject of memorials for Stothard, I may here notice that ſome years ago, Mr. Alfred Stothard propoſed to engrave a dye for a medal, with the head of his lamented father, from Chantrey's fine buſt of him. At that time, however, he feared he ſhould not meet with ſufficient patronage (as few reſponded to the proſpectus he put forth), to enable him to finiſh the work. Surely there can *now* be no difficulty on this point. The *Art-Union* of London publiſh every year a medal of one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed deceaſed artiſts. Flaxman, Chantrey, Hogarth, Sir Joſhua Reynolds, and others, have already appeared. It is not probable that the Art-Union would omit Stothard; and they could not find a better artiſt to execute the medal than Stothard's ſon, Alfred, who has produced ſuch fine heads of Byron, Walter Scott, Canning, &c.

† Mrs. Lloyd is now almoſt forgotten; but Stothard thought very highly of her merit as an artiſt.

an intimacy with any as he did with Flaxman and Mr. Rogers. The death of the former alone put a period to their friendſhip; and the poet's kindneſs and regard continued unchanging and unchanged to the laſt hour of the painter's life.

Of Flaxman's genius and worth, he ever ſpoke in the warmeſt terms of admiration. I have heard him ſay that in his opinion, no ſculptor of modern times had ever ſo cloſely approached the great maſters of antiquity. He poſſeſſed alſo the high merit of himſelf deſigning all the pieces that he executed with the chiſel; he drew beautifully.*

Flaxman's works, admirable as they are, will never be fully and univerſally eſtimated, till time ſhall have hallowed his genius. His conceptions of his ſubject, his perſonifications, were all of the higheſt order of poetical deſign. There was a ſublimity of ſentiment in his works, a ſimple and ſtern dignity, which, even amongſt artiſts, required a ſimilar intuitive feeling, beyond the mere knowledge of Art, fully to appreciate. Flaxman never ſacrificed his ſenſe of what belonged to his ſubject, to mere effect. His was like the ſevere ſchool of claſſic antiquity; and his genius, like that of Greece in its priſtine greatneſs, was of a character not formed for

* The Hon. Sir Charles ——, on his return from Italy, was made Chairman of a Committee of Taſte, at Cambridge, at a time when they wanted the ſtatue of ſome great man to adorn one of the public buildings or open courts of the Univerſity: it matters not which. Sir Charles was conſulted as to what ſculptor would beſt execute the work they had in view. He replied, there was but one man who could do it, and he was in Italy—Canova. Sir Charles was requeſted to write to him on the ſubject; Canova replied, he was too buſy to undertake it, and, moreover, that he was not the proper perſon for the taſk: England could ſupply the very ſculptor fit for the work. Sir Charles was directed to write again, and inquire his name. Canova anſwered:—"I am ſorry that in England you poſſeſs a Flaxman, and do not know it."

his own age alone, but to excite the admiration and fix the ſtandard of taſte in thoſe ages which ſhould ſucceed him in the ſculpture of England. Flaxman was alſo a ſcholar; and the purity and elegance of his mind infuſed itſelf into all his works.

Nor was he as a man leſs excellent than as an artiſt; he was truly a ſingle-hearted being—and the meekneſs with which he bore his faculties—his gentleneſs and affection to his family, his pupils, his workmen, and to the humbleſt ſervant in his houſe—rendered him like one of the patriarchs of old, as their common father, who preſided over all for good, with the utmoſt ſimplicity of life and converſation. Stothard and Flaxman are now both dead. I knew them both, and to "know was to revere them;" for they were as much above the ordinary race of men, in the moral perfection of their nature, as they were raiſed above them by the achievements of their genius. Thus to pay homage to their memory, is not only a delightful taſk, but one which can raiſe no ſuſpicion; for who flatters the inhabitants of the tomb? Flattery has a ſelfiſh aim, but poſthumous praiſe is the offering of ſincerity.

It is almoſt needleſs to ſtate that the painter whoſe pencil had been ſo conſtantly employed in illuſtrating the greateſt poets and writers of his own country, was a lover of poetry. Stothard had fine taſte in literature; and, conſidering how conſtantly he was engaged in his profeſſional purſuits, it is not a little ſurpriſing to find how much he had read; and how extenſive was his knowledge on ſubjects of general reading. I ſhall never forget the laſt day we ſpent with him at his own houſe. He was then paſt ſeventy; but I never ſaw him in a more delightful frame of mind. His deafneſs, too, on that day, happened not to be ſo bad as it uſually was; and he enjoyed and ſuſtained converſation with extra-

ordinary vivacity. There was a kindneſs, a cheerfulneſs, blended with ſerenity, in his manner, which, at his date of life, it was delightful to witneſs. It was impoſſible to contemplate it without the ſincereſt feelings of reverence and affection; for no one had ever learned to grow old with a better grace than had Stothard.

He ſhowed us the contents of ſeveral portfolios filled with his drawings, deſigns, views from nature, &c., related many little anecdotes concerning the circumſtances under which they had been made, or of perſons with whom he came in contact during their progreſs. His anecdotes were amuſing, his obſervations original, and evinced a mind that thought and judged for itſelf; his remarks on books, and on the poets he had illuſtrated, were derived from no ſet rules, no current opinions; they were the reſult of his own feelings; and of that fine taſte which in him was intuitive in the appreciation of whatever might be excellent. Whilſt ſhowing a ſketch he had made of Mrs. Burns, the poet's wife, he took occaſion, as he often did, to expreſs his exceeding admiration of Burns; he uſed to call him the Poet of Nature.

Stothard was an excellent reader, but not at all in that ſtyle which paſſes current for good reading. It ſeemed to me (if I were aſked to deſcribe what was ſo peculiar and ſo ſtriking in his delivery) that he read as if not reading at all; there was nothing in it artificial; not a tone was modulated by effort; it was the natural man throwing his mind into the ſubject that engaged him, and ſpeaking the thoughts of another as if they were his own. In ſubjects of pathos all flowed from the heart; and his voice, being deep, and of great flexibility, was, when his feelings were touched, influenced by that emotion which produced a correſponding effect on his hearers.

Some perſons, who did not know Stothard intimately, or had not ſtudied him (for he was one of thoſe men who are really a ſubject for *ſtudy* to an obſervant mind), conſidered him a moſt reſerved character, and were afraid of him. He was unqueſtionably reſerved, and very much ſo in any ſociety where he did not feel himſelf quite at home; but it was not the reſerve of deſign, far leſs of pride: it was merely from a want of ſympathy in thoſe about him who knew not how to touch the key-note of his mind; for Stothard was more of a ruminating than a reſerved ſpirit; he was always thinking, not of himſelf, I am certain, but of ſome ſubject connected with his books and his deſigns. His mind was, ſtrictly ſpeaking, philoſophical in its character; hence was he generally calm, notwithſtanding the deep and ſtrong nature of his feelings. I once heard his poor ſon Charles (who revered him, and thought no man on earth, as a man, a finer character than his father,) ſay, "It requires ſome very great occaſion to make my father forget his equanimity; but when he does give way to his feelings, he is really awful."

In his manners, Stothard was indeed a gentleman. In ſaying this, I do not mean to imply that he had that preciſe knowledge of form and cuſtom which is the reſult of an attentive obſervance of etiquette. Of ſuch he took no heed; but he was that gentleman in his manners whom we at once feel to be ſuch from the union of a cultivated mind, a kind and beneficent heart, and an unobtruſive modeſty of diſpoſition; one who wiſhes to give pleaſure to others, but never to inflict pain. I can at this moment recall, as vividly as if he were now before my eyes, the quiet manner, the ſmile, and the good-humoured welcome with which he received you, as he would come from the painting to the drawing-room; and,

however ſhort your call might be, he always endeavoured to make it agreeable by ſhowing you ſomething that he was about, or had finiſhed, that he thought would intereſt you.

In his external appearance, he certainly neglected the graces; for he was exceedingly careleſs in his dreſs, and his mind, abſorbed in his purſuits, made him occaſionally ſo loſt, that he would do things that alone could be expected from perſons well characteriſed as abſent. He was once to dine, I believe, with Mr. Rogers, the poet, to meet Mrs. Barbauld, and, probably, Madame de Staël, during her viſit to England. Stothard, on this occaſion, had expreſſed his intention of making himſelf *ſmart!* But, when he got to the door of Mr. Rogers, in St. James's Place, feeling his throat rather cold, and before the portal opened to his rap, he chanced to place his hand on his neck, when he found that he had forgotten to put on his cravat! He made a haſty retreat before the door was opened, to return home for this very neceſſary part of his attire.

Charles uſed to relate an anecdote of his father's love of romance-reading; by which he was ſo abſorbed as ſometimes to forget both time and place. It occurred whilſt that ſon was a boy of fifteen. The youth had been engaged in Mrs. Radcliffe's powerful work of The Italian. Stothard took the book out of his ſon's hand juſt before the lad went to bed, to ſee what ſort of romance had ſo bewitched him. The next day, Charles learnt that his father had been no leſs intereſted in it, and that he had ſat up nearly all the night, till his candles were burnt out, and day dawned in upon him, ere he could cloſe the volume. Stothard was a great lover of novels in general, and eſpecially of hiſtorical romance. He illuſtrated very beautifully thoſe of Sir Walter Scott, whoſe writings,

it is needleſs to ſay, he greatly admired. He likewiſe illuſtrated, many years ago, the novels of Richardſon, with ſome of his moſt chaſte and taſteful deſigns; ſeveral of theſe, in regard to grace, are, indeed, matchleſs.

There are many portraits of this celebrated artiſt; but that by

Pilgrim's Progress, engraved 1788. The Consolation. Christian having lost his Burthen at the sight of the Cross. Three Shining Ones appeared to him, and said, Thy sins are forgiven thee, and gave him a certificate to enter the Celestial City.

Harlowe is unqueſtionably the beſt, though it was never quite finiſhed, for Stothard was to have given the laſt ſitting to that early-loſt painter on the very day, I believe, on which he died. In Harlowe's portrait the character is finely preſerved, and brings before our eyes the original in the moſt vivid manner. It was

painted when Stothard was at that date of life when there is in the countenance all the ſtrong expreſſion which time renders more marked in perſons eminently gifted with ſuperior intellect; where we ſee the venerable character of age without the ſlighteſt touch of its imbecility. Chantrey's buſt is alſo a fine likeneſs, and a moſt beautiful work of Art. I have never ſeen Bailey's, but I am aſſured it is excellent.

The genius of Stothard, though its peculiar diſtinctions have been occaſionally noticed in theſe ſketches of him, can alone find its adequate eulogium in his own works. In them it lives and ſpeaks. It may be briefly ſaid of the excellencies of this great painter, that his chief characteriſtics lay in the taſte and feeling with which he treated his ſubject, the judgment that guided and governed both; and, above all, in the heights and depths of his boundleſs imagination—an imagination ſo wonderful in itſelf, ſo comprehenſive in its exerciſe, that, as no other country has ever yet produced a painter who excelled him in this, the higheſt attribute of genius, ſo an age may paſs away before we again, if ever, ſhall number among our moſt illuſtrious men his equal, as a ſecond Stothard in the annals of our Engliſh Schools of Art.

Since writing the above, I chanced to find among my papers a few notes on the "ſale of the drawings, ſtudies, and pictures of the late Thomas Stothard, Eſquire, R.A., by Meſſrs. Chriſtie and Manſon, King Street, St. James's, June 17th, 18th, and 19th, 1834."

Theſe notes were written by my beloved and ever-lamented brother, Alfred John Kempe, who was well known as a moſt excellent antiquary and author; the latter principally on ſubjects of

hiſtorical intereſt and antiquity. He it was who finiſhed ſo ably the biographical part of The Monumental Effigies of Great Britain. He was alſo an enthuſiaſtic admirer of the great painter, and wrote the following notes (after attending the ſale) for the Gentleman's Magazine. They form ſo appropriate a finiſh to theſe reminiſcences,

Adam and Eve. From an original sketch in the possession of Mrs. Bray.

that I cannot reſiſt the wiſh I feel here to inſert them. My brother ſays:—

"I attended laſt week the ſale of the exquiſite works of the late venerable Stothard. I had ever appreciated his genius for the imitative art; but never until theſe days of ſale, when his works were (ſo to ſpeak) *ſimultaneouſly* diſplayed, did it burſt upon me in the full blaze of its glory.

"Nothing in nature ſeems to have eſcaped him, and her influence guided his hand,—how lovely! how commanding!

Whether he ſketched the vale ſtudded with cottages and backed by cloud-capt mountains,—the roaring cataract or tufted woods,—the wild animals of the deſert,—the flowers or herbs of the field,—or the varied combinations of the human form,—all was obſervation, truth, and power. Grace and eaſe was in every line. Such purity reigned in his female figures (eſpecially in thoſe clothed with flowing draperies) that on beholding them, we felt ſomething of the idea of heaven brought before our eyes. He had the delicacy, and occaſionally the grandeur of Rubens; he embodied the humour of Chaucer, and the fairy creations of Shakeſpeare; he ſhrunk not from the taſk of illuſtrating the works of that great maſter-mind, which

> "exhauſted worlds,
> And then imagined new;"

his imagination compaſſed everything in real and poetic creation; and he had the power to expreſs on the canvas what he imagined. Reſpectable as the prices were which his pictures fetched at this ſale (conſidering the ſtate of the times), I felt how poor was the remuneration which money could afford for the higheſt gift of heaven,—natural genius. The whole proceeds of the ſale of the ſketches and paintings which had remained behind in this great man's ſtudy,—the reſult of a large portion of a life induſtriouſly ſpent in the exerciſe of his art,—was not more than 1900*l.*, for upwards of one hundred oil paintings, and more than a thouſand ſketches! Well may the Pſalmiſt ſay, 'When the breath of man goeth forth, he ſhall turn again to his earth, and then all his thoughts periſh.'

"But the goodneſs of God will not ſuffer gifts emanating from himſelf like theſe to periſh everlaſtingly. It is, I truſt, no pre-

ſumptuous hope, to conceive that by His mercy in Chriſt Jeſus, the ſpirit of this great painter, looſed from the infirmities and afflictions of the mortal ſtage, has put on immortality in thoſe everlaſting regions of purity and bliſs, of which his imagination ſeemed to have given him a foretaſte on earth."

Whilſt occupied in the completion of this work, I have been favoured with an extract from a Lecture, recently delivered, on painting, by Mr. Leſlie, R.A., in which that gentleman comments on the genius and works of Stothard. I feel much gratified by finding that in many of the remarks I have ventured to expreſs in the foregoing pages, I am borne out by ſo high an authority as this moſt eminent painter. It is with great ſatisfaction I cloſe with the following from his pen:—

"I ſhould be glad to ſay ſomething, if I could ſay it in a manner worthy of the ſubject, of the Art of Stothard.

"For more than half a century this great ornament of our ſchool was engaged in illuſtrating not only the contemporary literature of his country, but the works of her beſt poets, from the time of Chaucer to his own; his employers, with the exception occaſionally of the goldſmiths, being the bookſellers.* By theſe he was engaged in every ſpecies of compoſition, from illuſtrations of Homer and Shakeſpeare, to deſigns for ſpelling-books and pocket-almanacks, faſhions for the Ladies' Magazine, portraits of popular actors and actreſſes in character, as well as other ſubjects of the day, ſuch as Balls at St. James's, the employments of the Royal

* "Neglected as Stothard was by moſt of the profeſſed patrons of Art in his day, he had one patron and ſincere friend whoſe friendſhip was indeed an honour,—Mr. Rogers."

Family, the King going out with the Fox Hounds, &c. Numbers of his early deſigns are from novels and poems, the very names of which are now only preſerved in his beautiful Art. By the goldſmiths he was employed in deſigning ornaments for plate, from the Wellington Shield to ſpoon-handles for George the Fourth.

"The ſpecies of his employment formed his ſtyle, which, reſulting from the haſte required by tradeſmen, appeared ſlight and unſubſtantial by the ſide of the works of artiſts who were enabled to give more time to their productions. His practice, alſo, limited the ſize of his works; and with people, therefore, who judge of pictures, in any degree, by the ſpace they occupy on the walls of galleries, or the quantity of minute detail within that ſpace, Stothard will rank as a painter of minor importance; while all who eſtimate Art by the ſoul that lives in it, will place him with the very few painters who have poſſeſſed imagination of the higheſt order, and have yet reſtrained themſelves from over-ſtepping 'the modeſty of nature.'

"It muſt, however, be acknowledged that it is in his ſmalleſt pictures and drawings only that we feel there is nothing more to be deſired;—when he repeated his ſubjects on a larger ſcale, which he ſometimes did for the Exhibition, they have in general too much the character of magnified ſketches. This may have made him ſay, near the cloſe of his life, 'I feel that I have not done what I might have done.' Yet, perhaps, this is the feeling at laſt of every painter.

"It is ſcarcely poſſible but that among the thouſands of Stothard's productions, repetitions of himſelf ſhould not occur; nor that he ſhould not occaſionally have adopted ideas ſuggeſted by

the antique or by the old maſters. He not ſeldom reminds us of Raphael, often of Rubens, and ſometimes of Watteau;—but he does ſo as one worthy to rank with them, and as they remind us of their predeceſſors. Yet his works will bear the deduction of every ſuch inſtance of imitation, and of every repetition of himſelf, and we ſhall be ſurpriſed to ſee how much of the moſt beautiful original imagery will remain. His deſigns for the Noveliſt's Library remind us of no other painter. In theſe, all is direct from nature; and, as many of the novels in this collection were not very far in date from his own time, he gave the dreſſes of his day and the ſtyle of furniture.

"Theſe charming works gained him firſt the admiration, and then the friendſhip of Flaxman; for on ſeeing ſome of them in a ſhop-window, the great ſculptor determined to make the acquaintance of an artiſt with whoſe taſte his own was ſo nearly allied.

"Stothard's illuſtrations of The Pilgrim's Progreſs, ſixteen in number, belong to the higheſt order of Sacred Art. Here are images of holineſs, of purity, and of childlike innocence, worthy of that beautiful poem. And they are as graceful to the eye as to the mind, the Art entirely aiding the ſentiment. The one from among them which I ſhould ſelect as peculiarly an effuſion of Stothard's own mind, for I can ſee in it no reſemblance to any other painter, is that in which Chriſtian is received by Diſcretion, Prudence, Piety, and Charity, into the Palace Beautiful.*

"Another ſeries of Stothard's deſigns, and which, though quite diſtinct from theſe, is evidently one in which he took great delight,

* "The original pictures from the Pilgrim's Progreſs are in the collection of Lord Overſtone, who alſo poſſeſſes the fineſt of the larger works of Stothard with which I am acquainted, the Jacob's Dream."

is that from Robinſon Cruſoe. In looking at ſome of theſe one is almoſt more impreſſed with the ſolitude of the ſhip-wrecked man than in reading the book.

"His humour is as true and as delicate as that of Addiſon. His illuſtrations of the Spectator are therefore perfect; but the picture in which he has diſplayed the moſt of diſcrimination of character, is his Canterbury Pilgrims. The perſonages of Chaucer all ſeem to paſs before our eyes as if they were ſhown to us by a painter cotemporary with the poet. If one has leſs of the real character than the reſt, it is perhaps the Wife of Bath. She ſeems too young and too graceful for the merry dame who had buried five huſbands. Yet he has well contrived to make it evident that her talk and laugh are loud, by their attracting the attention of thoſe who are riding before and behind her, as well as of the perſons cloſeſt to her.

"Like Hogarth, Stothard rarely had recourſe to the model in painting. The truth is, that the minds of both were ſo completely filled with a ſtore of imagery collected immediately from nature, and ſo vividly was this ſtore preſerved, that they could at will ſelect and embody on canvas whatever was moſt appropriate to the ſubject in hand. The operation of painting is always an exerciſe of memory, for even with a model in the room, the transfer of what the painter ſees is but a recollection, and the difference between thoſe who can only paint with models at hand, and thoſe who, like Hogarth and Stothard, and many, no doubt, among the old maſters (of whom Michael Angelo muſt certainly have been one), can draw on the ſtores of their minds for their models—the difference between ſuch is only that the latter claſs have the power of retaining images longer in their memories than others—a power

no doubt in a great degree to be acquired. Hogarth tells us that he ſet himſelf to acquire it,—and he certainly did ſo to an extraordinary extent. He belonged to a very different claſs of painters from thoſe who ſit at home and conſult engravings, or their copies of pictures, for precedents. His habits ſeem to have been anything but ſedentary,—and I know Stothard's were not. When not engaged at his eaſel, his time was almoſt always ſpent in long walks through the ſtreets and ſuburbs of London. In the ſummer he was fond of country excurſions, and for one entire ſummer, as I have heard him ſay, he and one or two companions lived in a tent on the coaſt, I think, near Ramſgate, where they hired a boat and ſpent days in ſailing; and from the mode in which this ſummer was paſſed, he probably found an advantage when illuſtrating Robinſon Cruſoe."

APPENDIX.

ALTHOUGH it would be impoſſible to give anything like a liſt of all Stothard's works; yet, in addition to thoſe already mentioned, it may be as well to ſtate where the principal collections of them may be found.

At Leigh Court (Mr. Miles's) is the original Canterbury Pilgrimage—the identical picture ſold by Cromek to Hart Davis. It is in fine condition—full of character and colour. Mr. Boddington, of Upper Brook Street, had a repetition of it.

Mr. Windus, of Tottenham Green, has a large and very fine collection of Stothard's beautiful productions for the Noveliſt's Magazine, and his drawings for the edition of Robinson Cruſoe, publiſhed by Stockdale, in 1790.*

Mr. Rogers, the poet, poſſeſſes a copy in ſmall, by Stothard, of the Canterbury Pilgrimage, and two ſcenes from Boccaccio, forming the panels of a cabinet. He has alſo Peace, The Triumph of Amphitrite, A Fête Champêtre, Belinda ſurrounded by Sylphs, Scenes from the Children in the Wood, and ſeveral ſmall ſketches of great elegance. Miſs Rogers (the ſiſter of the poet) poſſeſſes The Vintage, The Banquet, Adam and Eve, The Farewell, and ſeveral ſubjects from Don Quixote and the Arabian Nights.

For the late Mr. Champernown, of Dartington, Devon; Mr. Thomas Hope, Mr. Benſon, of Doncaſter; Archdeacon Markham, Mr. Samuel Boddington, and others, Stothard painted many fine pictures, ſtill, I believe, in the poſſeſſion of their families and relatives. Lord Overſtone, and the Duke of Sutherland, have ſome of his fineſt works in their galleries. The latter, I am informed, has that gem of art, the Phillis and Brunette. Wm. Sharpe, Eſq., of Highbury, has alſo a valuable collection. Thos. Clark, Eſq., of Highgate, has the Characters of Shakeſpeare.

Miſs Denman, of Norton Street, not only has ſeveral of Stothard's oil paintings, ſelected by Flaxman, but alſo a very large collection of prints from his works.

Mr. Anderdon, of Lower Groſvenor Street, has ſeveral of this artiſt's beautiful paintings; among them, Sir Philip Sydney directing the Cup of Water to be given to the

* Mr. Windus, with great liberality and kindness, allows his fine collection of drawings and paintings to be open every Tuesday to all who properly apply for admission.

Dying Soldier; and Milton Dictating to his Daughters a portion of the Paradiſe Loſt. The firſt of theſe is fine in colour and compoſition, and has in it much of the depth and richneſs which characteriſed the Bower of Diana. Milton's daughters, for feminine grace and ſentiment, is equal to any of his moſt admired works. In the attitude and countenance of the poet, there is much grandeur and ſtrongly-marked character; the head elevated as if in accompaniment to his thoughts; and even the eyes, though dimmed with blindneſs, not devoid of expreſſion.

LIST OF STOTHARD'S WORKS EXHIBITED AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION IN 1841.

SUBJECT.	PROPRIETOR.
Adam and Eve	H. A. J. Munro, Esq.
Pastoral Subject	C. Sackville Bale, Esq.
A Sketch	Sam. Boddington, Esq.
Venus protecting Æneas from the Spear of Diomed	H. A. J. Munro, Esq.
Comus, a Sketch	Sam. Boddington, Esq.
Subject from the Spectator	Samuel Rogers, Esq.
The Tournament	Ditto.
A Sketch	Sam. Boddington, Esq.
Othello and Desdemona	Ditto.
The Brook	William Sharp, Esq.
Youth between Virtue and Pleasure	Sam. Boddington, Esq.
Bacchanalians	H. A. J. Munro, Esq.
The Scotch Fire Side [Halloween]	Robert Vernon, Esq.
Family Portraits	Sam. Boddington, Esq.
Sans Souci	Sir George Philips, Bt.
Bacchanalian Dance	Robert Vernon, Esq.
Landscape, with Cattle at a Ford	Sam. Boddington, Esq.
Tam O'Shanter—And Wow! Tam saw an unco sight.	Ditto.
Young's Night Thoughts; Night 1st, l. 44	Ditto.
Sketch from the Rape of the Lock	Ditto.
Ditto	Ditto.
Ditto	Ditto.
Young's Night Thoughts; Night 1st, l. 135	Ditto.
Sketch for the Staircase at Burleigh	Ditto.
Subject from Don Quixote	Miss Rogers.
Diana Sleeping	Sam. Boddington, Esq.
Subject from Don Quixote	Miss Rogers.
The Shakespeare Characters	Sam. Boddington, Esq.
The Elements	Robert Vernon, Esq.
The Dance	Sir John Swinburne, Bt.
Peace	Samuel Rogers, Esq.
Subject from Don Quixote	Miss Rogers.
The Vintage	Ditto.
Subject from Don Quixote	Ditto.

SUBJECT.	PROPRIETOR.
Canterbury Pilgrimage	Sam. Boddington, Esq.
A Fête Champêtre	Robert Vernon, Esq.
Subject from the Spectator	Lady Holland.
Cleopatra	Sam. Boddington, Esq.
Vertumnus and Pomona	Ditto.
The Bath of Diana	Robert Vernon, Esq.
Subject from the Arabian Nights	Sir George Philips, Bt.
The Judgment of Paris	Sam. Boddington, Esq.
Subject from Moore's Melodies	Ditto.
Sketch from the Rape of the Lock	Ditto.
Sketch from the Arabian Nights	Ditto.
Sketch from the Rape of the Lock	Ditto.
The Banquet	Miss Rogers.
Ruth and Boaz	Sam. Boddington, Esq.
The Repast	Samuel Rogers, Esq.
Subject from Spenser's Faerie Queene	Sam. Boddington, Esq.
Ixion Embracing the false Juno	Ditto.
Victory	Samuel Rogers, Esq.
Amphitrite	Ditto.
The Waterfall at Hafod	Sam. Boddington, Esq.
Adam and Eve	Miss Rogers.
Cleopatra	Sam. Boddington, Esq.
The Triumph of Peace	Ditto.
Cottagers	Ditto.
Subject from the Arabian Nights	Ditto.
Cottagers	Ditto.
Sancho and the Duchess	Sir John Swinburne, Bt.
War	Robert Vernon, Esq.
The Dance	Ditto.
Subjects from the Arabian Nights	Miss Rogers.
Subject from Burns	Samuel Rogers, Esq.
The Farewell	Miss Rogers.
Amphitrite, a Sketch	Tho. Boddington, Esq.
The Tournament	Sam. Boddington, Esq.
The Dance	Robert Vernon, Esq.
Vertumnus and Pomona	H. A. J. Munro, Esq.
Venus Reposing	Ditto.

Mr. Chambers, of Caſtle Street, Leiceſter Square; Henry Vaughan, Eſq., Cumberland Terrace; Mr. Farrer (a picture dealer), of Alfred Road, Regent's Park; Mr. White, of Maddox Street, Regent's Street, a printſeller; all poſſeſs valuable works by the ſame hand. Mr. Hawkins, of Bignor Park, has a fine collection of prints after

Stothard. Mrs. Black, the ſiſter of Cromek, had, perhaps ſtill has, twelve or fifteen ſmall ſubjects on panel, beautifully coloured and highly characteriſtic of his pencil. Mr. John Martin, of Woburn, has The Rival Beauties, from the Spectator, in his beſt manner. The valuable collection of James Heath, the engraver, was diſperſed after his death, ſo that it is impoſſible to ſay who are now the poſſeſſors of ſome moſt precious works.

The late Mr. Du Roveray ſold, I believe, the principal part of his collection of drawings to Mr. Windus, ſome years ago.

A picture of an unpromiſing claſs was that of the Preſentation of the Colours in the Artillery Ground to the Bank of England Volunteers. But the genius of Stothard always triumphed over difficulties, or want of attraction in every ſubject that came under his pencil. He made a good picture of this; and it is ſtill preſerved in the Treaſurer's Office at the Bank of England.

His Bath of Diana is now in the Vernon Gallery.

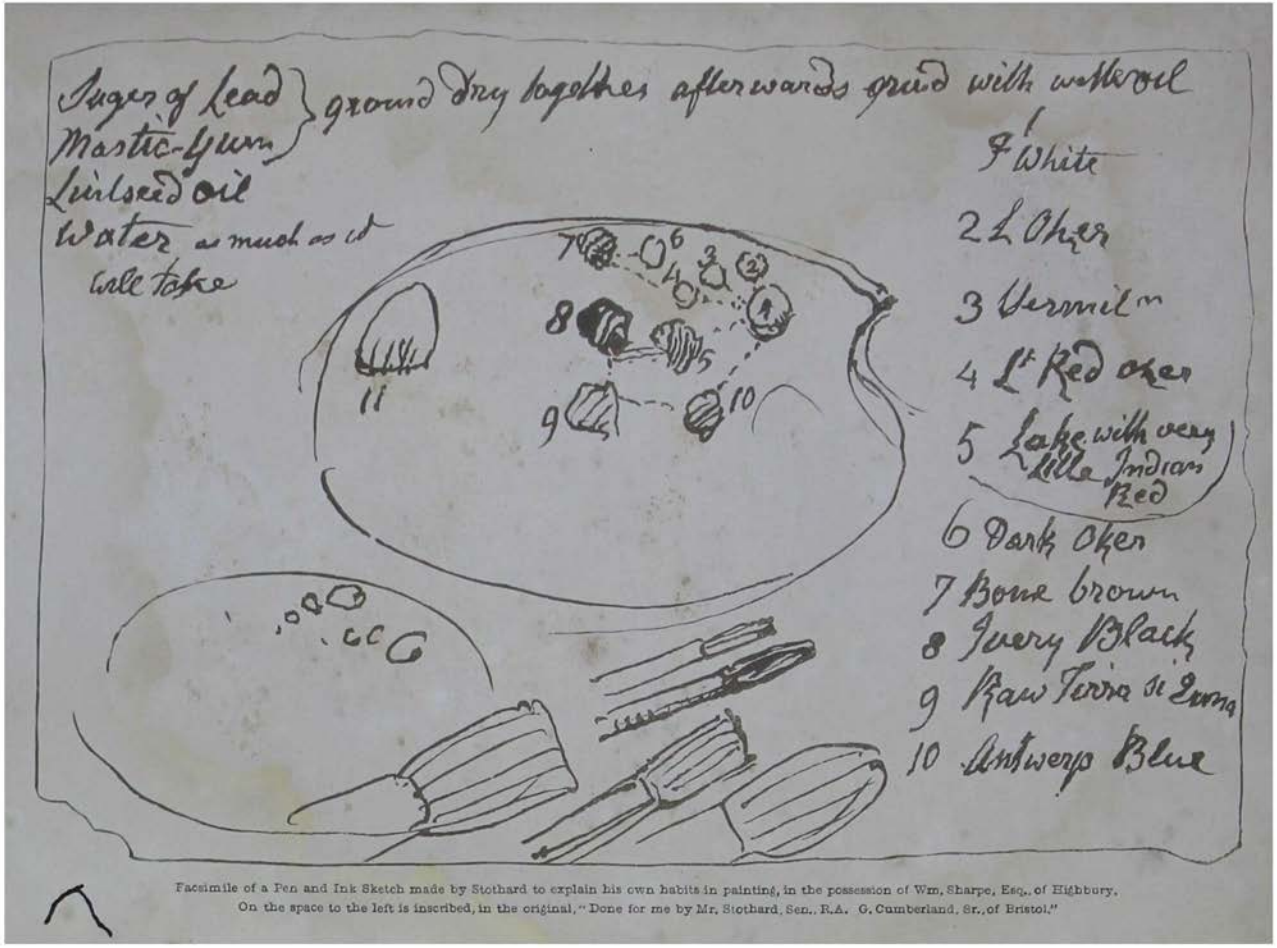
His Bower of Diana, where the goddeſs lies ſleeping beneath a crimſon curtain, a maſter-piece in his art, more eſpecially for depth and richneſs of colour, and the glowing ſunſet glittering between the diſtant trees.*

The following are the names of the principal engravers employed on Stothard's works: Schiavonetti, Bartolozzi, Raimbach, Sharp, Medland, Parker, James Heath, Cromek, George Cooke, William Cooke, Worthington, Finden, and Luke Clennell. Heath and Clennell ſeem to have done his works the greateſt juſtice. He frequently touched on the proofs of the plates whilſt they were in progreſs; and this, I believe, was one, if not the principal reaſon, why ſome of the prints after Stothard give much of that grace which was ſo peculiarly his own.

Thoſe who wiſh to form an idea of the vaſt extent and varied powers which characteriſed the genius of Stothard, cannot do better than repair to the print-room of the Britiſh Muſeum, where nearly *four thousand* engravings after his works are already collected.

Since the above was written, Mr. Alfred Stothard has informed me that his father was among the very firſt who drew on ſtone. He inſtances a ſubject on that material called The Bitten Apple, a female figure on the outſide a cottage low door, with a child peeping over the latter: a print very ſcarce; he ſays it looks like a pen and ink drawing, and is about 15 inches in height. Mr. A. Stothard adds, that Mr. Balmanno is ſtill living, in America; and he believes is yet in poſſeſſion of *the perfect set of proofs* of his father's deſigns for the Noveliſt's Magazine—a collection of almoſt ineſtimable value. It is to be hoped that the Britiſh Muſeum may one day be enabled to purchaſe them for the volumes of Stothard's works.

* I have seen a receipt signed by Stothard, and dated April 11, 1793, acknowledging 30 guineas received of Mr. Robinson, "for two paintings of Pericles."



Facsimile of a Pen and Ink Sketch made by Stothard to explain his own habits in painting, in the possession of Wm. Sharpe, Esq., of Highbury.
On the space to the left is inscribed, in the original, "Done for me by Mr. Stothard, Sen., R.A. G. Cumberland, Sr., of Bristol."

LIST OF STOTHARD'S WORKS, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY:—

1778 A Holy Family.*
1779 Banditti.
1780 Retreat of the Greeks, with the body of Patroclus.
A Shepherd, from Sterne.
The Protestant Association.
1781 Four Designs in Water-colours for the Poetical and Novelist's Magazines.†
1782 Three Drawings to be engraved for the Poetical Magazine.
1785 Death of Sir Philip Sydney.
1786 Britomart, from Spenser's Faerie Queene, 4th book, canto i., 13th verse.
1791 Marriage of Henry the Fifth with Catherine of France.
Friars, a Conversation.
Richard the First's Return from Palestine.
Richard the First's Treatment of Isaac, Prince of Cyprus (now in the possession of Mr. White, of Maddox Street).
1792 A Confirmation (in the possession of the Rev. W. Russell).
1793 Six Paintings from Telemachus.
The Dryads finding Narcissus.
1794 Matthew de Johnson defeating the Earl of Douglas, and taking his brother, the Earl of Ormond, prisoner.
Keppel, Earl of Albemarle, at the siege of Lisle, where his horse was shot under him.
The Interview between Henry the Eighth and Charles the Fifth.
1796 A Victory.
1797 From the Pilgrim's Progress.
Venus and Adonis.
Christiana and her Children.

* He was then living "at Mr. Somner's, Bethnal Green." In the previous year (1777) at the Exhibition of the Royal Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain, "M. James Stothard, at Mr. Sumner's, near the Blind Beggar, Bethnal Green," exhibited:

A South View of Snowdon Peak, in Caruarvonshire.
A View of Carnarvon Castle, with part of the Isle of Anglesey.
A Battle, from the 4th Book of Homer's Iliad.

"M. James" is doubtless a misprint for "Thomas."

† The following is an extract from the cover of one of the old numbers of the Novelist's Magazine; and is here given merely as a curious specimen of the puffing of the day:—

"It is foreign to our plan to take any sort of notice of letters received by the publishers, and we do not mean to repeat it; but, in justice to that most astonishing artist, the truly ingenious Mr. Stothard, we cannot suppress the happiness we feel from the numerous inquiries in his favour, which have been transmitted to us, by several of the greatest connoisseurs in the kingdom; all uniformly declaring him the first genius of the age in this department, and earnestly recommending us to procure as many drawings as possible from the animating pencil of so distinguished and aspiring an artist."

1798 A Lion Hunt.
Tempest, *vide* Robinson's Shakespeare.
A Scene in the second part of Henry the Fourth.
1799 The two Senior Scholars of the Grammar School, in the Hall of Christ's Hospital, delivering their Anniversary Orations on St. Matthew's Day, before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, and the Governors of the City Hospital.
1801 The Fatal Sisters, from the second volume of Mr. Bowles's Poems.

"Posting through the battle red,
And singling fast the destin'd dead,
See the fatal sisters hie."

1803 Phillis and Brunette, or the Rival Beauties; from the Spectator, No. 80.
Roger de Coverley and the Gipsies.
The Spectator's Club.
1805 A Design for part of the Great Staircase, Burleigh.
1806 Belinda, *vide* Rape of the Lock.
1808 Pope's Essay on Man.

"Behold the child by Nature's kindly law," &c.

Robinson Crusoe's Long Boat.
1809 Peace (now in the Vernon Gallery).
1810 Cleopatra dissolving the Pearl; the original design for a Painting executed on the Great Staircase at Burleigh.
The Interruption of the Marriage Ceremony by Fitzallen; from Mr. Linley's novel Ralph Reybridge.
Death of Sefton in the Jungle; from the same.
1811 Leaving Home; from Goldsmith's Deserted Village.
Landscape, with Cattle at a Ford.
The Scene of Boccaccio's Tales.
1812 Portraits of the Children of S. Boddington, Esq.
Judgment of Paris.
Amphitrite.
Canace with the Enchanted Ring, *vide* Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.
1813 Shakespeare—the characters from the comedy of Twelfth Night; the comic characters from the first and second parts of Henry the Fourth, As You Like It, and the Tempest, and from the tragedies of King Lear, Hamlet, and Macbeth.
1814 Calypso with her Nymphs caressing Cupid.
Euphrosyne.
1815 The Crucifixion.
1816 Tam O'Shanter.
From the ballad of the Children in the Wood—the Uncle delivering up the Children to the ruffians. (Now in the possession of C. W. Dilke, Esq.)
Adam and Eve in Paradise.
Adam and Eve out of Paradise.

1816 The Flower and the Leaf, *vide* Chaucer.
John Preaching in the Wilderness.
Diana and her Nymphs Bathing.
1817 "Flow gently, sweet Afton."—Burns. (Mrs. Black, formerly Miss Cromek, had the original of this.)
The Triumph of Britannia.
Sans Souci.
The Bolero.
1818 Fête Champêtre.
1819 An Interior in 1658.
The First Part of the Decameron.
The Second Part of the Decameron.
1820 Sancho Panza with the Duchess.
The Mill, *vide* Decameron.
The Garden, *vide* Decameron.
The Supper by the Fountain, Decameron.
Pampiena elected Queen, and receiving the Crown of Laurel from Philomena, *vide* Decameron.
The Meadow, *vide* Decameron.
Amphitrite.
1821 The Vintage.
Sancho Panza relates to Don Quixote the reception and conversation he had with Dulcinea.
Shakespeare's Characters—Falstaff, As You Like It, Tempest, King Lear, and Macbeth. (This picture was painted twice in different sizes.)
1822 A Sleeping Bacchante.
Joseph telling his Dream to his Father.
1823 The Muse Erato (one of the subjects painted for the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh).
1824 Venus with Cupid attended by the Graces.
1825 Titania.
1826 Fête Champêtre. (A different composition from the picture exhibited in 1818.)
1827 The Vision on May-Day on Loch Lean, from the Legend of O'Donoghue.
1828 May-Morning.
Frame containing Four Designs from Monstrelet.
Arabian Nights.
From the Tales of my Landlord.
1830 The Bower of Diana.
The Frith of Clyde, with the Isle of Arran and the Town of Ayr in the distance.
1832 Usurpation of Birds' Nests by Cupids.
1834 Death of Nelson.

LIST OF THE PICTURES IN OIL COLOUR IN THE POSSESSION OF STOTHARD AT HIS DECEASE, SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S IN JUNE, 1834.*

£	s.	d.	SUBJECT OF THE WORKS.	BY WHOM PURCHASED.
2	12	6	Scene from the Hypocrite; a sleeping Venus; and a View from Nature	THANE.
10	0	0	A View in Scotland, with a Wheat-Field	S. ROGERS.
3	6	0	Waterfall, with Figures	THANE.
3	5	0	A Landscape, with Cattle	BELL.
2	0	0	George the Third, designed for a Transparency	CORBOULD.
0	18	0	Subject from Ossian	BELL.
3	3	0	Triumph of Thetis	KEMPE (now in the possession of the Rev. E. A. BRAY).
3	5	0	Boaz and Ruth; a sketch; and the Flight into Egypt	MOLTENO.
10	10	0	A part of the Canterbury Pilgrimage	NORTON.
3	5	0	The Diana Sleeping	
1	11	0	The Bath of Diana, after Titian	MISS DENMAN.
2	12	0	Murder of Thomas à Becket	THANE.
1	1	0	Design for Burleigh, and Sketch of the House	
8	15	0	The Shepherd and the Tomb (oval)	
9	9	0	Knights Armed for the Tournament	
16	16	0	Confirmation	HEATH (now in the possession of the Rev. W. RUSSELL).
22	1	0	The Bolero	VERNON.
2	2	0	Three Sketches of Landscapes	THANE.
3	10	0	Portrait of Burns; and Portrait of a Lady	CHANTREY (as a present to ALLAN CUNNINGHAM).
6	16	6	The Barber's Brother; Arabian Nights; and a Youth between Virtue and Vice	THANE.
2	5	0	A Sketch from Boccaccio's Decameron; and two Female Figures	
3	5	0	Sir Philip Sydney and the Dying Soldier; and Joseph discovering himself *to* His Brothers	YATES.
1	15	0	Figures on the Sea-shore; and a subject from an Oriental Tale	THANE.
6	0	0	A scene from Boccaccio; and a Fishing-House	
3	4	0	A pair: scenes from Novels (ovals)	FULLER.
3	3	0	From Rasselas	No Name.
6	16	6	Repose of the Holy Family with Angels	NUSSY.

* Above one thousand of Stothard's original drawings were sold at this sale: it is impossible to name them in detail.

£	s.	d.	SUBJECT OF THE WORKS.	BY WHOM PURCHASED.
22	1	0	Scene from Boccaccio, a sketch	Vernon.
14	3	6	A scene from Shakespeare	Heath.
9	0	0	Vicar of Wakefield	
4	10	0	Cleopatra	Norton.
3	18	0	A scene from Shakespeare; and one from Boccaccio	Miss Denman.
2	12	6	The Angel Michael; and a subject from Milton	Thane.
5	5	0	Scene from Shakespeare	Naylor.
5	10	0	The Shriving, and its companion, from Chaucer	Martin.
13	0	0	Group of Four Figures	Vernon.
6	6	0	Cotter's Saturday Night	Martin.
13	2	6	Scene from a Novel	Thane.
3	3	0	Ditto from Chaucer	Nichol.
13	13	0	Meeting of Henry the Eighth and Francis the First	Cook.
18	7	6	Fête Champêtre	Miss Denman.
10	10	0	The Graces Crowning the Bust of Shakespeare	Stothard.
10	0	0	Scene from Tom Jones (oval)	Heath.
4	10	0	Cupid gathering Flowers	Partridge.
4	0	0	Duke of Wellington, with Allegorical Figures	Macquire.
			The Fortune Teller	
7	7	0	Two Allegorical Groups, designed for the New Palace; and a Sketch of a Medal	Thane.
2	15	0	Victory and Charity	Corbould.
3	15	0	Subject from the Rape of the Lock; and a design for a pilaster, a subject from Tasso	Thane.
3	3	0	Figures at a Waterfall	
7	0	0	Vertumnus and Pomona	
5	5	0	The Flower and the Leaf, Chaucer	Stothard.
5	0	0	Adam and the Sleeping Eve	Norton.
6	10	0	Bacchanalians	
4	0	0	A Flight of Angels	Gibbs.
3	13	6	Shakespeare reading the Merry Wives of Windsor to Queen Elizabeth	Kempe (now in the possession of the Rev. E. A. Bray).
5	5	0	The Miller's Tale, and its companion, from Chaucer	White.
9	19	6	A Lion Hunt	Stothard.
3	15	0	The Kiss	Lignore.
5	10	0	Nymph Nursing Cupid	Denman.
12	12	0	Cleopatra, Mars, and Venus	Thane.
14	2	6	Burns's Highland Mary	Stothard.
13	2	6	Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury	Naylor.
3	9	0	Tom Jones and the Astrologer	Thane.
4	4	0	A Soldier's Farewell	Browne.
7	17	6	Boaz and Ruth	Agnew.
32	10	0	Sans Souci	Thane.

£	s.	d.	SUBJECT OF THE WORKS.	BY WHOM PURCHASED.
5	0	0	St. Cecilia	Denman.
5	15	6	Nymphs Bathing	Lake.
4	10	0	Joan of Arc	Partridge.
2	15	0	Banditti	Corbould.
13	2	6	Don Quixote and Sancho	Molteno.
16	16	0	Sancho and the Duchess	Agnew.
13	2	6	Joseph relating his Dream	Agnew.
16	5	6	Narcissus	Yates.
21	0	0	Youth and Age	Watts.
16	16	0	War: a design for Burleigh	Vernon.
90	6	0	Sketch: the subject Intemperance, designed for Burleigh	Corbould (now in the possession of the Marquis of Exeter).
26	5	0	Charles the Fifth, with Allegorical Figures	Rogers.
11	11	0	Judgment of Paris	Kempe (now in the possession of the Rev. E. A. Bray).
16	16	0	War: allegorically treated	Calcott.
10	10	0	Birth of Venus	Watts.
2	12	6	Scene from a Greek Drama	Chambers.
No price stated.			Ajax and Achilles disputing for the body of Patroclus (one of the artist's earliest pictures)	Knowles.
17	17	0	Candace	Calcott.
16	5	0	Erato and Cupid	Molteno.
12	1	0	Judgment of Hercules	Davison.
3	10	0	An Arabesque design, with Cupids, for the Palace	Naylor.
1	10	0	The companion, unframed	Chambers.
22	11	6	The Children in the Wood	Partridge.
53	11	0	Fête Champêtre, from Boccaccio	Vernon.
20	9	0	Titania Sleeping	Partridge.
12	12	0	Sleeping Bacchante, with a Boy and Goat	Naylor.
28	7	0	Venus, Cupid, and Graces	Lord Howden.
10	7	6	Diana and Nymphs Sleeping, surprised by Satyrs	Fielding.
16	16	0	The Elements	Vernon.
			Birth of Venus	Lake.
80	17	0	Shakespeare's Characters	Pickering.
46	6	0	Calypso, with Nymphs and Cupids	Sir R. Hunter.
73	10	0	The Vintage	Vernon.
12	12	0	Hector and Andromache	Naylor.
21	0	0	O'Donoghue, with Nymphs	Gibbs.
18	18	0	A scene from Comus	Naylor.
32	11	0	A Nymph leading a Bacchanalian Procession	Watts.
26	5	0	The Crucifixion	Fielden.

This sale was extended over three days, and from inexperience and other untoward circumstances, was not well managed by the family of Stothard. It is much to be regretted on their account; as they suffered by it. Many persons who would have gladly attended and purchased did not know anything about it till it was over. Though in London at the time, and so long connected with the venerable painter, and feeling an interest in all that concerned him or his works, I only heard of it the night before it took place. The pictures were sold, in many instances, deplorably low in price. Many of them bought thus *cheaply*, have since been re-sold for 50*l.*, 100*l.*, and 200*l.* each. Mr. Alfred Stothard says that his father's exquisitely beautiful picture of *Jacob's Dream* was bought at a sale for 18*l.*, and sold some time after to Jones Loyd, Esq., now Lord Overstone, for 300*l.*

*** The original drawing by Stothard for Chantrey's Sleeping Children, engraved at p. 184, belongs to Peter Cunningham, Esq. The engraving is a fac-simile of the original, both in size and feeling.

The following document respecting the prices of Stothard's works, and the sums he received for his designs for the Novelist's Magazine, &c., was found amongst his papers, in his own hand-writing, and is here literally copied:—

DR.

DRAWINGS.	NO.		£	s.	d.
Zadig	1				
Devil	4				
Genii	6				
Jones	12				
Gil Blas	10				
Crusoe	7				
Shandy	8				
C. Tales	3				
Sisters	4				
Pickle	11				
Marmontel	6				
C. Maid	6				
Magdalen	2				
Theodosius	2				
Fathom	4				
Quixote	16				
Sentl. Journal	2				
Gulliver	4				
Simple	4				
Greaves	4				
P. Princess	2				
Jn. Wild	2				
Sir C. Grandison	28	Novelist, 23 to 170 included, in all 148 drawings, at 1*l.* 1*s.* each	155	8	0
F. to George	1				
P. Tower	1				
Palmyra	1-3	2*l.* 2*s.* each	6	6	0
Poetical	24	1*l.* 1*s.* „	25	4	0
Head-pieces	4	10*s.* 6*d.* „	2	2	0
Vignette, do.	2	6*s.* „	0	12	0
Border, do.					
Head-pieces, extra	2	7*s.* „	0	14	0
Theatrical, 46 to 60	30	7*s.* „	10	10	0
B. Mag., Nos. 1 to 10	10	1*l.* 1*s.* „	10	10	0
Wood Ornamt. to British	1	(Mr. S. gives Mr. Harrison.)			
Vignette and Border, do.	2	6*s.* „	0	12	0
F. to Bible	1		2	2	0
„ England	1		1	1	0
„ Novelist	1				
Vignette and Border to England	2	6*s.* „	0	12	0
Colouring	4	2 Novelist and 2 Poet. For Exhibition and frame	4	4	0
King's Arms	1		1	6	6
Hero and Leander	1	For Poet., not yet used	0	6	0
			1	1	0
			£223	11	6

1783.

May 30th.	Balance brought down	32	4	6
	A drawing made for British, but not used	1	1	0

CR. 1780.

DATE.	NO.	DRAWINGS.	£	s.	d.
July 5	3	Novelist	3	3	0
August 1	3	„	3	3	0
„ 2	2	Theatrical	0	14	6
Sept. 8		Balance	3	16	6
Dec. 4	12	Tom Jones	12	12	0
	6	Theatrical	2	2	0
	1	Border	0	6	0
	1	Vignette	0	6	0
	1	For Poem	1	1	0
	1	Royal Family	1	1	0
	4	Gil Blas	4	4	0
„ 22		„	4	4	0
	1	Poetical	1	1	0
1781.					
Feb. 15	2	Gil Blas	2	2	0
	2	Theatricals	0	14	0
	2	Poetical (3 and 4)	2	2	0
	3	Robinson Crusoe	3	3	0
„ 23	4	„ „	4	4	0
	2	Theatrical	0	14	0
March 23	3	Robinson Crusoe. (This must have been an error in the receipt; it should have been Dr. T. Shandy.)	3	3	0
	4	T. Shandy	4	4	0
April 19	4	„ coloured	8	8	0
July 17	2	Frames	1	6	6
	1	Head-piece, Poet. Mag.	0	10	6
	1	Front. to England	1	1	0
	2	Borders and Vignette, do.	0	12	0
	2	Poet., 7 and 8	2	2	0
	4	Tristram Shandy	4	4	0
	3	C. Tales	3	3	0
	8	Theatricals	2	16	0
	4	Sisters	4	4	0
	3	Pickle	3	3	0
	1	Poetical, 9	1	1	0
Nov. 23		Note	9	9	0
Dec. 4		„	8	8	0
1782.					
Jan. 9		Cash	5	5	0
March 16		Note	9	9	0
July 20		„	9	9	0
Sept. 12		„	12	12	0
Oct. 10		„ not come in	12	12	0
1783.					
Jan. 7		Cash	5	5	0
Feb. 9		Note	12	12	0
May 3		„	12	12	0
„ 30		Cash	3	3	0
Due per balance			32	4	6
			£223	11	6

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